

Harry Potter and the Amulet of Time

Book 2 – Two Worlds, Two Wars

Chapter One – Where Are We? When Are We?

There was a bright flash of light, much like the last time, and the four students found themselves sitting on their trunks in the middle of the Great Hall. It looked exactly the same as when they had left, the only difference being the style of the banners hanging above the tables, and the fact that they were the only ones there. Ron and Ginny were looking around the room curiously, but did not see fit to move. Hermione had stood up and was actively searching the Hall for any indication of what time they were in. Harry was sat staring into space, his mind off in a world of its own. The same thoughts kept whirling through his head over and over. *Did she really say she was pregnant? Did they really do more than sleep the night of his birthday? What happened to her? Was the baby born? Was it a boy or a girl?* The most prominent thought, though, was *'I'm a father'*.

Harry was dragged out of his thoughts when Hermione, still looking for clues, heaved open the large doors to the Great Hall and peeked outside. Letting out a very un-Hermione-like squeak, she ran back into the room and over to her waiting friends.

“We’re definitely a lot closer to our time,” she stated.

“How do you know that?” Ron retorted.

Before she could answer the doors were thrown open and an imposing figure strode up to them. He was tall and thin, yet radiated power, with long auburn hair and a beard that was tucked into his belt. The four students recognised him immediately. Before they had a chance to say anything, he crossed his arms and looked down at them, his eyes twinkling in amusement.

“I am Albus Dumbledore, Professor of Transfiguration. May I ask where you four materialised from so suddenly in the middle of the Great Hall?”

The four glanced at each other for a minute, communicating silently. Harry cleared his throat before turning to the new arrival.

“ Sir, may we confer for a moment?”

“ Of course, though I assume an explanation will follow?”

“ Of course, sir.”

Dumbledore nodded his head and Harry turned back to the group, switching back to Anglo-Saxon.

“ What are we going to tell him?”

“ The truth.”

“ Are you sure we can tell him everything, Ginny?”

“ I suggest we tell him very little. We can tell him the basic idea of what happened, and what we did in the past. But we can't tell him what happens in the future. It's the same as when we were in the founders' time, we couldn't tell them anything that might interfere with the future.”

“ I agree.”

“ Me too.”

“ But who's going to explain?”

“ Hermione.”

“ Why me?”

“ Because you are the one that is always telling us to be careful. If you're that paranoid, *you* can be the one to explain. Then you can add and leave out whatever you want.”

“ Alright,” she agreed, reluctantly. Turning to the bemused professor, she made a request.

“ Professor Dumbledore, we are ready to discuss things. However, would it be possible to move to somewhere more private?”

“ Of course. We can go to the headmaster’s office.”

“ I don’t want Dippet to know!”

Harry’s sudden outburst caught everyone’s attention. Dumbledore was looking at him as if surprised that he knew the headmaster’s name, and his friends were simply looking in confusion. They couldn’t understand what he had against Dippet. Harry looked a little uncomfortable, before he started to explain.

“ It’s just I’ve...heard...things...about his methods and decisions, and I would just be more comfortable if we kept this between the five of us.”

Dumbledore nodded his consent and led them out of the Great Hall towards his office. On the way, Ginny questioned Harry in Anglo-Saxon on his reasoning.

“ Harry, what do you have against Dippet?”

“ We still don’t know what year it is, Gin. I’m guessing Dippet is still headmaster, from Dumbledore’s reaction. I’m just thinking...Dippet’s decision to make Tom Riddle go back to the orphanage in the holidays may have been one of the causes of him turning into Voldemort. I just don’t want to trust someone with such poor judgment with such a huge secret. I don’t mind speaking to Dumbledore, as I know I would trust him with my life, but I’m not going to give too much away to a complete stranger.”

Ginny had paled at the reminder of her first year, but nodded in agreement with what he was saying. Before they knew it, they had reached what would one day be McGonagall’s office. Looking around, they recognised various objects that could be found in the headmaster’s office in their own time. After ushering them into their seats, Dumbledore sat at his desk and regarded the new arrivals.

“ Would you care for a Lemon Drop?” he offered, holding out a bowl. The four exchanged looks before bursting out in a fit of

giggles. *Dumbledore hasn't changed*, Harry thought, as he watched the now utterly confused teacher. Setting down the bowl, he waited for them to calm themselves before continuing.

“ I'll take that as a 'no'. Now, would you mind telling me who you are, and why you suddenly appeared out of thin air in the Great Hall?”

Chapter Two – Dumbledore and Dippet

Hermione cleared her throat and tried to think of the best way to summarise their situation.

“ Well, we’re sort of from the future, but we’re actually from the past.”

Surprisingly, Dumbledore simply nodded at this explanation as if it made perfect sense.

“ That’s very interesting, Miss...”

“ Granger, sir. Hermione Granger.”

“ Miss Granger, but would you care to elaborate?”

Hermione started to blush. She didn’t like being under such close scrutiny by her future headmaster.

“ Well, we’re from the future. At least I think we are...What year is it?”

“ 1943.”

“ Ah, that would explain a lot. Yes, we’re from the future. 1995 to be exact. I found a magic amulet and gave it to Harry here for his birthday. A year ago today we said a spell while holding the amulet and it had rather...unexpected...results. You see, it’s called the amulet of time, and...”

“ There is no need to go on, Miss Granger. I believe I understand what is going on.”

“ You do?” she asked in astonishment.

“ Yes, I do. You see, many years ago I came into possession of a book written many years before my time. It was a chronicle of one year in the life of a Hogwarts student. At first it seemed a rather unremarkable book, the sort of thing that people pass by in the bookshop without ever considering reading. However, the thing that caught my attention was that it dated back 900 years, to the time of

the Hogwarts founders. This in itself was rare, as not many books from that time have survived. What really piqued my interest was the fact that it was in its original form, yet was written in modern English. I found this astounding. Surely, I thought, someone in that time would write in Anglo-Saxon or Latin. Maybe even French or Celtic. But to have written it in modern English should have been impossible. I bought the book as soon as I saw it, and was fascinated by what it described. It told of four friends visiting the age of the founders from the distant future, and helping to save the past. It was written by a girl named Gallatea Ravenclaw, daughter of Rowena Ravenclaw. I am assuming you are the same ones as those who visited the founders?"

The four time travellers could do nothing but nod their heads in shock. *She must have written her book after all*, Harry thought. Then another thing occurred to him. *If it's 1943, that means Tom Riddle has just left school. The older students here will still remember him. If I talk to some of them who knew him personally, I may be able to find a weakness.*

Dumbledore smiled benevolently at them before holding out his hand. Each shook it briefly, before he continued his address.

" Well, now that we have that settled, would you like to introduce yourselves?"

" Ronald Weasley."

" Virginia Weasley."

" Hermione Granger."

" Harry Potter."

" Good, good. Now! What to do with you? Are you sure you don't want Professor Dippet to know?"

" Yes."

“ Then I will tell him that four students have arrived, and would like to join the school. I am sure I can get him to let you in. What year will you be taking?”

“ Fifth year, sir,” Ginny told him, “ We took our OWLs and NEWTs at the start of the summer, and passed with ‘O’ grades. However, they were in ancient magic, not modern magic. We will have to take our fifth year again.”

“ Very well. If you will wait here, I will fetch the headmaster.”

That said, Dumbledore stood and gracefully stalked out of the room.

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Ten minutes later the door once again opened to admit Dumbledore and Dippet. The latter looked a little perplexed and eyed the new students warily. Once they were seated, he began to question the Transfiguration teacher.

“ Albus, who are these?”

“ They are students who wish to take their fifth year here at Hogwarts.”

“ Where are they from? Are you sure you can trust them? These are dark times, Albus, you need to remember that.”

“ They have been home educated, Headmaster. They need to come to a proper school this year, as they will be taking their OWLs.”

The four students were all thinking how familiar that sounded...

“ I see. Are you sure they are trustworthy? I mean, with Grindelwald and everything, how can you be sure they do not support the Dark?”

“ I trust them, Headmaster. I hope you will trust my judgment in this.”

“ Very well, they may stay. They will be sorted with the first years at the Welcome Feast. Can I trust you to take care of it?”

“ Of course.”

“ Very good. If that is all, I have some matters to attend to. See you at the feast, Albus.”

With that Professor Dippet left the office. The four students were relieved at the fact they were to be allowed to take classes. However, the mentioning of the Dark Lord Grindelwald had them all a little concerned. They knew they could hold their own in a fight, especially Harry with his Dark Arts knowledge and outstanding dueling skills. However, that didn't make them feel any better. Each was brought out of his or her thoughts when Dumbledore started explaining what was going to happen.

“ Now that we have that sorted, we can make some arrangements. When the Welcome Feast starts, I would like you to wait outside the Great Hall until the first years arrive. When they go in for the Sorting, just tag along at the end. I will announce you as I would any other new student, and you will be sorted into your Houses. Tomorrow is a Saturday, so your lessons will not be starting until Monday. In the morning we will be going to Diagon Alley, so that you can collect your new school supplies. I am assuming, of course, that you have money?”

“ Yes, we do,” Harry confirmed, thinking of the vault set up before they had left. Ron suddenly grinned, obviously having had the same thought.

“ Well then, I will meet you in the Entrance Hall after breakfast. We should be back by lunchtime, so you will still have plenty of time to spend making new friends. Now, I think it's time we made our way to the Great Hall. We wouldn't want to be late, now, would we?”

Chapter Three – Sortings and Meeting the Locals

Standing outside the Great Hall, the four friends waited nervously for Dumbledore to come back with the first years. They had hidden around a corner and watched as the rest of the school had filed in, but had made sure they weren't seen. All of them were thinking back to what Dumbledore had said to them during the walk to the Entrance Hall. He had told them not to be seen until the sorting, and asked them what they wanted to be known as. They had all stared at him confused at first, before realising what he meant. This time was close enough to their own time that people would recognise the Potter and Weasley names. Hermione was alright, as she was a muggleborn. But the three from old wizarding families had to change their names. For Harry it had been relatively simple. As his mother was muggleborn, he simply chose to use her maiden name – Evans. Ron and Ginny had chosen to be called Weston, as it was close enough to their real name that they would be less likely to forget it.

Eventually, Dumbledore could be seen leading the first years up the steps and into the Entrance Hall. Once he had briefly explained the Houses of Hogwarts, he turned to lead them into the Great Hall for the Sorting. As the last student slipped through the doors, Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione quickly caught up, tagging on to the end of the group. As they walked past the student tables, they noticed a few people they thought might be related to people they knew in their own time. However, they didn't have time to dwell on it as the sorting began. They were quite surprised to hear a few names they recognised. A short boy with long black hair and a cheeky grin was called up. His name was Robert Black, and the Hat was on his head for barely a second before yelling, "GRYFFINDOR!" The same happened a few minutes later when a boy with messy black hair and glasses took a seat, also to be put in Gryffindor. Harry watched sadly as Eustace Potter took a seat at his new House table. *Wow, he thought, he looks like I used to look.* During his time in the founders' age, Harry had grown quite tall. He had cut his hair shorter, showing off his scar, and had it spiked up. It made it a lot more manageable than it had been. He had also corrected his eyesight, so he no longer wore glasses. If anyone looked at him, they wouldn't recognise him as a Potter unless they knew the family well. His features had

become more like his mother's as he had matured, and he was less like a carbon copy of his father. The other three had also changed. Ron had grown his hair longer, and was looking more like his brother Bill every day. Hermione and Ginny had both matured as well, looking more like young women than lanky pre-teens. Hermione's hair had also become less bushy, making her more attractive.

Eventually all of the new first years had been sorted. Students and teachers alike were watching the time travellers curiously. Dumbledore moved in front of the Sorting Hat and motioned for silence.

"I have a little announcement to make. This year we are joined by four new students who will be entering into their fifth year. As I call each of them forward, they will be sorted, and will join their new Houses. I ask you all to make them feel welcome. Now, first we have..."

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****Harry's POV****

"Harry Evans!"

Harry nervously went up to the stool and put the hat on his head. Like he had in the past, Harry heard the voice of the Hat whispering in his ear. He groaned, knowing he would have to listen to another one of its annoying speeches.

Well, well, what do we have here? I believe our Mr. Potter has finally come back to Hogwarts. Are we still applying the rules of sorting you and your friends into different Houses?

Yes, Harry thought back.

Very well then. Gryffindor and Ravenclaw are out of the question, but your strong revulsion for Slytherin House makes me hesitate to put you there. You could do well there, especially since you know a lot about the Dark Arts, however I feel you still need some time before you would be truly accepted. The pain you suffered connected to

Hufflepuff has lessened, however it will never be completely gone. You feel bad for leaving the young Ravenclaw girl, showing you are very loyal... You proved in your last year that you are willing to work hard to defeat this Dark Lord of yours, so I think the best choice for you this time would be...

“ HUFFLEPUFF!”

Harry took the Hat off his head and moved over to the Hufflepuff table. He was greeted with cheers and applause as he sat himself down next to the new first years. They all smiled shyly at him, except for one, who was looking at him in astonishment. Upon closer inspection he noticed she was using an elven concealing charm, hiding her pointed ears. Any normal wizard wouldn't have detected it, but Harry had seen them before and knew how to recognise them. She was sitting right across from him, and as the other students went back to their conversations, he leaned forward and spoke quietly to her in elvish.

“ So, you are from the elven world. What brings you to Hogwarts?”

The shock on her face was rather amusing to watch. Glancing around quickly, she quietly replied.

“ My mother sent me. She thought it would be good for me to learn about humans. Our people have been separate for many hundreds of years, and most humans believe our race to be but a myth. My mother thought it would be safe to send me here, as most humans would not know what to look for when searching for an elf. With the concealing charms, I should be able to pass as a human. I did not realise I would be fortunate enough to meet *you*.”

“ What's so special about me?”

“ Why, you are Harry Potter, are you not?”

“ Well, yes...”

“ How wonderful! My mother has told me all about you!”

“ I know your mother?”

“ Yes, I believe you do. Her name is Gaerwyn...”

“ GAERWYN! As in Lolide’s sister Gaerwyn?”

“ The very same. My Aunt Lolide has told me of how she trained you in our culture and magics, so that you may one day rebuild the ties between my people and yours. I see now why she chose you for this task, and I am honoured to meet you.”

“ Thank you...Will I be able to visit your mother and her sister?”

“ Of course! They have been looking forward to it since you left! You still have the stone?”

“ Yes, I keep it in a safe place.”

“ Then as soon as you have some free time, go for a visit.”

“ I will. By the way, what’s your name?”

“ I’m so sorry, I’m forgetting my manners. I’m Minh-Minh-Lama.”

“ That’s a rather long name...”

“ True, but my friends just call me Minh.”

“ Well, Minh, I’m glad to have met you. It will be nice to see Gaerwyn and Lolide again.”

Before Harry could continue, a tall girl dressed in diaphanous black robes and hideous glasses came and sat herself next to the new fifth year. Looking at her, Harry couldn’t help but feel like he had seen her somewhere before. As soon as she started to speak, he realised where he knew her from.

“ My dear, you must be the new boy. I am here to tell you that I see death and gloom in your life. A dark cloud floats above your head showing a dark past and an even darker future. I suggest you are cautious.”

“ Oh, Sybil, stop trying to scare him!” another boy called from further down the table. Trelawney turned quickly and glared at him.

“ Do not contradict me, mortal! For I am a true Seer, and a powerful one at that! My predictions are never wrong. Be warned.”

That said, she stormed out of the Hall, Harry watching her in amusement as she left.

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****Hermione's POV****

“ Next we have Miss Hermione Granger.”

Hermione walked up to the stool and placed the Hat on her head. Like with Harry, the voice started as soon as she placed it there.

Ah, yes, Hermione Granger. Last time I placed you in Slytherin House, as Ravenclaw had already been taken. You did well there, I think, as it showed you that not all Slytherins are as evil as you believed them to be. However, I see that this time Ravenclaw would be a good choice for you. This is fortunate, as this is the only place I can send you. Hufflepuff has been taken this year, you were in Slytherin last time, and you cannot be placed in Gryffindor. Despite this, I would have chosen Ravenclaw for you this time anyway, as it will allow you to explore your more studious side. Enjoy your time in...

“ RAVENCLAW!”

Hermione took the Hat off her head, before heading to her new House table, where the students were clapping politely. Sitting down in a spare seat, she was surprised when a rather short wizard stuck his hand out to her.

“ Filius Flitwick, sixth year. Welcome to Ravenclaw House.”

Hermione tentatively held out her hand to her future charms teacher.

“ It’s a pleasure to meet you,” she said back.

Filius smiled at her and started up a conversation about charms. Hermione, always eager to speak with someone as interested in schoolwork as herself, was fascinated by his theories about combining spells.

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****Ron’s POV****

“ Ronald Weston.”

As his name was called out, Ron walked up to the Sorting Hat. He knew where it was going to put him, but he was still nervous. He was strongly reminded of his first year when he had been sorted for the first time. He had been so afraid of disappointing his parents by being put in a different House to the rest of his brothers. Putting the Hat on his head, he listened as it gave its customary speech.

Ronald Weasley, I don’t believe we’ve had the pleasure. Well, there isn’t much I can tell you; for you know what House you belong in. So without further ado I’ll place you in...

“ GRYFFINDOR!”

Ron walked calmly over to the Gryffindor table and sat down next to a beautiful redheaded girl. Looking closely, he could see she closely resembled Ginny. Smiling at her, he held out his hand.

“ Hello, I’m Ronald Weston.”

“ I’m Persephone. Persephone Weasley.”

Ron started a little at this. *So that’s why she looks like Ginny, he thought, we must be related. But how? I’ve never heard of a Persephone Weasley before. I’ll have to ask Dad when I get home.*

“ So, what year are you in, Persephone?”

“ I’m a third year. My little brother Arthur will be starting next year. I can’t wait! I’ve told him he has to battle a troll to be sorted into a House. He’s terrified of coming, but I know he’ll really enjoy it.”

Ron’s confusion cleared a little when he realised Persephone must be his aunt. However, he still couldn’t understand why his father had never spoken of her. Just then, he was pulled out of his thoughts by a shout of surprise from further down the table. Robert Black was laughing uproariously as Eustace Potter turned red and gold from top to bottom. He couldn’t help but think, *well, I suppose these are this generation’s Marauders...*

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“ And last but certainly not least we have Virginia Weston.”

Ginny felt it was a bit pointless to put the Hat on, as she knew she would be in Slytherin by default. She had dreaded this time for the whole of the last year, knowing she was not ambitious or cunning enough to be a Slytherin. Her bad experiences with Tom Riddle’s diary had also made her wary of being in his former House. As expected, the Sorting Hat had little to say to her.

Ah yes, Virginia, I remember you. There isn’t much I can tell you, really. Slytherin does not suit you very well, my dear, but I cannot go against Godric’s request. That would make you our latest...

“ SLYTHERIN!”

Ginny slowly made her way over to her new House, where her new housemates were leering at her. Sitting down by some students that looked about her age, she was addressed by the two wizards sitting opposite her. One had long silver hair and an aristocratic look. The other had black, oily hair and a rather large nose. Both were looking down on her as if staring at a cockroach. The blond spoke first, his tone clipped and proper.

“ I have never heard the name Weston before, so I will assume you are a Mudblood. There is no place for Muggle scum in our House so I suggest you watch your step.”

“ I’m not muggleborn,” Ginny spat, “ I happen to come from a very long line of witches and wizards. My family has been...away...for a long time. That is likely why you have never heard the name.”

“ You are a pureblood?” the dark haired boy asked.

“ Yes.”

“ In that case, welcome to Slytherin House. I am Satanus Snape and this is my good friend, Caligula Malfoy.”

Ginny had to try hard not to grimace at the names, before plastering a smile on her face and holding out her hand. *After all*, she thought, *why make enemies unnecessarily...*

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An hour later the students from all tables were led out of the Great Hall towards their common rooms, Head Girl Minerva McGonagall leading the way. As they left, Dumbledore watched the four friends splitting in different directions, knowing that the coming year would be very interesting indeed...

Chapter Four – A Trip to Diagon Alley

The next morning the four friends met in the Entrance Hall before breakfast. Ginny seemed in a bad mood, but the other three seemed to have enjoyed their evenings. Just as they were about to enter the Hall, a high pitched voice came floating down the nearest staircase.

“ My dear child, you need to mind your step. A terrible fall will bring much pain in your future. I can see it now...”

Ron turned to Harry, a look of horror on his face.

“ Please tell me it’s not true.”

Harry just looked at his friend sadly.

“ I’m afraid it is. She’s in my House. I had to put up with that all last night. It was awful!”

As he said this, Sybil Trelawney came down the stairs into the Entrance Hall, a small third year following behind her. Stopping suddenly to survey the students making their way to breakfast, she barely noticed the younger Hufflepuff swerving suddenly to miss her, and promptly falling down the stairs. The noise drew her attention to the unfortunate third year, sprawled on the floor clutching his leg. A malicious grin broke out on her face.

“ I did warn you, Daniel. You should take me more seriously, for a true Seer is a very rare thing, and you are fortunate to know such an individual.”

The third year just rolled his eyes and sent one of his friends for Madame Pomfrey. The four friends watched as the future Divination teacher made her way into the Hall for breakfast, her head held high and a look of superiority on her face. Ron turned to Harry, a look of sympathy in his eyes.

“ I pity you, mate. You’re going to have to listen to that all year.”

Harry just nodded at the redhead in acceptance and headed in to the Great Hall for breakfast.

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Nine o'clock found the four time travellers back in the Entrance Hall, waiting for Dumbledore. They had each received a note that morning by owl post, telling them what time they were going. A few minutes after they arrived, Dumbledore came out of the Great Hall, a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes.

“Are we all ready to go?”

“Yes, Professor,” Hermione replied.

“Good, good. Then let us be off.”

As he strode out of the door, Harry ran to catch up.

“Professor?”

“Yes, Harry?”

“How will we be getting to Diagon Alley?”

“We will be walking to Hogsmeade where we shall pick up a portkey. It's the fastest way to get there and back, as the train would take too long and you cannot apparate.”

However, Harry didn't hear the last part. His mind was fixed on the word 'portkey'. The more he thought about it, the more he started to shake until he suddenly sat on the floor, his legs no longer able to support him. His friends ran over quickly, Ginny sitting next to him and placing her arms around his shoulders.

“What's wrong, Harry? What did Professor Dumbledore say?” she whispered to him.

Harry just continued to shake until a concerned Dumbledore came over to the group.

“May I ask what the problem is?”

“What did you say to him, Professor?”

“ I merely told him we would be taking a portkey to Diagon Alley, Miss Granger.”

Hermione’s eyes widened and she went to comfort her friend. Ron moved over to the confused teacher.

“ It’s portkeys, sir. Harry had a very bad experience with one a little over a year ago. He witnessed a student being killed and has felt guilty ever since. Whenever he has to travel by portkey he starts to panic. We think he thinks it’s going to happen again.”

“ Ah, I see. If he would rather, you three could take the portkey and I can apparate with him. I can take one person, but I can’t take all four. That was why we were taking the portkey.”

“ I’ll tell him that, thank you Professor.”

Ron went over to his best friend and told him what the future headmaster had said. Harry visibly relaxed, glad he wouldn’t have to take the portkey. Thinking back, he remembered the reaction he had had after the first time they had used the amulet of time. As he thought about that, he remembered that this time travelling by amulet hadn’t bothered him. He put it down to his shock over Gallatea’s revelation. The others had been as surprised as he was, and Hermione had started to question him about it the night before as they had made their way to the Great Hall for the Welcome Feast. Harry had only managed to stop her questions by promising he would talk to them about it on Sunday, when they had time to go to the library and do research.

His thoughts returning to the present, he realised the group had somehow made it to the edge of the Hogwarts wards, right at the start of Hogsmeade village. Professor Dumbledore took out a small stone and handed it to the other three students who promptly disappeared. Harry shuddered a little, before Dumbledore grabbed his arm and they disappeared with a faint *pop*.

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Diagon Alley looked much the same as it had in their own time, Harry thought as he appeared in the bustling street. Witches and wizards

of all ages were hurrying back and forth, packages under their arms and wands in their hands. However, upon closer inspection, Harry noticed that colours didn't seem as bright as they should be. Shops didn't have the usual gaudy displays, and people's robes were dreary shades of brown and grey. Each adult running about had a small box at their hip, hanging from a strap over their shoulder. Looking at Dumbledore, the teacher started to explain.

“ I'm assuming you're wondering why everything seems a little more...subdued than in your time?”

Everyone in the group nodded, waiting for him to continue.

“ Well, what you have to remember is that there is a war on. Well, technically there are two. You see, in the past there have been wizard wars and Muggle wars, neither really interfering with the other. However, this war is different. The Muggles are fighting the German leader Adolph Hitler, and the wizarding world is fighting the reign of the Dark Lord Grindelwald. What makes this different from other wars, is that Grindelwald is allied with Hitler. He believes that the only way to gain domination is to take both wizarding and Muggle worlds out at the same time. He is giving Hitler magical help to ensure his victory, as the Muggle allies will have no defence against it. The same applies to us. Hitler is providing Grindelwald with Muggle technology to attack the wizarding world. Most wizards know little about Muggle advancements, and so have no adequate defence. The boxes you see are the wizard equivalent of gas masks. We are supposed to carry them wherever we go, except at Hogwarts where we are safe.”

The four students listened to the explanation in silence. They had heard little of this period of time and had never realised the extent of the war. It had never occurred to them that a Dark Lord would ally himself with a Muggle to gain help taking over the world. They continued to think over what Dumbledore had said all the way to Gringotts.

Their thoughts were interrupted by a goblin asking for a key. Harry had decided beforehand that he would take a little money out of the account he shared with Ron, even though the others thought he had

plenty already. His friends were a little curious when Harry told them he needed more money, as he had run out. They couldn't see what he had spent it all on, when he had plenty in the holidays when they went to Hogsmeade. Considering how much they could get for their Galleons there, they never thought he could get rid of it.

After a long and twisted ride in the Gringotts transport carts, the four were feeling a little unwell. They soon felt better though when the door of the vault was finally opened. Ron nearly fainted in shock. The vault contained all of the profit made from the sale of quidditch rulebooks, commission from both national and international teams, and 950 years worth of interest. Walking into the vault, the group could see that it was split into two equal parts, half being Harry's and the other half being Ron's. There was easily enough gold to make the combined wealth of all pureblood aristocrats look like a pittance. Millions upon millions of gold galleons lined the vault from ceiling to floor, making a huge golden room. Ron, making his way over to the left side of the room, suddenly jumped into the piled up coins and started screaming in joy. Harry, who had yet to fully recover, watched his friend's elation. There was enough gold in the vault to buy Hogwarts 100 times over. Smiling, the Boy-Who-Lived made his way over to the right hand side of the vault – his own share – and started piling some money into his pouch. After about a half hour, a grunt of surprise could be heard from behind them. Turning around, the four teenagers watched amused as Dumbledore, who had come to look for them, stared in awe at the mountain laid out before him.

“Is this really all yours?” he asked in awe.

“Yes it is, sir. You see, Ron and I sort of invented quidditch...”

“Goodness, that explains it. Amazing. What are you going to do with it all?”

“Well, I'm giving it to my family as soon as I get home,” Ron said, “I would give it to them now, but Hermione will only lecture me on the dangers of changing time.”

“Of course I would! You can't go around changing things just because you don't like them. Imagine if Harry wanted to save his...”

She stopped suddenly, looking at the listening Dumbledore. She knew she had nearly said too much. If Dumbledore found out what was going to happen in 1981, he might change it, leaving their futures with a fully powerful Dark Lord running around. Smiling sheepishly, she turned around and headed out of the door.

“ I think we should go shopping now,” she called over her shoulder, “ We don’t want to be too late getting back to Hogwarts.”

~~*

Once they were back in Diagon Alley, Dumbledore told them they had two hours to do their shopping. Handing them their lists, he told them to be careful, and to watch themselves in front of suspicious seeming characters. As he turned to leave, he looked them in the eyes and gave them a simple parting message.

“ Remember one important thing. Light witches and wizards have no place in Knockturn Alley. I will meet you in the Leaky Cauldron at noon. Have fun!”

As soon as he was out of sight, Hermione and Ginny pulled the boys over to Flourish and Blott’s bookshop so they could get their school books. As soon as they entered the shop, Harry and Hermione headed towards the stacks, while Ron made his way to a stand of quidditch books. Ginny immersed herself in the Divination section, trying to find out some more information about true Seers.

After a while, the group reluctantly left the shop, having bought all of their school books. Harry had also bought several thick potions books, as he had taken an interest in the subject when he had started writing his books on ancient potions and their antidotes. Hermione had a 1900 edition of ‘Hogwarts, a History’, and Ginny was clutching a new Divination book.

Their next stop was the apothecary, where they acquired all of the potions ingredients on their list. Harry even bought some extra things, intending to try out some potions he had seen in the founders’ time. Madame Malkin’s robe shop was also visited for new school robes and dress robes, as well as some casual robes to wear at weekends and in the holidays. They would have worn the ones they

already had, but in Ron and Harry's cases they were now a few inches too short. They were also of a different style than was fashionable in the 1940s, and they didn't want to draw attention to themselves.

After a quick stop at Quality Quidditch Supplies and Florean Fortescue's ice cream parlour, the four were ready to leave. Looking at his watch, Harry realised that they still had half an hour left. Standing up, he shrunk all of his purchases with a wave of his hand and placed them in his pocket. He then turned to his friends, who were watching him, curious as to why he was getting up.

" I just want to have a quick look in a bookshop and apothecary in Knockturn Alley. I'll need to go into the pet shop as well, as Eyelops' don't sell anything for snakes."

Hermione got an outraged look on her face. Harry had expected this, and was ready for when she blew up at him.

" Harry! What have I told you about the Dark Arts? You're going to turn into another Dark Lord if you're not careful. Harry, I know you want to use the Dark Arts for good, but I'm sure they're going to end up corrupting you beyond all recognition! I don't see why you enjoy them so much..."

" Hermione, I've told you before, I'm not being corrupted. What is so wrong with using the Dark Arts? As Slytherin said, it is all magic, and it is the intent that counts."

" But Harry! At the start of the summer you had to fight off Slytherin to stop him from taking over the school. He was evil, Harry, how can you still believe what he said?"

" Because I can see the logic in it! I've been using Dark Magic for a year now, and I'm still the same person. Just think about it Hermione. I used Dark Magic to stop Horatio when he had you under that Cruciatus curse. The founders couldn't stop him, but I did. Being a parselmouth is considered Dark, but if I hadn't been able to speak to snakes, we would never have found or opened the Chamber of Secrets in second year. Nor would we have been able to spy on Slytherin last year. Of course, not forgetting when I saved

Justin Finch-Fletchley in the second year duelling club, and Gryffindor in the duel last year at Christmas. Do I need to go on? Oh yes, of course. In the final battle with Slytherin, Gryffindor would have been dead if I hadn't used Dark Magic to take out Slytherin. Are you seeing what I'm getting at, 'Mione? Because if you want, I can think of more examples."

Harry's three friends just sat and stared at him in utter shock. He had never spoken like that to Hermione before. They could see his point, though. On all of those occasions he had used magic considered Dark to save people, and he was still the same Harry they had known for five years. He hadn't changed in himself, just lost some of his prejudices. Nodding in acceptance, the three friends watched their friend smile at them slightly. Hermione, however, still had a concern.

"Harry, you can't go to Knockturn Alley. Dumbledore told us not to."

Harry sighed deeply. He had been expecting this.

"No he didn't. He said that Knockturn Alley was not the place for Light wizards. I no longer consider myself a Light wizard, so I have nothing to worry about."

His friends looked a little taken aback by that statement. Harry decided to elaborate.

"By definition, a Light witch or wizard is someone who uses all Light magic in their everyday lives, resorting only to the Dark Arts in the most dire of situations. A Dark witch or wizard is someone who is comfortable using both types of magic in everyday situations. Being a Dark wizard does not make one evil, even though evil wizards are predominantly Dark. Do you see what I mean? I use both types of magic freely, so I am by definition a Dark wizard. I have no problem with that, and I hope you don't either. Now, I'm going to Knockturn Alley while I still have time, and I will meet you outside the Leaky Cauldron at noon."

That said, Harry stalked off, completely missing the astonished looks on his friends' faces.

~~*

Knockturn Alley was bustling with foul creatures and Dark wizards, each hurrying along, minding its own business. Harry passed mainly unnoticed through the crowd until he reached the bookshop he had visited to buy his amulet book. Going inside, he was surprised to see the same shopkeeper sitting in a stool in the corner. He hadn't changed much over 50 years. Harry went deeper into the shop to look at the stacks upon stacks of interesting books.

Fifteen minutes later, the 16-year-old left the shop, a bag of shrunken Dark Arts books in his pocket. After a quick stop off at the apothecary, he made his way to the shop where he had bought Simbi and Nirah. Seeing what he was looking for, he purchased a bag of small snake treats, much like the owl treats he fed to Hedwig. Thinking of his owl made Harry sad, as he didn't know what had happened to her. He hoped she would be alright, and that someone had let her out of her cage when their carriage had been found empty.

Eventually, at five to twelve, he headed back to the Leaky Cauldron. Dumbledore and his friends were already waiting for him to come back, and as soon as he stepped up in front of them, the Transfiguration teacher threw the portkey to Hermione, Ron and Ginny. After being grabbed by the arm, Harry was apparated back to Hogwarts with a faint *pop*.

Chapter Five – Research on the Ravenclaw Line

As soon as the group arrived back at the castle they went their separate ways to take their new school supplies to their dormitories. They had all decided to meet in the Gryffindor Room in half an hour so they could put the extra books in there with the ones they had bought in Hogsmeade during the holidays. Hermione had also decided on the long walk up to the castle that she couldn't wait to discuss the consequences of what Gallatea had told them before they left. She wasn't prepared to wait until the next day, so Harry agreed to tell them at their meeting.

Twenty minutes later found Harry alone in the Hufflepuff fifth year boys' dorm. Checking no-one was coming; he closed the door and placed his hand on the wall. Whispering, "Harry Potter, Harry's Room," he was astonished as a large red door appeared in the wall in front of him. Opening it, he quickly moved inside and closed the door behind him before any of his roommates could come back. Looking around he saw that he was the first to arrive. The room hadn't changed in the 950 years it had been unoccupied. Everything looked the same, from the stacked bookshelves to the practice mats on the floor. Moving over to the armoury, he took out his elven sword, which he had placed there before he left. They had all left their weapons in the room, despite their better judgment, as they didn't know what time they would end up in, and if the natives would have objected to children carrying swords and bows. Moving into the centre of the room, he started to swing the sword in a series of complex configurations. Practicing always released the tension he was feeling. He didn't notice the others entering the room until Ron's voice interrupted him.

"Harry? Are you ready to talk yet?"

The Boy-Who-Lived sighed, before taking his sword back to the armoury. When he came back into the main room he found the other three sitting in comfy armchairs in front of the fire. Hermione had summoned a tea set, and Ginny was arranging some biscuits on a plate. Sitting next to Ron, he sighed and looked up into his friends' expectant eyes.

“ What do you want to know?”

“ Is what Gallatea said true?” Hermione asked him.

“ I honestly don’t know. It was the first I heard of it. I don’t see why she would lie, though.”

“ How did it happen?”

“ I can’t answer that, either...”

“ Harry! You promised us answers, and now you’re sitting there telling us nothing! We’re supposed to be your friends...”

“ RON! Stop, alright? I think you misunderstood. I can’t answer that because I don’t know for sure. The only time I think it could possibly have happened was on my birthday. Remember when we went back to Ravenclaw Tower blind drunk? We woke up the next morning in my bed, half dressed. Neither of us could remember anything past staggering down the corridor the night before. As we were still wearing underwear, we assumed nothing had happened. We must have been wrong...”

“ Oh, Harry! How could you be so irresponsible?”

“ It was an accident, ‘Mione! We were drunk, and didn’t know what we were doing.”

“ But...”

“ Hermione, drop it! It was a mistake. We didn’t know what we were doing. It’s over and there’s nothing I can do about it now. Can we just move on and try to figure out what happened after we left. Please?”

“ Alright,” Hermione said with a sigh, “ I’ll let it go. We need to find out the consequences of what you did. Do you know how much this could have changed time?”

“ As I keep saying, ‘Mione, I think everything that we have done was meant to happen. I’m not going to argue with you anymore about it, so let us just agree to disagree.”

Ron, who had been quiet up until now, was about to suggest they start looking through genealogy charts when a loud cackling rang through the air. Seconds later, a transparent form came tearing through the room, sitting itself in one of the armchairs, laughing uncontrollably. The four friends watched in bemusement as the figure looked up and jumped, startled to see them there.

“ What’s this? Students in Peevesie’s room? How did the ikkle students get in here? Only Peevesie knows where it is...”

“ Peeves!” Ron yelled, grinning, “ So nice to see you, old boy!”

“ And who are you? Some meddling little student here to cause trouble, no doubt.”

“ Don’t you recognise your fellow Marauders? Dying must have addled your brain.”

“ How did you...? Ronniekins? And Harry?”

“ The very same. Long time, no see,” Harry told him back in Anglo-Saxon.

“ Amazing! No-one’s spoken that to me in many years! How have you been? Is this where you ended up? I waited for many years, knowing you would turn up, but after a while I gave up hope...”

“ Well, we’re back now. I’m assuming you still play pranks.”

“ Of course, Ronnie, I was taught by the best, after all.”

“ So what happened after we left?” Ginny asked the giddy poltergeist.

“ Ahhh, it was very sad. Gallatea had a baby and moved to the country. Never saw her again after that. Her mother taught her alone after the baby was born, from what I heard. I remember Lord Gryffindor and Lady Hufflepuff having a hard time of it trying to keep

the school together with just the two of them left. Lolide helped out a lot, though. She took over Lady Ravenclaw's classes. Ardwick and I still played pranks, but it wasn't the same without you two. I didn't really keep track of everyone after they graduated before my fourth year. From what I heard through the grapevine, though, Ard and Chris got married and had a ton of kids. I don't know what happened to 'Tea, though."

"What about you? How did you get to be a poltergeist?"

"Well, as you know, poltergeists are mischievous ghosts, and a prankster like me would never be happy not being able to cause trouble. Sadly, I got hit with a stray Killing curse a couple of years after I graduated. I was so angry I didn't get to see you again and plan more pranks. Next thing I know, I'm floating around like this, so I headed back to Hogwarts, and have been causing trouble ever since."

"Would you like to play a prank? Just for old time's sake?" Ron asked his old friend.

"Would I ever! Let's see, there's a certain Malfoy who's been causing trouble..."

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The following day saw the four time travellers, plus Peeves, sitting in the corner of the Hogwarts library. After hours of searching through the stacks for books about the Ravenclaw family, the boys had given up and were planning their first prank of the year. Surprisingly, Peeves had been helping them earlier, much to the confusion of the librarian and the other students studying in the library. Normally the poltergeist would be ripping the books to pieces instead of reading them. He had been the first to become bored, though, and had roped Ron and Harry into helping him get one over on Malfoy. When asked why he disliked the blond boy so much, he simply told them he had seen generation after generation of Malfoys pass through the school, and they all reminded him of a certain Horatio d'Escargot. Laughing, the boys had quickly agreed to help.

After a while, the library started to get rather crowded with students wanting to improve their holiday homework before the first lessons the following day. As Peeves was arguing with Ron about what to do with Satanus Snape, Harry noticed two Gryffindor first years and a third year come in the door, looking around for a table. Seeing none free, they turned to leave, but the Boy-Who-Lived stood up and went over to them.

“ Hey, you three. Why don’t you come and sit with us? We have plenty of space at our table.”

The three younger students eyed the group at the table with curiosity. It was the third year who spoke up.

“ You have a strange group of friends there. A Slytherin, a Gryffindor, a Ravenclaw and a poltergeist. You’re a Hufflepuff, aren’t you?”

“ Yes, I’m Harry Evans.”

“ Persephone Weasley. My friends call me Percy. These are Eustace Potter and Robert Black. Are you sure you don’t mind us sitting with you?”

“ It’s fine by me. Hermione and Ginny are just doing research, and the rest of us are planning a prank.”

“ You’re pranksters?! Wow! Can we help?” Eustace exclaimed.

“ Sure. Do you all want to help?”

Robert grinned like a Cheshire cat, looking like a younger version of Harry’s godfather, and Persephone had a twinkle in her eyes that the Hufflepuff had only ever seen on the Weasley twins. The four went over to the table, and Harry told the others that they were having company. Peeves grinned at the new pranksters, and welcomed them as Marauders.

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Dinner that evening was a rather interesting event. The unsuspecting students were startled out of their conversations when loud music

started to fill the Hall. Looking around confused, they were surprised when a bright flash came from the Slytherin table, where all of the unfortunate students were now sitting in swimwear. Standing up, they started to dance around as Caligula and Satanus came to the front and started to sing, the former taking the verses, the latter the chorus.

“ She was afraid to come out of the locker
She was as nervous as she could be
She was afraid to come out of the locker
She was afraid that somebody would see
Two, three, four, tell the people what she wore.”

“ It was an itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka-dot bikini
That she wore for the first time today
An itsy teenie weenie yellow polka-dot bikini
So in the locker she wanted to stay
Two, three, four, stick around we'll tell ya more.”

“ She was afraid to come out in the open
And so a blanket around her she wore
She was afraid to come out in the open
And so she sat bundled up on the shore
Two, three, four, tell the people what she wore.”

“ It was an itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka-dot bikini
That she wore for the first time today
An itsy teenie weenie yellow polka-dot bikini
So in the blanket she wanted to stay
Two, three, four, stick around we'll tell ya more.”

“ Now she's afraid to come of the water
And I wonder what she's gonna do
Now she's afraid to come out of the water
And the poor little girl's turnin' blue
Two, three, four, tell the people what she wore.”

“ It was an itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka-dot bikini
That she wore for the first time today
An itsy teenie weenie yellow polka-dot bikini
So in the water she wanted to stay.”

“ From the locker to the blanket
 From the blanket to the shore
 From the shore to the water
Guess there isn't any more.”

As the song ended, Peeves, who was floating above the Slytherin table, started to throw custard tarts at the yellow polka dot bikini clad students. Blushing bright red in embarrassment, the whole House ran out of the Great Hall, with the exception of Ginny, who was sat at the Hufflepuff table with Harry, laughing her head off. Once the laughter started to get out of control, the other three Houses all thoroughly enjoying the Slytherins' humiliation, Dippet stood up and called for silence.

“ Quiet everyone! Now, I am sure Peeves did not do all of that on his own, and if I ever find out who helped him, they will be expelled immediately. Such behaviour is not acceptable at this school. Now I suggest you all return to your common rooms as soon as you finish your meals.”

Despite what the headmaster had said the Marauders were not dissuaded. Looking up at the head table, one at a time they met the amused eyes of Albus Dumbledore, who nodded to them as if sending his congratulations for their successful prank.

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The first day of lessons was rather difficult for the four time travellers. In charms and transfiguration they had tried hard to use their wands for all of the spells, so as to not call attention to themselves, but kept finding their hands hovering ready to perform magic. The spells they were learning, while different from what they had covered in the founders' time, could be performed wandlessly if the witch or wizard knew how. It was frustrating after a year of simply waving their hands to go back to doing such simple spells with incantations and complex wand movements. On top of that, they kept having to pass their future teachers in the hallways and see them in classes. McGonagall was Head Girl, Flitwick was in Hermione's House, Snape's father was running around, and Trelawney was causing mayhem wherever she went. They also had

to cope with their future friend Hagrid as the apprentice gamekeeper, Professor Dumbledore for Transfiguration, and esteemed auror Alastor Moody as their Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher.

Their first potions class, which Hufflepuff had with Ravenclaw, was rather entertaining. Harry had taken a great liking to potions over the last year, and their new teacher, Professor Sewell, was shaping up to be a lot nicer than Snape. She took and gave points fairly, and praised those who made their potions correctly. The highlight of the lesson was when Sybil started wailing.

“ Professor Sewell, come quickly.”

“ What is it, Miss Trelawney?”

“ I’ve had a vision.”

“ Oh, that’s nice.”

The class started tittering. Sybil, oblivious, carried on.

“ My Inner Eye is telling me a Ravenclaw must be cautious. An explosion is impending.”

Waving her hand for dramatic effect, the psychotic seer knocked a jar of beetle eyes in a nearby student’s potion, causing it to explode and cover those sitting nearby with green goo. The teacher, shaking her head, dragged a moaning Trelawney off to the hospital wing, insisting she needed a sedative.

Later that day, the four met up in Harry’s room, where they continued to do their research.

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It took until September 28th before any of the four found anything of note concerning the fate of Gallatea and her baby. The library had been practically exhausted over the last month, as most of the books there spoke only of Rowena Ravenclaw and not her daughter. Most of the history books also seemed to cut off after Slytherin was defeated. Eventually, when they were close to giving up, Hermione

found just the book they were looking for in a partially concealed bookcase in Harry's room. It was a self updating genealogy of the four founders. While checking to find out if the book was accurate before showing the others, Hermione found the proof she needed. The last entry under Slytherin was none other than Tom Marvolo Riddle, recent graduate of Hogwarts. Ginny, being a Slytherin, had discreetly spent the last month quizzing her older housemates on the former Head Boy, searching for a weakness. So far she hadn't found any, but she wasn't giving up.

That night at dinner she sent notes to each of her friends, asking them to meet her in Harry's room at 8 o'clock. When they were all there, they sat down in front of the fire.

"This had better be important, 'Mione," Ron began, "We were planning a really good prank with Eustace, Rob, Percy and Peeves..."

"Well, I'm sorry to drag you away from something so vitally important, but I thought you might like to know that I found a self updating genealogy of the four founders."

Harry had gone pale. Although he had been researching the subject for almost a month in order to find out about his child, now that they had the answers at their fingertips, he wasn't sure he wanted to know. Even as little as knowing its name would suddenly make the situation more real. He knew he had had a child, but the reality had never sunk in before. He started to think about it properly for the first time. He had had a son or a daughter. They had had a life, married, and had children of their own. And Gallatea, his love, had been forced to raise an unplanned child alone and out of wedlock, a serious sin in her time. Hermione cleared her throat and opened the book, bringing Harry back to the present.

"Well, I've found the Ravenclaw chapter. It says here, Rowena and Engelbert Ravenclaw were the parents of Gallatea Ravenclaw. Next it has Gallatea Ravenclaw and Harry James Potter, parents of a son, Glenadade Harold Potter."

Harry was immediately sucked back into his thoughts. So, he had had a son. Who had a name. His son was real. He was there on

parchment. It was undeniable. A tear slowly leaked out of his eye and Hermione flicked through the pages.

“ Here, I have the last page. It says Agnes and Charles Potter, parents of Eustace Potter. We’ve been assuming that Eustace is Harry’s grandfather, and the fact that he is the only Ravenclaw heir would support that fact. It also means that Harry is his own ancestor!”

“ What! That’s just...weird!”

“ Ron, don’t say that! You’ll insult Harry. It’s certainly something to think about...”

Looking up to apologise for Ron, she realised that Harry had left the room.

~~*

Down on the quidditch pitch, Harry was striding back and forth, trying to slow his rollercoastering emotions. He couldn’t stay in that room any longer. He needed to get away from his friends for a while to think. He had unconsciously headed for the place he felt closest to Gallatea. The quidditch pitch. Her quidditch pitch. The one he had built for her. Walking over to the spot he had laid the dedication stone, he was devastated to see it missing. Waving his hand over the spot to clear some of the grass away, he was relieved to see it simply covered over, but still in place. Waving his hand again and muttering the password, he watched as the words he had engraved into the magical surface slowly appeared, the message written in both Anglo-Saxon and English. Underneath it, he noticed a new message, this time written in elvish. Looking closely, he quietly read it to himself.

In Loving Memory of

GALLATEA RAVENCLAW

Mother, friend and beloved daughter.

Shocked, Harry stumbled back from the stone, thinking frantically. *Beloved daughter? That means she died before her mother. She must have died young. Oh, 'Tea...*

His thoughts were interrupted by a soft lilting voice behind him.

“ Hello, Harry.”

Whirling around, tears streaming down his face, he came face to face with the last person he had ever expected to see again.

“ ‘Tea.”

Chapter Six – Discoveries and Consequences

“ Hello, Harry.”

Whirling around, tears streaming down his face, he came face to face with the last person he had ever expected to see again.

“ ‘Tea.”

“ Long time no see.”

“ Uhuh.”

Harry shifted uncomfortably. Seeing her again was making him nervous, and the shock of the situation didn't seem to be wearing off. Shuffling his feet and trying to think of something to say, he took in her appearance. She was floating a couple of inches from the floor, her transparent body waving slightly from side to side. She looked older than when he had last seen her, but not by much. The ghost smiled sadly at him, and picked up the conversation.

“ I suppose you're wondering why I'm here?”

“ Um...Yeah.”

“ Articulate as always, I see,” she said with a grin. She was answered with a watery smile.

“ Where to start...how about with how I'm here. As you know, you left me at the start of my sixth year at Hogwarts, unmarried and with a child. The pressure got to me eventually, almost sending me over the edge. I missed you so much, it hurt to breathe. I could feel the life growing inside of me, and I knew I still had a part of you, but it wasn't enough. I knew I wanted to see you again. I knew I would never live long enough, so the only way was in death. About two months after you left, I came down here and revealed the message on the stone. I knew that eventually you would uncover it in the future, so I bound my soul to this spot. When I died, only six years after you left, my spirit remained here, waiting for you to come. And you have, Harry. You've released me and I can look upon you once again.”

Harry let out a sob and reached for his lost love, his hands passing through her insubstantial form. Weeping harder, he fell to the floor, burying his face in his hands and letting out the grief he felt for his lost friend. The ghost floated absently over to him, murmuring comforting words as he cried. Eventually, his sobs subsided until he was merely whimpering softly. Looking up into Gallatea's beautiful eyes, he asked her the question that had been plaguing him for weeks.

“ What happened to our child?”

Gallatea smiled at the change of subject, pleased Harry wanted to know about his son.

“ We had a beautiful boy. Lolide delivered him at the end of April in my sixth year. I named him Glenadade Harold Potter, after you. I moved back to Ravenclaw castle shortly after to raise him, as I knew it would be a nice place for him to grow up. He was such an energetic young boy, with your messy black hair and my eyes. He loved playing on his broom as a child, and was on the House team during his school years. It was the only time I got to see him, during quidditch. I died from influenza when he was only five, and as my soul was bound here, I couldn't see him very often. Even then he couldn't see me, as I was locked away in the stone until you released me. But I could see him, and I watched him grow into a fine young man. He married a Housemate of his called Lucille, and they had four wonderful children, a son and three daughters. From what I know, he lived a long and happy life. I still keep watch over his descendants, such as young Eustace, as I am sure I will watch over you too when the time comes.”

“ My son, our son was happy?”

“ Yes.”

“ Who raised him after you died. I feel so awful for leaving him alone.”

“ It wasn't your fault, Harry. I wasn't even going to tell you, as I knew you would want to stay. I lived a happy life, I fell in love, and I had a wonderful baby son, who also led a happy and loving life. We were

all well off, you should let your own burdens go, Harry, and move on. Do not dwell on what could have been, and forget to live.” a

Harry just smiled back at his love and thought over all she had told him. He knew she was right; he had to get on with his life and let the past go. Sure, he would still come down to the quidditch pitch and talk to his friend, but he would not let what had happened ruin his life. Smiling slightly at Gallatea, he bid her goodnight, before heading back to the castle to talk to his friends.

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Making his way through a door he created in the Entrance Hall, Harry found his three friends still sitting by the fire in his room. They all looked up when he entered, worry quickly turning into relief. Once he had sat down, they simply stared at him. After a few minutes he started to get a little annoyed.

“ What?”

“ We were worried, Harry. I know it must have been upsetting to hear, but we didn’t know where you had gone. Anything could have happened. There *is* a Dark Lord running around, you know.”

“ I know that, and for a change he’s not hunting *me*. What makes you think anything would have happened?”

“ Well...”

“ Yes?”

“ Things happen when people are upset...”

“ What are you suggesting?”

“ Nothing! We know it must be hard for you, not knowing what happened to your son...”

“ His name was Glenadade Harold Potter. He played quidditch on his House team. He grew up and married a Housemate of his called Lucille, and they had four children. A boy and three girls. He lived a

long and happy life with his family, and died at an old age. He was happy, and that's all that matters. I've had some sense talked into me, and I think I'm starting to accept the situation."

The other three were looking at Harry confused. Ginny spoke up tentatively.

"How do you know all that? You only learned his name just before you left."

"Tea told me."

"WHAT!" all three shouted at the same time. It would be rather amusing, Harry reflected, if the situation wasn't so serious.

"Tea told me. She was the one that talked some sense into me. She always knew how to make me feel better..."

Hermione, being the first to recover, thought it would be best to get a straight answer out of her friend, as it was clear he was not making sense.

"Harry, what do you mean you spoke to Tea? Tea's dead!"

"So's Peeves, and that doesn't stop us playing pranks."

"Are you telling me Tea's a ghost?"

"Uhuh."

"You don't seem upset by that. I'm a bit worried about that fact."

"Hermione, if you knew the person you loved was dead, and didn't think you could ever see them again, wouldn't you be happy to have them to talk to, despite them being non-corporeal?"

"I suppose..."

"Well then."

"But Harry," Ron spoke up, "How come we've never seen her around before? I mean, Peeves turned up the day after we

arrived. We've been here nearly a month and I've never seen her before."

" You wouldn't have. Nobody has, not even her son. And I reckon Peeves doesn't know she's here either. After we left she bound her soul to the stone I set in the quidditch pitch. I uncovered it tonight and released her spirit. You can go and see her if you want."

The other three nodded in agreement before something suddenly occurred to Ron. Sitting up straight, he waved his hand at his throat, casting a quick sonorous charm.

" WOULD SAMUEL PEEVES PLEASE COME TO HARRY'S ROOM, IT'S URGENT," he called in Anglo-Saxon, loud enough to reach throughout the castle. Hermione gave him a disapproving look.

" Ronald Weasley! You'll have woken up the whole school with that noise! It was uncalled for. We could have spoken to him tomorrow."

" Oh, 'Mione, lighten up. I'd rather not hear everything twice. Anyway, no-one will know what I said, and as they don't know this room is here they won't know where the call was coming from."

" That doesn't make it right! You should..."

The girl was interrupted by a hyperactive poltergeist pelting into the room. After a few laps of the ceiling, Peeves settled himself down next to his friends.

" You called, Master," he said to Ron.

" We were wondering if you knew that Gallatea was a ghost here," Ginny asked him. By the look on his face at that pronouncement, they assumed not. After giving a brief summary of what he had missed, the poltergeist brought up something that the other four hadn't thought of.

" You do realise that your ongoing argument has been settled."

" What argument?"

“ The argument between you and Hermione,” he told the Boy-Who-Lived.

“ Which argument would that be?”

Peeves shook his head in exasperation.

“ And to think you were in Ravenclaw...Amazing. I’m talking about the one about changing time. It’s obvious, people, that Harry was indeed correct. You were meant to go back in time, so whatever you do has no consequences, as you have done it already to create the world you are from.”

“ I don’t understand what you’re getting at,” the bushy haired girl piped up.

“ What I mean, ‘Mione, is that the information about Harry’s son is the proof you needed to tell you that you were supposed to be here. Think about it. Harry and Gallatea had a child, the first of the Potter line. Gallatea has watched her descendants pass through the school, all the way to young Eustace. If Eustace is in fact Harry’s grandfather, then you have your proof. For some twisted reason, Harry is his own ancestor. Therefore, if you were not meant to go back in time, Harry wouldn’t have existed, as he would not have been there to get Gallatea pregnant. From what I can see, it’s all tied in with this Dark Lord of yours. Slytherin’s heir. If you had not been in the founders’ time, Slytherin would have killed Gryffindor and taken over. That was prevented, and may have been prevented in a different way if you had not interfered. As it was, you did. You must also consider his heir. You told me James and Lily Potter died, but Harry lived, destroying the Dark Lord in the process. If Harry hadn’t gone back in time, he wouldn’t have been born. If he hadn’t been born, then Voldemort would have taken over, just like Slytherin failed to do.”

“ He’s right,” Ginny said, “ Harry, you have a destiny, and it’s entangled in time far more deeply than we could ever have imagined. When you think about it logically, then we were meant to come here.”

“ But why us,” her brother pointed out, “ I mean, Harry has a destiny. Fine, we can accept that. But why do we need to be here?”

“ We each have our own qualities that might be needed to help Harry reach his goals.”

“ He was fine last year with Slytherin. I mean, only *he* could send his snakes to spy on him. What use were we?”

“ We don’t know what use we are yet. I may have a vision that is vital, you never know. But from what I’ve seen, and from what Peeves had said, I know this was meant to be. I think we have been brought to this time for a reason, just like we were in the age of the founders to help defeat Slytherin. I don’t think the amulet picks places at random. In fact, I know it doesn’t. I can just feel it.”

“ You’re right,” Harry agreed, “ And we don’t know what is coming. But I can guarantee that whatever comes, we will be prepared for it. We learned a lot in the founders’ time, but I think it’s time we started learning things from this time. Sure, we can use ancient magic, and are immune to the Unforgivables, but that’s not going to be enough. We can defend against old magic, but recent advancements we can’t block. I suggest we start studying hard. Not that we give up fun altogether, I mean I’m still going to play pranks and try out for the quidditch team. But we can’t play our whole lives. I know we are still children, but we grew up in a time that demanded we matured fast, and while I don’t want Voldemort to have completely ruined my childhood, I have to face the fact that I’m expected to defeat him. It was my blood that brought him back, and I *will* take responsibility.”

“ Well said.”

“ Thanks, Ron.”

“ I’ve had a thought,” Hermione spoke up.

“ Just one?”

“ Shut up, Ron.”

“ Sorry.”

“ Anyway, you know the necklaces we have?”

The other three nodded in acknowledgement.

“ We put them on ourselves, and only we can take them off. I suggest we take them off and get Peeves to put them back on.”

“ Why?” Ginny asked her.

“ Think about it logically. What if we get captured by Death Eaters or something? They could force us to take them off ourselves, and then kill us. But if the person who put them on is non-corporeal and floating around the safest place in the world...”

“ They will never get them off! ‘Mione, you’re brilliant!”

“ Yes, well.”

Peeves proceeded to put their necklaces on for them, ensuring they would be safe from the Unforgivables. They talked over the details for a few more hours, before finally dragging themselves to bed.

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Two weeks later Harry was sitting at the Hufflepuff table for breakfast when his new friend Minh-Minh-Lama sat herself down next to him, a large grin on her face. Looking at her cautiously, he waited for her to tell him what she wanted. When she didn’t seem about to explain, he had to ask.

“ What’s up, Minh?”

“ The ceiling, duh!”

“ Minh, that was terrible!”

“ I know, but I couldn’t resist.”

“I bet you couldn’t,” Harry muttered, “ Did you want something? You look like the cat that got the canary.”

“ I *what?*”

“ Never mind.”

“ Oh, ok. I wanted to tell you I’m going home for a visit this weekend. I can’t go home over the holidays, as my family is going to a different elf tribe for a spiritual pilgrimage. I’m going next Saturday instead, for the whole weekend. That’s about a month back home.”

“ That’s great, Minh.”

“ Well, I wanted to ask if you wanted to come.”

“ Really? You don’t mind?”

“ Of course not! You’re my friend, and you know my family. Some of the other elves may be a bit strange towards you at first, being a human and all. We haven’t had contact with humans in many thousands of our years. But I’m sure you’ll soon settle in. You know our customs and language, after all. So, will you come?”

“ Of course.”

“ Yay! Meet me in the common room at 8 o’clock on Saturday morning.”

That said, she skipped off to her first lesson, leaving an inordinately happy Harry sitting at the Hufflepuff table.

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Saturday morning found Harry sitting in the common room at 7:45, waiting for Minh-Minh-Lama to come downstairs. While he sat in front of the fire, he thought back to the conversation he had had with his friends the night before. His impending trip had not gone over too well. Hermione had wanted to come, so that she could study elven culture. Ginny and Ron wanted to come too, as they felt Harry got to have all of the fun. Harry had argued that only he had been invited, as the elves had been out of contact with the wizarding world for a long time, and were suspicious of humans. His logic was that his

friends could go another time, after he had started to rebuild the bridges between the two races.

He was pulled from his reminiscence by Minh-Minh-Lama, who came pelting down the staircase, falling neatly into a heap at the bottom. Once she was upright, she pulled out her transportation stone and waited for Harry to do the same. A moment later they disappeared in a flash of bright light, reappearing in the elven world. Falaryth hadn't changed much in the time since Harry had last been there, which surprised him a little. Over that amount of time, cultures usually grew and evolved. But the elves seemed to have advanced, while keeping their traditions intact. The only real difference Harry could see was that the city seemed to have spread a little, taking up more trees than it used to.

After a twenty minute hike, the pair finally made it to Minh-Minh-Lama's home. As soon as she got there, the young elf threw the door open and went running around the house, screaming her head off.

"Mother! Aunt Lolide! I'm here! And I've brought a visitor!"

Harry cautiously went into the entrance hall and closed the door behind him, slowly heading in the direction his friend had gone in. A few minutes later he could hear Minh's voice floating in from another room.

"Mother, Aunt Lolide, there you are! I'm home!"

"We can see that, dear."

Harry was a little startled. He could recognise the voice as Gaerwyn's, but the last time he had heard her she had been so young, even for an elf. Elves lived for an incredibly long time, ageing very slowly. Gaerwyn sounded similar to how she used to, but her voice was so much more mature. Shaking off his shock, he continued listening to the conversation going on in the next room.

"Guess what, Mother!"

"What, dear?"

“ I’ve brought a friend from school!”

“ MINH-MINH-LAMA! How could you *do* that? You know our people do not get on with humans anymore. I mean, I never had anything against them, but others don’t have the same views.”

“ Well, if anyone can be accepted here, my friend can.”

“ What makes you think that?”

“ Well, come and see for yourself.”

Footsteps could be heard approaching the room where Harry was standing. Panicked for a second at the thought of seeing his friends again, Harry quickly ran his hand through his short, spiky hair and smoothed down his cornflower blue robes. Hearing the door rattle, he stood up straight and waited for the reaction. Gaerwyn was still talking to her daughter about him, and he knew she was in for a shock.

“ Minh, I can’t believe you invited someone without asking first...”

They elves came into the room not noticing the boy in the corner. Harry was surprised when he saw them. Lolide hadn’t changed much, just looked about a year older. Gaerwyn, on the other hand, had grown into a beautiful she-elf. She had long flowing hair down to the floor and sparkling eyes. Had she been human, Harry would have said she looked about twenty years old. A grin spreading across his face, and he decided to join the conversation. *I wonder what they’ll think when they hear elvish when they’re expecting some random human*, he thought.

“ If my staying is a problem, Gaer, I can always go back to Hogwarts.”

Harry watched highly amused as both adults whirled around in shock, staring at him in pure surprise. Gaerwyn broke the silence, as she hesitantly spoke.

“ Harry?”

“ Hello, Gaerwyn, Lolide. Long time, no see.”

“ HARRY!”

Before he knew it, Harry was enveloped in a suffocating hug, rather reminiscent of Molly Weasley. Hugging her back, he couldn't help but think; *this is going to be a long month...*

Chapter Seven – Attack!

Harry's time with the elves passed far too quickly for his liking. He really enjoyed seeing Gaerwyn and Lolide again, and the healer had been continuing his lessons in the evenings. They had finished the lessons before he left the founders' time, and he had been given some books to read. Since he had already read the books in his first six weeks at Hogwarts, he was ready to move on. Lolide had taken it upon herself to teach Harry the new elven history, everything that had happened since he had last seen her. It was a long time to cover, as time in the elven world passed more quickly than in the human world, but Harry was finding it fascinating.

The other elves in Falaryth had been rather hostile towards Harry the first few days he was there. However, he had made an effort to be polite to them, showing he was familiar with and respectful of their customs, and they had soon come around. Some of the younger elves, who could not remember the time before the elves and humans had cut their ties, were still wary of him. The young elf-children thought he was wonderful. He spent many mornings sitting in the nursery tree, telling the youngest ones stories of the human world.

Eventually, after a month in the elven city, it was time for him to return to Hogwarts. The weekend would be over in his world, and both he and Minh-Minh-Lama had lessons first thing on Monday morning. Saying goodbye to Gaerwyn and Lolide was as hard this time as it had been last time, but he promised to come and visit them again the next time Minh came home. Their trip, which coincided with Christmas, meant that the holidays were out of the question, but he said he would come one weekend after they had returned.

Minh and Harry left late in the evening, knowing they would arrive back at the common room late on Sunday night. They wanted to arrive late, as there was less chance of them being seen by one of their Housemates. With a last wave to Lolide and Gaerwyn, the students disappeared in a flash of light. Arriving back in the common room each moved to head straight for bed. Before Minh could disappear up the staircase, Harry called her back to ask her

something that he had been wondering about since they had arrived at Falaryth.

“ Minh, do you just live with your mother and aunt?”

Minh looked at him curiously, a little surprised by the question.

“ Yeah, didn’t you gather that?”

“ Well, yes. I was just wondering, if you don’t mind me asking, what happened to your father?”

Minh got a sad look on her face and Harry immediately regretted saying anything. He was about to tell her it didn’t matter, but she spoke up first.

“ My father died when I was tiny. I don’t remember him much.”

“ I’m sorry.”

“ S’ok. My mother always knew he would never live to see me grow up. He was a human, you see, and you know humans don’t live as long as elves.”

“ You’re half human?” Harry asked, rather surprised.

“ Yes, but don’t tell the other elves. My mother told them my father was killed in battle, which is true, but she never told them I was half human. I would have been outcast if they knew.”

“ I won’t say anything, you have my word. But why do you look like an elf if you’re half human?”

“ Well, elf blood is more potent than human blood, as we have more magic. I look like an elf, but my magic is slightly weaker and I won’t live as long as a normal elf would. If I have a child with another elf, they would be a full elf, as the blood is stronger. However, if I was to have a child with a human, they would be less like an elf. The pointed ears would be the first thing to go. They would be human, but their magic would be much stronger than normal, and they would outlive their friends. But that’s unlikely to happen. As soon as I finish

Hogwarts I'm going back to Falaryth. I like the human world, and it's nice to see how my father grew up, but I belong with the elves."

" I'm sorry for bringing it up, Minh."

" It's alright, I don't mind. As it's you, I don't think my mother or aunt would object. Now, I'm going to bed, I have potions first thing in the morning and I don't want to make Professor Sewell angry."

" Night, Minh."

" Night Harry."

As each made their way to their beds, Harry couldn't help but think about what Minh had told him.

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The following Saturday, the week before Halloween, Harry and Ron made their way down to the quidditch pitch as soon as breakfast finished. The House teams were holding tryouts for new team members. Ron was trying out for the Gryffindor Keeper position, and Harry was trying out for Beater. Hufflepuff already had a Seeker, but Harry didn't want to give up playing quidditch. He thought back to his first year, when Oliver Wood had told him he would make a good Beater. As Beater was one of the positions available, he decided to go for it. After all, even if he didn't get the position, at least he would have tried.

Each of the four Houses had been allocated a different section of the pitch to test the prospective players. Heading for the crowd of Hufflepuffs at the northern most part of the pitch, Harry waited for the current captain, Winston Diggory, to organise the hopefuls into different positions, so the other players could take a group each to test. When Harry had heard the name of the captain, he had immediately winced, thinking back to Cedric Diggory's death. He assumed this boy was probably Amos Diggory's brother or father. Setting his memories aside, he went over to where the other three prospective Beaters were waiting. After a few minutes, one of the Chasers came over to them.

“ Right you four. We’re going to release the bludgers and us Chasers are going to fly around. We want you to direct as many of them towards us as possible. Winston will be sat in the stands taking note of your accuracy and flying skills. Now, get up in the air and good luck!”

Rising into the air, Harry was pleased to feel the familiar wind in his face and elation he felt whenever he flew. The broom Gallatea had made for him had been the envy of his dorm mates when they had seen it that morning. It was as good as, if not better than, his Firebolt, and the fact that his girlfriend had made it made it that much more special.

Harry jerked out of his thoughts when a bludger came hurtling towards him. Lifting his bat, he considered where to send it. A little voice in his head told him that the best way to win a spot on the team was to use tactics. As the ball flew at him, he hefted the bat and smashed it into the bludger. The other Beater to his right didn’t see it coming, and had to swerve rather severely to miss it, nearly falling off his broom in the process. Harry grinned at his success. The next time he aimed for a different hopeful, who was too busy avoiding the black ball to aim it at anyone else. After twenty minutes, the four were called down. Winston came over to them, a sheet of parchment in his hand.

“ Well, that was interesting. Harry Evans, can I just ask why you were aiming at the other Beaters and not the Chasers?”

At the stares directed at him, Harry began to squirm a little.

“ Um...well the way I see it, the Chasers weren’t a threat. In a game, the Chasers would be trying to score goals, and it’s all well and good aiming for them, but the Keeper should be there to keep them at bay. Tactically, it would make more sense to first take out the opposing team’s Seeker, as that would leave our team open to catch the snitch. The next targets would be the Beaters. They are the only other players to have bats. They can use them to attack our team, so taking them out would keep our Seeker and Chasers safe.”

The rest of the team was looking at him, stunned.

“ Well, I’d never thought of it like that before. Well done, Harry. You saw a problem and thought it through tactically. How Slytherin of you...”

“ Hey!”

“ Sorry, didn’t mean to be insulting. But I think with tactical skills like that you deserve to be our Beater. Welcome to the team!”

Harry grinned broadly. He had made the team, and not even in the position he was best at. Once the other team members had been decided, he made his way over to where Ron was waiting for him.

“ I got on the team, Ron! They made me a Beater. Said I could think tactically.”

“ Well done, mate.”

“ How did you do?”

“ They made me reserve Keeper, but the guy they picked for the first string was brilliant. His name is Onyx Wood. I can see where Oliver got his skills from, this boy is really great.”

“ Well, we’ll see that in the first match. Hufflepuff against Gryffindor, if I’m not mistaken. I bet you five galleons Hufflepuff thrash you!”

“ Five galleons? You’re on!”

Making their way back to the castle, the pair discussed the four teams and who they thought would win the quidditch cup, placing bets and arguing until they finally reached the Great Hall for lunch.

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Hallow’een soon came around, and the morning of October 31st found Harry, Ron, Peeves, Eustace, Robert and Persephone sitting in a quiet corner of the library, plotting their latest prank. As it was to be pulled off at the Halloween feast, Percy had suggested they make it a big one. Instead of playing it on the students, they were going to prank the teachers. Harry had thought it would be a good

idea. Dippet reminded him too much of Cornelius Fudge, and his humiliation in front of the whole school would make him feel better; especially when he remembered the part the headmaster had played in turning Tom Riddle evil. The Boy-Who-Lived knew they would have a hard time getting one over on Dumbledore, but he knew it would be a lot of fun to try. As it had been Persephone's idea, she was the one allowed to plan the prank. It was times like this that Harry and Ron were strongly reminded of the Weasley twins. They had already been in the library an hour, throwing ideas back and forth, and they were still at it by lunch time.

" So, I think we should make them sing."

" Nah, we've done songs before. Wouldn't be original."

" We could make them duel."

" Nah, it's been done."

" When?"

" When I was in my first year..."

" PEEVES! That was years ago. No-one will remember it!"

We do, Harry thought, looking to his best friend.

" We could turn them into animals."

" Sounds good."

" Uhuh."

" But how?"

" Canary Creams?"

" What?"

" Never mind."

" How about we use Whiz Poppers?"

“ What are those?”

“ Sweets we got from...where we lived.”

“ What do they do?”

“ I think the description was ‘Whiz Poppers, make you break wind in various well known tunes’.”

“ Brilliant!”

“ We can make them breathe fire.”

“ Good one!”

“ I have an idea!”

“ What?”

“ What?”

“ Go on.”

“ Tell us!”

Persephone whispered her plan to the other Marauders, who all grinned in delight. *This is going to be fun*, they thought.

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The Halloween feast was as good as ever. The Great Hall had been decorated to its usual standard, with life size pumpkin sculptures adorning the floor and skeletons hanging from the ceiling. There was also a layer of cobwebs covering the roof, hiding the night sky scene. Unknown to most of the students and the teachers, the cobwebs were also hiding several well placed prank items. Once everyone was seated, Professor Dippet stood to give his speech.

“ Welcome to the Halloween feast. Don’t eat too much, you’ll make yourselves ill. Enjoy the feast.”

As he sat down again, Minh leaned over to Harry and started whispering in elvish.

“ What? That was it?”

“ Apparently.”

“ I was expecting something more...I don't know...rousing.”

“ Yeah, me too.”

The pair went back to eating the feast. About halfway through the meal, Harry looked across at the Gryffindor table to see Persephone getting ready to let loose the pranks. However, she was interrupted by a loud siren filling the Great Hall. All of the teachers immediately leapt to their feet, pulling out their wands. Dumbledore pointed his wand at his throat before whispering a sonorous charm.

“ STUDENTS, DO NOT PANIC. I NEED YOU ALL TO REMAIN SEATED FOR THE MOMENT. WE ARE UNDER ATTACK, SO I SUGGEST YOU SUMMON YOUR GAS MASKS. STUDENTS WHO HAVE NOT YET BEEN TAUGHT THE CHARM, ASK AN OLDER HOUSE MATE TO HELP YOU. WE NEED ALL SIXTH AND SEVENTH YEARS TO COME WITH US. WE WILL NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET TO DEFEND THE CASTLE. PREFECTS, ONCE WE HAVE LEFT YOU MUST ENSURE THE GREAT HALL DOORS REMAIN LOCKED. NO ONE IS TO ENTER OR LEAVE. KEEP THE YOUNGER STUDENTS CALM. *Quietus.*”

Dumbledore and the other teachers, as well as some seriously shaking sixth and seventh years, headed for the doors. Harry leapt to his feet, and could see Ron, Hermione and Ginny doing the same. As he was looking around the Hall for his friends, he noticed Satanus Snape and Caligula Malfoy, both looking relaxed, with large smirks on their faces. *They know*, Harry realised. He made to follow the teachers, but someone grabbed his arm. Looking around, he saw Minh pulling him back.

“ Harry, where are you going? You're a fifth year. You have to stay here.”

“ I can’t, Minh. I know I can help. I’ve been told I’m a brilliant dueller. I can help them defend the castle. I don’t want anything to happen to you, or Percy, Eustace and Robert. Please, Minh, let go.”

“ On one condition.”

“ What’s that?”

“ You come back to me, you hear? I can’t lose you, Harry. My mother would never forgive me.”

Harry was surprised when the first year pulled him into a hug, tears making their way down her cheeks. He briefly wrapped his arms around her, before pulling away and heading for the door where Hermione, Ron and Ginny were waiting.

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They found the teachers and students on the main steps, arranged with the eldest and most experienced at the front. They immediately headed for Dumbledore, and he looked at them in surprise when they stood next to him, wands drawn.

“ What are you four doing here? You’re supposed to be inside with the others.”

“ We can help, Professor,” Hermione reassured him, “ We were taught to duel by Godric Gryffindor. I think we can hold our own.”

Dumbledore seemed a little surprised at this revelation, but didn’t say anything. Instead, he turned his attention back to the forces emerging from the forest. There were rows of Dark wizards dressed in black robes, rather reminiscent of Death Eaters. To one side, werewolves were gathered, and to the other, Dementors. At the back, five giants stood, large clubs in their hands. Right at the front stood a figure that made everyone’s blood run cold. It was a single wizard, with blood red hair down to his waist, and eyes to match. *He looks rather similar to the reborn Voldemort*, thought Harry, *only not quite as scary*. Looking around, Harry could see fear on everyone’s face. For standing there at the head of the army was the Dark Lord Grindelwald himself.

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No-one could say which side moved first. Curses started flying through the air from both sides, both Light and Dark. Grindelwald's forces were using the Unforgivables as much as they could, leaving students and teachers alike dead on the grass. Ron, Hermione and Ginny were all tackling the Dementors, while Harry made a beeline for the werewolves. They leered at him as he approached, stretching out their nails and baring their teeth. Harry simply smirked back and transformed. The werewolves didn't know what hit them as a blur of black and white fur launched itself at them with a vengeance, ripping them to shreds with claws and teeth. They tried to fight back, to turn the creature into one of them. However, Harry knew he was safe. After all, people in their animagus forms could not be turned.

Over in the main battle, Ginny was disposing of the Dementors rather effectively, using Patronus after Patronus. Ron and Hermione were helping the students and teachers fight off the wizards. At one point Dumbledore had spotted them throwing curses back and forth with only their hands. Seeing wandless magic had frozen him in shock for a second, allowing a nearby wizard to send a Killing curse his way. Hermione, spotting this, jumped in front of the curse. Dumbledore nearly fainted when the green light hit her in the chest and had no effect. Quickly stunning the culprit, she turned back to the future headmaster.

"Sir, you have to stay focused. Ignore us, we'll explain later."

After Dumbledore gave her a sharp nod, she turned back to the fight, stunning two more of Grindelwald's men.

As soon as he had finished off the werewolves, Harry turned to the problem of the giants. After she had finished with the Dementors, Ginny had gone to help a small group of students who were trying to hold off the large beasts with little success. Harry could see that the giants were too strong for her to take down as it was, but knew if they were distracted, she could bring them down. Opening his large white wings, which were now stained with red, he leapt into the air and flew over to the group.

Ginny was holding her own, but knew she was losing ground. Looking up when a large blur flew past, she was relieved to see Harry in his animagus form. He was circling the nearest giant, before landing on its face and scratching it. This was enough to distract the creature as it tried to pull him off with little success. Ginny raised her hand and threw a series of strong stunning curses at it. Before it was distracted, she had not been able to send enough of them in succession to have any effect. After the seventh curse the giant finally fell to the ground, and Harry flew to the next giant.

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Back in the Great Hall, the students were starting to get nervous. The prefects had had to cast a series of silencing charms when the sounds of battle from outside had started to make the younger students hysterical. Everyone was chattering, discussing possible outcomes of the battle and trying to guess what was going on outside. They were all startled when the doors started to be hit with a barrage from outside. Minerva McGonagall, the Head Girl who had been left in charge of the students, amplified her voice.

“ STUDENTS, STAY CALM. THE ATTACKERS MUST HAVE BREACHED THE WALLS. EVERYONE MOVE TO THE BACK OF THE HALL, OLDER STUDENTS AT THE FRONT, AND FACE THE DOORS WITH YOUR WANDS OUT.”

As everyone moved into position, Persephone had an idea. As the rest of her House moved to the back of the Hall, she quickly hid under the Gryffindor table. A few minutes later, the doors of the Great Hall were blasted off their hinges and a group of about twenty wizards poured in, throwing curses at the gathered students. The first years started to fight back, but with little success. Although terrified, Persephone lifted her wand and pointed it at the ceiling, muttering a spell. The Dark wizards were taken off guard when thousands of bubbles started to float down from the ceiling. Although puzzled, they ignored them at first in favour of attacking the resisting children. However, they had to take notice when the bubbles touched their skin, making them burst out laughing. It had been one of the pranks they had set up. Persephone had intended to drop the bubbles during the feast, as they contained a laughing potion that

made people hysterical when it came into contact with their skin. It was working wonders on the wizards, giving the fifth years and Minerva the chance to stun as many as possible. However, as the wizards were rolling on the floor, as few had the foresight to send a few Reducto curses at the ceiling. The next thing they knew, the ceiling was raining down on them.

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Outside the teachers and students were losing. The four time travellers had managed to subdue the non-human creatures, but couldn't stop the group of wizards entering the castle. Just as Harry was sending a stunning curse at his opponent, he was hit in the back with a Killing curse. Whirling around, he met the gleaming eyes of Grindelwald. Smiling grimly, he lifted his hand and yelled an elven hex, sending the man reeling. Not impressed, the Dark Lord started throwing Dark hexes and curses Harry's way. The Boy-Who-Lived, not to be outdone, started fighting fire with fire. By this time everyone else had stopped, watching the two wizards duel with the foulest Dark Magic imaginable. Harry caught a glimpse of the sorrow and disapproval on Dumbledore's face before throwing Grindelwald clear across the grass. Seeing he wasn't going to win, the Dark Lord lifted his hand in a signal and his forces retreated.

Harry sighed in relief as the rest of the onlookers stared at him in fear and awe. Ignoring them, Harry started racing towards the castle to see if the rest of the school was alright, the teachers hot on his heels. As he reached the Great Hall, he saw devastation everywhere. Seeing Minh, Eustace and Robert over by what used to be the Gryffindor table, he rushed over to see what was going on. When they saw him coming they looked up, tears streaming down their faces. They didn't say anything, only gestured at an unmoving figure on the floor. Harry knelt down and pushed red hair out of the familiar face. It was Persephone Weasley. With shaking hands he felt her wrist for a pulse, before dropping it in shock.

She was dead.

Chapter Eight – Mourning a Loss

Students and teachers started to pour into the Great Hall. Harry didn't hear any of it. He didn't see any of it. He was frozen in shock. He couldn't believe Percy was gone. Just like that. Just like Cedric. There one minute, laughing and joking, and gone the next. Numbness filled him and tears started to run down his cheeks. The first sound to penetrate the haze in his head was the anguished cries of Ron and Ginny as they came in from the battle to see their aunt lying dead at Harry's feet. Turning slightly, Harry wrapped his arms around Ginny as she wept. Hermione was likewise comforting Ron. Peeves was floating overhead, unusually somber, his eyes having lost their mischievous sparkle. Eustace and Robert were gathered with the other Gryffindors, trying to explain what had happened.

Everyone's attention was grabbed when Dumbledore came over to the assembled group, watching Harry warily the whole time. He took in the scene before asking Minerva what had happened. She told him about the bubbles causing the distraction they needed to subdue the attackers, and the ceiling caving in and falling on the Gryffindor table. Dumbledore appeared grave, and looked around the Hall, making sure all of the remaining students and teachers were present, before amplifying his voice.

“ ATTENTION EVERYBODY. FIRSTLY, THANK YOU TO EVERYONE WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE DEFENSE OF THE SCHOOL. THANKS TO YOU, THE ENEMY HAS FLED. SECONDLY, I WOULD LIKE TO ANNOUNCE THAT SIX STUDENTS AND SEVEN TEACHERS HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THE BATTLE, INCLUDING OUR HEADMASTER, PROFESSOR DIPPET. AS DEPUTY HEADMASTER, IT IS MY RESPONSIBILITY TO ASSUME COMMAND OF THE SCHOOL. I WOULD LIKE EVERYBODY TO RETURN TO THEIR COMMON ROOMS SO WE CAN DO A HEADCOUNT. THANK YOU.”

Dumbledore moved over to where Harry was crouching, still holding Percy's wrist. Putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, he waited for him to look up.

“ Mr. Evans, I would like to see you in my office as soon as the headcount is complete. I was rather concerned about the way you were fighting in the battle.”

Harry just looked at the newly appointed headmaster in anger.

“ With all due respect, *sir*, my friend has just been killed. She was thirteen years old. That is far too young to die. Can we please postpone this discussion until after the funeral? I would like to grieve for my friend.”

Dumbledore gave the green eyed boy a penetrating look before nodding his assent.

“ There will be a memorial service at the school in two days time. Will you come and speak to me after that?”

“ Yes, Headmaster.”

“ Very well, then. I will leave you to your grief. My condolences for your loss.”

That said, Dumbledore strode out of the Hall to start arranging the memorial service. Harry turned back to Ginny and pulled her tighter against his chest.

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The next day the school was a complete mess. Classes had been cancelled as a sign of respect, and to give the teachers the opportunity to repair the Great Hall. Dumbledore had arranged the memorial service for the next evening. All of the families of those killed were going to be there, and there would be a feast afterwards. Private funerals would be organised by the families, but the memorial service allowed all of the students to pay their respects.

The following evening at six o'clock the families started to arrive. A special table had been set up by the Head table for them to sit at. The memorial service was headed by Dumbledore, who stood to speak first.

“ Ladies, gentleman and students. We are here to celebrate the lives of those thirteen brave souls who gave their lives to save the school from a formidable enemy. Their courage is to be celebrated tonight, as some personal friends of the departed say a few special words.”

Stepping down, he gestured for the first speaker to stand. Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny were sat at the back of the room, watching the proceedings. A lot of people got up to speak about the ones they had lost. Friends, family, crazy neighbours and colleagues alike stood and told short stories of the people they had known, making the situation seem so much more real. Harry couldn't help but think that the people were made real by the ones that had known them the best. Each story, each memory proved that these people were not simply a name or a statistic, but a real human being, with friends, family and lives of their own.

Eventually it was time for Persephone's speakers. Much to the surprise of the red headed family sat at the front, Ron stood up and moved to the podium.

“ Hello, I am Ronald Weston, and Percy was a dear friend of mine. Although I didn't know her for long, from the first moment I saw her at the Welcome feast I felt a deep connection with her, as if I had known her my entire life. She reminded me a lot of my twin brothers, who have the same mischievous nature and innocent smile as she had. When she came into a room, you couldn't help but notice her. She had a...presence about her that you couldn't ignore. She died to save her fellow students, showing incredible resourcefulness and cunning by using one of the pranks she loved so much to reach her goals. She showed courage and selflessness that would have made Godric Gryffindor proud, and I commend her. Persephone will forever be in our thoughts and in our hearts.”

By the time Ron stood down from the podium he had tears falling from his eyes. Looking over to the assembled Weasleys he gave them a watery smile. He was pleased when his grandfather smiled back at him, gratitude and respect in his eyes. Taking his seat, Ron felt Ginny slipping into his lap and wrapping her thin arms around his waist.

“ That was beautiful, Ron.”

“ Thanks, Gin. I think the Weasleys were a bit surprised, but I had to say something. She wasn’t just our aunt; she was our friend as well. I’m just glad we had the opportunity to meet her.”

“ Me too.”

At that moment a new figure was making his way to the podium. He was a young boy, about ten years old, with a gangly frame and Weasley red hair. Turning to face the crowd, everyone could see the determined look upon his face, despite the shaking of his hands and his puffy red eyes. In spite of his obvious nervousness, his voice was loud and clear.

“ I am Arthur Weasley, Persephone’s brother. I just wanted to say that despite what people say, Percy’s death isn’t a tragedy. She lived a happy life, with friends and family that loved her. I will miss her a lot. She was my sister, and I mourn her. But I will not allow my grief to get the better of me. I will come to Hogwarts next year, and become a Gryffindor. I will do all of the things Percy can’t, and I will think about her as I do them. But I will not allow her death to rule my life. She wouldn’t want that. Percy would want us to celebrate her life, not mourn her death. That’s all I wanted to say, thank you.”

As he got down off the podium, whispers filled the Great Hall. Harry leaned over to Hermione and muttered in her ear.

“ Well, that was unexpected.”

“ I’ll say. He sounded so mature...it’s hard to believe he’s only ten.”

“ I know. I was still living in my cupboard at that age. He’s right, though. Percy wouldn’t want us to suffer. She’d want us to move on with our lives and remember the happy times we had with her.”

“ I know. Do you want to speak to the Weasley family after the memorial?”

“ Yes, I have something I want to ask them.”

Once the whispers died down, the memorial continued, finishing with a feast in honour of the fallen students and teachers. After the feast, Harry made his way up to the table where the Weasleys were sitting. Noticing his approach, they broke off their conversation and waited for him to speak.

“ Hello, I’m Harry Evans. I was a good friend of Persephone’s.”

Mr. Weasley was the one to speak for the family.

“ Yes, I believe Percy mentioned you in her letters.”

“ I just wanted to say I’m sorry for your loss. I will miss Percy greatly, but I cannot imagine what you must be going through. However, I have something I would like to speak to you about.”

“ Please take a seat,” Mr. Weasley told him, gesturing to an empty chair. Harry sat himself down before continuing.

“ I wanted to create something, but I wanted to ask your permission first. I would like to make a statue of Persephone to place in a room here in Hogwarts. It would be a permanent memorial to remind future students of her supreme sacrifice. It would also give people a place to visit when they wish to mourn here at the school. I was going to sculpt it myself, but I wanted your permission first.”

Mr. and Mrs. Weasley didn’t quite know what to say. They were rather surprised that a student that had only known their daughter for two months wanted to build her a memorial. Mr. Weasley was the one to voice his concerns.

“ Are you sure it would be tasteful? I don’t want some big statue with flowers and bells and any other decoration that would make the memory of our child seem...tacky.”

“ Sir, I would never do that. It would be small and tasteful, and open only to those who wished to genuinely pay their respects. I would never degrade the memory of my friend in such a manner. You have my word.”

“ Very well then, but we would like to see it before it is placed anywhere. Will you be attending the funeral?”

“ If I am permitted.”

“ Then you can show it to us then.”

“ Are my friends allowed to attend the funeral? Persephone meant a lot to all of us. We wouldn't cause any trouble.”

“ Of course, as long as there aren't a lot of you.”

“ No, there will only be six of us, I assure you.”

“ Very well. The funeral will take place at the church in Ottery St. Catchpole on the fifth at noon. We hope to see you there.”

Harry nodded his head to the family before taking his leave, moving back to his friends to tell them the news.

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Harry was cornered on his way out of the Great Hall by none other than Albus Dumbledore. The Headmaster was giving him a guarded look as he placed his hand on Harry's shoulder, guiding him up towards his new office. Once they got there, Dumbledore stepped up to the gargoyle and whispered the password.

“ Fry's Five Boys.”

The password accepted, the gargoyle leapt out of the way and the headmaster led Harry up the spiral staircase to the round office. Once there, he sat behind the desk and gestured for the boy to sit opposite him.

“ Lemon Drop?”

“ No thank you, sir.”

“ Now, Harry, I have brought you here to ask you about the battle.”

“ What about it, sir?” Harry said, trying to stall, even though he knew what Dumbledore meant.

“ I was rather disturbed by the magic you were using on Grindelwald.”

“ With all due respect, sir, I don’t see what the problem is.”

“ It was Dark Magic, Harry. It’s dangerous, and will corrupt you. Before we know it we could have another Dark Lord on our hands.”

“ You already will, but it won’t be me, I can tell you that for a fact.”

“ Harry, why were you using Dark Magic?”

“ It worked, didn’t it?”

“ You know that’s not what I meant.”

“ I just don’t see why you have a problem with it. From what I can see, Light Magic was having little to no effect on him. Using the Dark Arts was the only way of pushing him back. If I hadn’t used it, they would have won the battle. You know that as well as I do.”

“ That’s not the point...”

“ It is, sir. The fact is, I drove Grindelwald back. The fact I used Dark Magic is irrelevant. I’m not turning evil, sir, I just did what was necessary.”

“ I just don’t want to have to deal with another enemy...”

“ Professor, what evidence do you have that I am evil? From where I’m sitting I have done nothing wrong. I saved the school, and the lives of everyone in it. In what way does that make me evil?”

“ I can see your point, Harry, but you have to understand my concerns.”

“ I do, and I respect your beliefs concerning Dark Magic. On the other hand, my beliefs differ greatly, and there is nothing you can say

that will change my mind. However, if you need proof that I am a good person..."

Harry let out a sharp, loud whistle. Dumbledore just looked at him perplexed. Everything was explained a minute later when a large red and gold blur came sailing through the door, letting out a long, haunting note.

"Professor Dumbledore, let me present to you my familiar, Fawkes."

"Is that a phoenix?" asked the rather stunned man, looking at the bird that had alighted on his master's shoulder. Harry smiled smugly at the fact he had managed to surprise the seemingly omniscient man.

"Yes, it is. Fawkes was given to me for my last birthday by an elf friend of mine. As you know, phoenixes are pure Light creatures, and shy away from anything evil. If I was going to be the next Dark Lord, do you really think Fawkes would be sitting on my shoulder?"

"I suppose not."

"Then I rest my case. I have no wish to further argue this point with you. I propose we agree to disagree. Godric Gryffindor trusted me, even before I helped him to defeat Slytherin. I hope you can show me the same trust."

"I will try my best, Harry. Now, there was another matter I wished to discuss with you."

"What's that?"

"During the battle, I noticed that you and your friends were firing curses without your wands. I was wondering how this was possible."

"We were using wandless magic."

"That's not possible! Wandless magic is a myth."

"I assure you, Headmaster, it is not."

Pointing his hand towards the centre of the room, Harry quickly conjured a Patronus. Dumbledore could only stare in awe at the stag wandering around the room.

“ The advantages of wandless magic are innumerable. For one thing, in a battle your opponent doesn’t know what spell you are throwing at him because you haven’t spoken an incantation. You also don’t have to worry about being disarmed.”

“ Will you teach me some?”

“ I am afraid you will only be able to learn it for simple spells. You really have to learn it when you are young. The older you are, the harder it is to succeed with it. I will try, though, on one condition.”

“ And what would that be?”

“ That you teach my friends and me to Apparate.”

“ Deal.”

“ Good. Was there anything else?”

“ Just a couple more questions, if you have the time.”

“ Go ahead.”

“ Are you and your friends animagi?”

“ Yes, we are. We were taught by Lady Hufflepuff.”

“ I see. A very useful skill to have. I also wanted to ask how you and Miss Granger survived the Killing curse.”

“ Alas, there is a question I can’t tell you the answer to. Don’t worry, I’ll tell you when you are older.”

Before Dumbledore had a chance to respond, Harry had stood up and left the room, rejoicing in his revenge, however petty, for the many times Dumbledore had told him he would find things out the same way.

Chapter Nine – Teaching Minerva

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The funeral was a quiet affair. After gaining permission from Dumbledore; Harry, Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Eustace and Robert had used floo powder to reach the Burrow, where they were to meet the Weasleys and other people who were attending the funeral. Minh was going to come with them, but she wasn't as close to Percy as the others had been, and felt as if she would be intruding.

For Hermione and Harry the whole affair had been interesting from a cultural point of view. They had never been to a wizarding funeral before, so they weren't quite sure what to expect. Before they had left for the church, Harry had pulled Persephone's parents to one side, telling them he wished to speak to them in private. After they led him into the kitchen, he pulled a small object out of his pocket and enlarged it, using his wand so as not to arouse suspicions. What appeared was a life-size statue of Persephone Weasley. It was magically carved out of white marble and had a small platinum plaque at the bottom awaiting an inscription. The detail of the statue was superb, showing Percy standing in her school uniform, wand in hand and a smile on her face. Harry had even managed, through magic, to recreate the twinkle in her eyes. Upon seeing it, Mrs. Weasley immediately burst into tears and buried her head in her husband's shoulder. Harry started to feel nervous.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Weasley. If you don't like it I can make it different..."

"It's not that, Mr. Evans," Mr. Weasley told the boy, "It's just that it looks so much like her. Did you make this yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's beautiful work. We can't thank you enough. The platinum plaque must have cost fortune."

"The price is irrelevant, sir. I just felt that Persephone deserved the best, so that is what I have used. I left the plaque blank, though. I thought you might like to add the inscription yourselves."

“ That was very thoughtful, thank you. We shall do it as soon as we come back for the wake. Now, I suggest we leave now, the funeral will be starting soon.”

The three headed back into the main room, where all of the friends and family started to head out of the door. The walk to the church was a rather solemn affair. Once they reached the building, Mr. Weasley led them down the aisle and through a door at the back. This led into another part of the church, obviously meant for wizarding ceremonies. Taking their seats, they watched as an old wizard in deep purple robes stood up before the assembled mourners and began to speak.

“ Ladies, gentlemen, we are gathered here today to mourn the loss of one Persephone Virginia Weasley, who passed away last week. She died a noble and brave death, fighting Dark wizards to save her schoolmates.”

Harry growled slightly at the insinuation that the wizards were evil because they were Dark. Ginny, who had started to cry, gently laid her hand on his arm and shook her head at him. He immediately calmed, nodding back to her, before tuning back in to what the wizard was saying.

“...and may we pray to our Lord Merlin for her safe passage into the next life, where she will one day be joined by the friends and family she left behind. May we also ask the Great Father to watch over her soul, now and for eternity.”

Tears started to leak from Harry's eyes as Persephone's casket was enchanted to appear transparent. A preservation charm had been placed on her body, so that she would remain unchanged for all time. The Weasley men, including little Arthur, stood and lifted the coffin, carrying it out of the church. The other people stood and followed them outside and to a small crypt in the woods near the Burrow. Inside, Harry and Hermione were surprised to see row upon row of stone sarcophagi. Ron leaned over and whispered an explanation.

“ This is the Weasley burial site. Our family has been using it for hundreds of years. When someone dies, we have the ceremony, and

their transparent coffin is placed in a sarcophagus. If you lift the lids of the other ones, you will see perfectly preserved bodies of the rest of my family. We all know this place is here, but Mum and Dad forbade us from ever entering unless it was for a funeral. It's the one rule even Fred and George obey."

Harry and Hermione nodded their heads in acknowledgement. As the casket was lowered into its stone resting place, Harry closed his eyes and started to softly sing an elven funerary song. The haunting melody soon filled the stone crypt, as everyone turned at the sound of his deep voice, holding the notes perfectly. A moment later, much to everyone's surprise, Fawkes flew through the door and landed on the casket, his soft trills of phoenix song joining in Harry's lament. When the song was finished, Harry opened his tear filled eyes and was surprised and embarrassed to see everyone watching him. Turning to the Weasleys to apologise, he was pleased when they simply smiled at him.

Once the ceremony on the crypt had been conducted, everyone was led back up to the Borrow for the wake. Once there, the elder Weasleys pulled Harry into the kitchen and closed the door. Mr. Weasley stood in front of the boy and gestured to the statue.

"We would like to add the inscription, if that is alright."

"Of course, Mr. Weasley. Feel free."

"Would you do the honours, if we tell you what to put?"

"Of course, if you wish me to."

Harry knelt down in front of the statue and placed his hand on top of the plaque. The Weasleys gave him a funny look but dismissed it quickly. It was Mrs. Weasley who recited what she wanted the plaque to say.

"Persephone Virginia Weasley, 1930 – 1943, Died in Battle to save her friends. In Loving Memory."

The assembled group watched in awe as Harry's hand started to softly glow gold. When he pulled it away, the inscription had been

added in an elegant cursive script. Standing up, Harry shrunk the statue and replaced it in his pocket, before making to leave. Before he was out of the door, the quiet voice of Arthur Weasley piped up.

“ Harry, what was the song you sang?”

Harry turned back to look at the young boy and came face to face with several expectant stares.

“ It was an elven funerary song, traditionally sung by close friends as a way of helping the soul on its journey to the afterlife. I’m sorry if you did not approve, but at the time it felt appropriate.”

“ Nonsense, child! It was a lovely touch. It’s nice to see a young man who cared enough about our daughter to think of things like this. Just one thing, though...you said the song was elven...where did you learn it?”

“I have a friend who is an elf, Mrs. Weasley. She taught it to me last year.”

“ Friends with an elf, whatever next! Well, let us return to our guests, they must be wondering where we have gotten to.”

They headed back into the living room, where Harry headed for his friends. Not long afterwards they excused themselves from the wake, as Dumbledore had told them not to be back too late. He still didn’t fully trust Harry, especially when he was with some of the younger students. Once they were back at Hogwarts, Eustace and Robert headed for the Gryffindor common room, while Harry created a door to his room and the others went in and sat by the fire. Ginny had told Peeves to meet them there after the funeral so they could tell him about it. Once the poltergeist turned up, Harry went over to a corner of the room near one of the windows while the others filled Peeves in. Taking out the statue, he enlarged it, before adding his own inscription to the bottom in elvish.

To a dear friend and talented prankster,

May you forever find joy and happiness.

Until we meet again.

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The weeks passed by and life continued, although the students were a little more subdued than usual. All except for the Slytherins, that is. Caligula and Satanus had been having a field day, saying how the battle was a disappointment, and how Grindelwald should have taken out a few Mudbloods before he left. Harry had come very close to cursing them a few times, but his friends had managed to stop him. By mid November, though, things had started to die down. The Marauders had even taken up pranking again, now helped by Minh-Minh-Lama. They were going to stop their pranks, as they didn't think it would be appropriate after the recent events, but Eustace had pointed out that Percy would have wanted them to carry on. If their pranking stopped, it would be an insult to her memory. They rest had reluctantly agreed, and their first prank after the battle involved falling bubbles and a laughing potion, in honour of Percy's fight at the battle.

Over the weeks, the four time travellers had been getting increasingly frustrated. Hermione, Ginny and Ron were all still missing their families, and the more time they spent in the past the worse the homesickness was getting. Even though they were nearer their time than they had been the previous year, and familiar faces such as Albus Dumbledore and Alastor Moody were to be found, it still wasn't the same as their own friends. Harry was starting to miss Sirius, even though he didn't know his godfather that well. Simbi and Nirah had been a great help though. For snakes, they were surprisingly good at giving pep talks. Harry had been sending them through the castle and spying, much like he had done the previous year. This time they weren't looking for anything in particular, just for anything that seemed a bit odd. All they had discovered so far was that Kiriani, Slytherin's head snake, had actually been a much younger version of the basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets. This news brought a shudder down Harry's spine. He had seen the snake a few times talking to Slytherin, but it had never occurred to him that it was a baby basilisk. Thinking of the basilisk reminded him that Moaning Myrtle had only been killed two years ago. It saddened him to think that she would have gone to school with the current students. The same went

for Tom Riddle; although Ginny's subtle enquiries about him had yet to yield any results.

Two weeks before the Christmas holidays were due to start, Harry, Ron, Ginny and Hermione were called up to Dumbledore's office. They didn't know what to expect, as they couldn't think of anything they had done wrong. Sure, they had played a few pranks, but they always made sure there was no evidence they were involved, even though all of the teachers and students knew who was behind it. They just couldn't prove it. Reaching the gargoyle, the four stood there perplexed. They had no idea where to start with guessing the password. They knew it would be some sort of confectionary, but they didn't know what types of sweets and chocolates were around in wartime Britain. Muggle sweets were mostly out of the question, as rationing meant that most went straight to the troops. After a few minutes, they heard a clipped voice behind them shout something out.

"Black bullets."

The gargoyle leapt aside as Minerva McGonagall came up to the group.

"And what might you four be doing here?"

"We're here to see Professor Dumbledore. He asked us to come," Hermione told the Head Girl.

"Very well. Follow me."

The five headed up into Dumbledore's office and waited for him to offer them a seat. Once they were all comfortable he held out a bowl to them.

"Lemon Drop?"

All five shook their heads and he sat the dish back on his desk, before folding his hands in his lap and turning to the Head Girl, who was shifting in her chair a little uncomfortably, much to the amusement of the other students.

“ Miss McGonagall, I believe you came to me at the start of the year, requesting the opportunity to learn the animagus transformation, is that correct?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Well, considering your status as Head Girl, and your perfect marks in Transfiguration, I have decided to grant your request.”

“ Thank you sir. But I don’t see why these other students are here...”

“ Patience, Minerva, patience. I have brought them here to ask them if they are prepared to teach you the transformation.”

All five students looked at him in shock, the four friends because they had not been expecting this and the Head Girl because she didn’t know the others were animagi. The first to respond was Ron.

“ Sir, I don’t see why not. We have time at the weekends, although evenings would be out of the question, as Harry and I have quidditch practice. When would you like us to start?”

“ As soon as possible. You only have until the end of the school year, as Minerva will be graduating. I suggest you meet in the Transfiguration classroom on Saturday evenings at seven. Does that suit everyone?”

The five nodded numbly, Minerva still in shock. Turning to the younger students, she came out of her stupor long enough to ask them a question.

“ If you’re animagi, what are your forms?”

In response, the four moved over to a clear area in the middle of the room. First, Hermione turned into a large snowy owl, and flew a couple of laps of the room before returning to her human form. Ginny did the same thing, only turning into a beautiful pelican. Next came Ron’s impressive form. Both the headmaster and Head Girl jumped slightly when a large thestral, black as midnight, appeared in the office. They were further impressed when Ron spread his wings and turned invisible. When it was Harry’s turn, both recognised the large

winged snow leopard. Minerva couldn't keep in the comment that was burning inside of her.

" You were at the battle. You distracted the giants and eliminated the werewolves. I was wondering where such an unusual creature had come from, but I put it out of my mind. Now I know."

Harry turned back into his real form and addressed the headmaster and Minerva.

" My animagus form was the hardest to manage. Part of the process is thoroughly researching your animal. As no winged snow leopards appear in recorded history, it was rather difficult for me. I had to read up on snow leopards and golden gryffons, as they were the closest things I could find."

After further discussions and arranging of meetings, the five students headed off to their respective common rooms. Minerva was happy, as she would finally learn how to be an animagus.

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Saturday evening found a small group assembled in the Transfiguration classroom. They were sitting in a circle on the floor, meditating. The first hour had been spent giving Minerva the various notes she would need to complete the transformation. For this they had simply dictated the notes Lady Hufflepuff had given them, reading them in Anglo-Saxon but speaking them in English. She had then been told that after she learned her form, she would have to spend the next six weeks or so doing thorough research. After that they had shown her the proper way to relax her body and mind. She couldn't perform the spell to see her animagus form until she could meditate properly.

After a while, she was ready to try the spell. Making sure her eyes were closed, she whispered the spell to herself.

" Video animagus."

When she opened her eyes again she smiled as she watched the small tabby cat wandering around the floor.

Chapter Ten – Christmas Celebrations

Two days before the start of the Christmas holidays found the entire population of Hogwarts on the quidditch pitch for the first match of the year: Hufflepuff vs. Gryffindor. Hogwarts had a new commentator that year, as Timothy Jordan had graduated the year before. Robert Black, despite being a first year, had taken over the position. His squeaky voice rang out through the stadium as the teams came onto the pitch.

“ And here come the Gryffindors! New Keeper Wood leads the team for a warm up lap of the pitch as the Hufflepuffs emerge from the changing rooms. Both teams have new team members this year, so it will be interesting to see how well they work together. There’s Professor Sewell releasing the bludgers and snitch. AND THERE GOES THE QUAFFLE!”

Harry hovered above the pitch with his beater’s bat in his hand. It would take a while to get used to his new position on the team. He had to make sure he didn’t accidentally go for the snitch. Seeing a bludger heading for one of the Hufflepuff Chasers, he quickly looked around for the Gryffindor Seeker. As soon as he located her, he flew down and intercepted the bludger, sending it smashing into the girl’s chest, knocking her from her broom. The opposing team quickly called a time out while their Seeker was levitated off to the hospital wing. Harry could hear the booing of the Gryffindors and the cheering of the Hufflepuffs as he flew over the stands, looking for his next victim.

Twenty minutes later he was starting to thoroughly enjoy himself. While not as exciting as the Seeker position, being a Beater was fun in its own way. Since the start of the game, he alone had managed to take out the opposing team’s Seeker, Keeper and one Chaser. Ron, being reserve Keeper, had been pleased as he had gotten a chance to play, but as they didn’t have any reserve Chasers or Seekers, they were still left two people down. The difference was really starting to show as Hufflepuff scored another goal.

“ And that’s another goal to Hufflepuff! The score stands at 60 – 20 to Hufflepuff House. New Beater Harry Evans certainly seems to be

making an impression. COME ON GRYFFINDOR, KNOCK THEM DEAD!”

“ BLACK!”

“ Sorry, Professor.”

Sounds of Robert being berated by Alastor Moody could be heard drifting from the teacher’s box. Harry didn’t hear them, though, as he was nearly knocked from his broom by a diving Seeker. Moments later the sixth year came flying back up, snitch neatly clasped in his outstretched hand.

“ It’s a Hufflepuff victory. Bones has the snitch,” the defeated voice of Robert floated over the cheering crowd.

Harry started to head for the ground, before leaping off his broom and rushing over to congratulate the rest of his team. On his way across the pitch, he noticed a figure stood under the Ravenclaw stands, watching from a distance. He made his way over, a large grin on his face.

“ Did you enjoy the match, ‘Tea?”

“ I sure did. I really miss playing, though. It’s frustrating being able to watch, but not play myself. Especially as it’s *my* quidditch pitch.”

“ Why don’t you come back up to the castle? We’ll be having a celebration in the common room. You could come, I’m sure no-one would mind. Everyone’s used to ghosts by now.”

“ I can’t, Harry,” she explained, tears filling her eyes, “ My soul is bound to this place. I can’t leave the quidditch pitch unless my soul is freed. The problem is, I don’t know how to do that.”

“ It’s ok, ‘Tea. I’ll look into it. I’ll get ‘Mione, Ron and Gin on it too. We’ll have you floating around Hogwarts in no time.”

“ Thanks, Harry.”

“ It’s the least I can do. Anyway, I’ll see you later. The party will be starting, and being a team member, they’ll notice if I’m not there.”

“ Go on, Harry, have fun. I’ll see you tomorrow?”

“ Of course! I always come, don’t I?”

“ Yes.”

“ See? Bye then.”

“ See you.”

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The next day found the usual group of friends in the library, sitting around a table at the back. The time travellers and Minh were trying to figure out where they were going to go for the holidays. Due to the wars and the recent attack, Dumbledore was closing the school so the students could spend time with their families. Minh couldn’t go home, as Gaerwyn and Lolide were on their trip. The other four were likewise in trouble. They didn’t have a family to go to. Luckily, Eustace came out with the perfect suggestion.

“ I got a letter from my parents this morning guys. My Dad says you five can come over to our house, as you have nowhere else to go.”

The others were rather surprised. They had not expected to be invited anywhere.

“ Thanks, Eustace, that’s great!”

“ S’ok ‘Mione. We have space. We live in an old townhouse in the middle of London. We can go out to Muggle London in the day, but we’ll have to take our gas masks, and be careful we don’t get questioned as to why we’re there. Most Muggle children in London have been evacuated to the country.”

“ That’ll be fine, I’m sure. I’ll bring my invisibility cloak incase we get cornered.”

“Wow! You have an invisibility cloak?”

“Yeah, I do.”

“I’ve always wanted one, but my father would never get one for me.”

Harry looked at him, puzzled. It had never occurred to him where James Potter had acquired his invisibility cloak, but a thought was starting to form in his head. Before he could think about it too much, the first years stood up, Minh telling them where they were going.

“We have double Transfiguration together now, so we have to go. Enjoy your free period!”

With a wave, the three younger students left the library. As soon as they were out of the door, Harry pulled a book out of his bag. It was the snake magic book he had found when he had gone to Knockturn Alley for the amulet book. Looking at him curiously, it was Ginny who asked the obvious.

“What’s with the book, Harry?”

“This is my parseltongue book about snake magic. The one I got the power draining spell from. I finally finished reading it last night, with a bit of help from Simbi and Nirah. You’ll never believe what I found.”

“What?”

“Go on.”

“Tell us.”

“I found a small chapter near the back that was written in what I thought was a code. Simbi was the one who worked it out, though. It’s a very old parseltongue dialect, so it took the three of us some time to decipher it. The whole chapter is about the Dark Mark.”

The other three gasped, and stared in horror as Harry pushed the open book over to them. There, at the bottom of the page, was a perfectly drawn image of a grinning skull, a snake protruding from its mouth.

“ Once I could read it, the chapter proved to be really interesting. I found out why Voldemort uses it on his followers. Apparently there’s a really old form of magic that’s contained in the mark, binding the one receiving it to the one creating it. It allows the followers to be summoned, as sensations such as pain can be sent through it by the caster. The most interesting feature, though, is that people with the Dark Mark can’t harm the one who put it there in any way. If a Death Eater were to cast the Cruciatus curse on Voldemort, the pain would come back at them, amplified. If they were to hit him with the Killing curse, then it would be reflected and kill them instead. It means that Voldemort can kill his followers, but they cannot kill him. It’s the perfect form of enslavement. It’s given me an idea for a new project. If I can figure out how the Mark is created, I might be able to break the connection. That way, any spies Dumbledore has in his ranks can have the Marks removed once Voldemort is defeated.”

“ That’s one hell of a project, Harry,” Ron told his best friend.

“ I know, but I think it’s worth looking in to.”

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Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ was packed with students and their families milling around everywhere. As the whole school had to leave, it was busier than it would normally be at the Christmas holidays. The group had managed to get split up about ten minutes earlier, which when you considered how many people were there, was not a good thing. When they had been saying goodbye to Robert and his family, Minh had wandered off. The elf had been hyperactive since the train. She had never travelled by train before, and that coupled with the fact that she had never been to the Muggle world had made her somewhat giddy. Now she was lost, and the rest of the group had had to split up to find her. Now all five of them were missing.

Eventually, Harry decided that the only sensible thing to do would be to head for the exit on to Platform 10 and wait there for the others to turn up. *After all*, he thought, *they have to come out this way eventually*. When he got there, he was relieved to see that Hermione had had the same idea. It didn’t take too long for Ron and Ginny to appear either, Minh trailing behind them sheepishly.

“ There you are,” Hermione exclaimed, “ We were starting to get worried. I know the crowds are starting to clear, but it’s still dangerous. We can’t forget the fact that there’s a Dark Lord running around trying to kill people, especially ones that humiliated him in battle...”

“ Oh, stop worrying, ‘Mione. He can’t do much to us anyway. And if he did show up, we’d sic Harry on him!”

“ RONALD WEA...WESTON! HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT ABOUT YOUR FRIEND...”

Before Hermione had chance to go off on one of her rants, Eustace popped up behind the group, two people following behind him.

“ There you all are! We’ve been looking everywhere for you. Everyone, these are my parents, Agnes and Charles Potter. Mum, Dad, these are my friends Harry Evans, Ron and Ginny Weston, Hermione Granger and Minh-Minh-Lama.”

“ It’s nice to meet you all,” Agnes said, holding her hand out to each of them. Once all of the greetings had been exchanged, the group headed out of Kings Cross to the underground station.

Minh found the trip very interesting, as she was finally getting to see the Muggle side of the human world. Harry was enjoying himself as well, as he had only been on the underground a couple of times before. To all of the time travellers it seemed strange to see Muggles in dreary clothes hurrying around, gas masks in boxes at their sides. They all seemed to be wearing looks of perpetual anxiousness on their faces. It was rather disconcerting to watch. Eventually, they reached their stop and headed out into the crowded streets. It wasn’t long before they were climbing the steps of a large town house, big enough to fit twice their number.

“ Welcome to our home, everyone,” Agnes exclaimed as the door was pulled open by a butler.

The butler surprised the time travellers. They had been expecting an old wizarding family to have house elves. Hermione was relieved, but couldn’t help but ask about it.

“ Mr. Potter...”

“ Charles, please.”

“ ...Charles, why aren't there any house elves?”

“ We prefer not to have house elves. We don't believe it's right to enslave a whole race, and when we freed the ones we had, they were devastated. I believe they live at Hogwarts now...All of our servants are paid squibs, and we like it that way.”

Hermione was pleased to find someone else interested in house elf rights and the pair were soon engaged in an animated conversation on the topic. Meanwhile, Mrs. Potter was showing everyone to their rooms. They were all delighted when they saw the rooms prepared for them. Each was done out in a different colour, with a large four poster bed and an en suite bathroom. The group soon got settled in and unpacked their clothes. They had all left their trunks at the school, as they would only be away for two weeks. All they had brought was a bag each, a few changes of Muggle clothes, and their wands. After being left alone to settle in for a while, they were called down to dinner at six. On his way downstairs, Harry couldn't help but think how nice it would be to get to know his great grandparents a bit.

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The first few days were spent simply exploring some of Muggle London and playing games in the house. Minh was having a wonderful time. She found the Muggles absolutely fascinating, and wanted to spend as much time out of the house as possible. However, whenever they went out they had to be careful not to be caught by the Muggle police. Harry was going to take his invisibility cloak with him, but at the last minute Ginny had told him she had a feeling he would be better off leaving it at Hogwarts. Knowing she was never wrong, he had done as she said, but couldn't find out why it was necessary. He was due to find out on Christmas day.

It had started off rather fun. The group had congregated in the living room around a large tree. Presents had been neatly stacked under it, with several for each person. The Potters had even bought a gift for

each of their guests. Among other things, Eustace had received a broom and a large supply of prank items. Minh had been given several books, some about wizarding history, which fascinated her, and some about Muggles. Hermione had been given a set of throwing knives, a style which she favoured. Out of the group, Hermione had the most skill with martial arts, and she had taken to training with knives. The set was made up of several knives, each matching but being given to her by different people. Ginny received a hand crafted bow of an elven style, made by Harry, as he knew of her love of archery. Harry had been given a comprehensive history of the Ravenclaw family, ending with Gallatea, the last with the Ravenclaw name. Ron had found it in an owl order catalogue Robert had been looking through one day in the common room.

Charles had shrunk everything as people had opened them, so that they could put them in their bags more easily. Once everything was put away, they had a magnificent Christmas dinner. Hermione and Harry felt a little guilty having all of this food, as they knew about the rationing the Muggles were suffering through. It was too good to leave, though, and they all had seconds, and even thirds in Ron's case.

That evening they were all relaxing in the living room, blackout curtains closed and candles lit. The older ones were taking turns to tell scary stories, both of wizarding and Muggle origins. They were shocked out of their renditions, though, when a low hum could be heard in the background, and a wailing noise filled the air. At first they ignored it, thinking it was nothing. But as the noise started to get louder, accompanied by several loud thumps, they started to get worried. They all turned towards Charles Potter, who had suddenly gone pale.

“ Oh, no.”

Just as he said it an enormous explosion shook the foundations as the entire front wall blew inwards.

Chapter Eleven – Boom! Boom! Boom!

Everyone in the room was thrown to the floor in the blast. Charles threw himself on top of his son to protect him, and Agnes covered Minh. The other four were trying to take cover as best they could under a ruined table. As the dust began to settle, the loud wailing of the air raid siren could still be heard penetrating the darkness. The sound of dozens upon dozens of aeroplanes provided a frightening background noise, and the nearby explosions of bombs were bringing plaster down from the ceiling. Another bomb hit too close by, making the upstairs of the house start to collapse, and it was only a matter of time before the roof gave in completely. Minh, Ginny and Eustace were screaming, the two adults were shaking and clutching the two youngest members of the group, and Harry, Ron and Hermione all had silent tears running down their faces. After a few minutes, the dust had thinned enough for everyone to see each other, and the four time travellers made their way from under the table to where the others were positioned.

“What should we do now?!” Hermione asked Charles.

“I suggest we gather what we can and head to the nearest underground station. They are the best places to escape the bombs, as we don’t have our own shelter.”

Everyone shakily stood up, but was soon thrown to the ground again from a shockwave as the house next door was annihilated. After staggering to their feet a second time, they quickly moved around the house and gathered what they could as fast as possible. There seemed to be a brief brake in the bombing, but they knew it wouldn’t last long. The students grabbed the bags they had brought down earlier to fill with their shrunken Christmas presents, and threw in as many extra items as they could fit in there. Once they had everything, they met up again at the door. It was Ginny who suddenly had a terrifying thought.

“Mr. Potter? What happened to the butler and maid?”

“I’m afraid they were upstairs when the last bomb hit. I found them when I was trying to gather potions from the bathroom cabinet. They’re dead.”

The group became even more depressed at this latest pronouncement, but vowed to put it out of their heads until they were somewhere safe. Before they could dwell on it too much, they wrapped themselves in their thick winter cloaks and went out of the door.

What met them out there was something they had never expected. The snow covered ground was littered with rubble and bodies, both whole ones and pieces of those unfortunate enough to have been right on top of a blast. A deep red stained the white in some places, vivid splashes of colour in an otherwise grey world. Buildings all along the street were reduced to piles of stone and mortar, people's possessions littering the ground in various stages of destruction. To the left, where the neighbouring house had once stood, was a heap of rubble with a porcelain bathtub sticking out, and a spray of water from a burst water pipe. The people inside hadn't had a chance.

Looking around, the group could see frantic Muggles running back and forth. Down the road, one family was frantically trying to pull two burning children out of a demolished building as their screams of agony filled the air, only to be suddenly cut off as a nearby wall collapsed. Wardens were trying to gather the injured and herd the healthy into the nearby station. Each and every one of the people on the street was wearing a hideous gas mask, making them look like demons in a hellish landscape.

After a few minutes of standing, Agnes pushed the group along the street as the hum of the aeroplanes once again grew louder. As they ran down the street, they could see their path lighted by the enormous search lights scanning the skies for any enemy craft. The harsh sound of anti-aircraft fire added to the overall din. A bomb hit the ground a few houses in front of them, throwing them across the road and into a burning building. It gave them a good view of the exploding home, among other things a flaming Christmas tree flying out of the front window. Getting to their feet, they made one final dash to the underground station, desperate to leave Hades behind them.

There were crowds of people at the steps, all trying to reach the safety of the underground tunnels before the next round of bombs fell. Everyone was pushing into everyone else in the mad panic. The youngest people, the few children who remained in the area, were being suffocated by the masses of flesh and cloth. Minh and Eustace, being only eleven, were having difficulty breathing. The older students didn't have it as bad, as they were tall enough to reach the stale air of the station.

After what felt like an eternity, the crowds started to ease as the recently homeless found themselves a comfortable place on the ground to wait out the attack. The Potter group found an isolated corner to sit in. They spread their cloaks out on the ground and made themselves as relaxed as possible. They were all frightened, none more so than Minh. The older students and the adults were finding it easier to cope with, especially the time travellers. They had been in battle before and knew what to expect, although they had never seen anything on this scale before. Eustace also knew in the back of his mind that this could one day happen, and had prepared himself as best he could. However, Minh had come to the human world to learn about their magic and culture, not to be nearly killed twice within two months. She seemed to have gone into shock, and was rocking backwards and forwards, held tightly by Mrs. Potter.

Soon, the tunnel had calmed a little. The rush of people had slowed down to a trickle and those already there were talking quietly or crying over lost friends and family. The wardens were going around handing out cups of tea and biscuits. The bombs were just starting up again when a strong female voice started to sing.

“ When Britain first, at heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose, arose, arose from out the azure main.
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang the strain.”

Looking down the station, the group could see a young woman, no older than twenty five, her arms wrapped around three young children. They should have been evacuees, but they had obviously remained in London for some reason. Next to her, an old woman

was clutching her hand, her other arm holding a baby. The rest of the little family soon started to join in.

“ Rule Britannia! waves.
Britannia rule the waves.
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.”

The three young children took over from their mother and grandmother.

“ The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Must in their turn, must in their turn,
To tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish,
Shall flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.”

By the next chorus, Hermione and Agnes had started to sing along with the song.

“ Rule Britannia! waves.
Britannia rule the waves.
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.”

This time the rest of the group was singing along, except for Minh, who didn't know the words.

“ Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke.
More dreadful, more dreadful
From each foreign stroke.
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.”

By the time they reached the next chorus, more people in the tunnel had started to sing along.

“ Rule Britannia! the waves.
 Britannia rule the waves.
 Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.”

By this time the whole shelter was filled with the sound of singing. Even the wardens had stopped their duties to join in the show of British solidarity in the face of destruction.

“ Thee haughty tyrants ne’er shall tame,
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their attempts, all their attempts
 To bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy generous flame.
 But work their woe and thy renown.”

Witch, wizard and Muggle alike sang for all they were worth, a proud show of defiance to the enemy that they couldn’t see, but knew was there.

“ Rule Britannia! the waves.
 Britannia rule the waves.
 Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.”

The Potter group sang for their lives, and the lives of those around them. Out of all the people gathered in the tunnel, they alone appreciated the threat they were under. Half of them had faced the Dark Lord Grindelwald and lived; only to be brought down by a Muggle war they had no place in. It occurred to them that they were all the same. Magical and Muggle united under a common threat, all trying to survive.

“ To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities shall, thy cities shall
 With commerce shine.

All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine."

The sound carried throughout the neighbourhood, a single sound to drown out all the others. Air raid sirens, anti-aircraft fire, aeroplanes and bombs combined to create a din that could not destroy the strong notes of the patriotic Londoners sitting in their shelter, waiting for Armageddon to end.

"Rule Britannia! Britannia! Rule the waves.
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves."

A bomb hit directly above them, causing ceramic and plaster to rain from the ceiling, but still the singing did not waver.

"The muses still, with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Thy happy happy coast,
Best isle of beauty,
With matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair."

"Rule Britannia! Britannia! Rule the waves.
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves."

As the song reached its final crescendo, the hearts of the people filled with the one thing they would need more than ever now. Hope.

More bombs were dropping, sending showers of fragmented tile onto the heads of the assembled crowd. Turning to the students, the Potters told them to stay put while they went to get some tea. On their way back from the warden, they stopped by the family who had

started the singing, handing the old lady and the young mother each a cup of steaming tea. Just as they were turning to leave, another bomb hit directly above them. The ceiling there groaned for a second, before crashing to the floor, crushing everyone under it.

Chapter Twelve – Picking Up the Pieces

As soon as the rumbling stopped and the dust had settled a little, the six students got a good look at what had happened. The entire far end of the tunnel had collapsed inwards, right where the Potters had been standing. Eustace was in shock for a moment, but soon came out of it when he realised what had happened.

“NOOOO! MUM! DAD! NO!”

He started to run over to the pile of rubble, but Ron grabbed him around the waist. A rather dazed Harry started to inconspicuously wave his hand, muttering under his breath. He was wandlessly reinforcing the ceiling to stop any more of it collapsing. Each of the children had tears running down their faces, but Eustace was still screaming his head off, trying to reach his parents. Ron kept a good hold on him, though.

As soon as the ceiling was secure, Harry made his way over to the pile of stone and tile. An arm of one of the children was hanging out of a hole, but there was no pulse at the wrist. Some of the Muggle men were trying to clear the debris as quickly as possible without putting undue pressure on the pile. If there was anyone alive under there, they could be crushed if a stone fell on the wrong place. Harry stood and watched for a minute, unsure what to do. He had to find out if there were any survivors, but he couldn't use magic to move the rocks out of way. The Muggles would not take too well to levitating stones. The sheer number of Muggles present made it impractical to try anything. He could have Obliviated any number of them, but with the exit so close and people milling around, he was almost sure to miss a few. If they spread the word of floating rubble, there could be a panic, and the people had enough to worry about at the time. Just as he was pondering what to do, he felt a shifting on his left wrist that gave him an idea.

Simbi? Nirah? I need a favour

What would you like from us, little master?

I need you to go into that pile of debris and see if there is anyone alive in there

Very well, Harry

The two snakes slithered off his wrists and made for the cave in. Harry cast a quick concealing charm so that the Muggles wouldn't notice. He had come to a decision about using magic. If anyone was alive under there, he would clear the ceiling out of the way, and sort out the consequences when the survivors were safe. If there was no one alive, then he would help to move the stones the Muggle way. Looking back to where the group was sitting, he saw Eustace had calmed down a bit, in as much as he wasn't screaming and thrashing anymore. He was sitting in Hermione's embrace, sobbing. Minh was not much better. Although, like the others, she had only known the Potters for a few days, she was in shock. She had never expected to come to the human world and see such atrocities. Unlike Eustace, who had been living with the war for four years already, she was unprepared for any of this. The air raid had been bad enough, but this had tipped her over the edge of despair. Ginny was hugging her to her chest, rocking her backwards and forwards, but it seemed to be doing little good. As Harry's gaze reached Ron, the red headed boy stood and made his way over to his best friend.

"What's going on, Harry? Are there any survivors? Why don't you move it all with magic?"

"Ron, I can't move it with magic, the Muggles will see."

"So? Use a memory charm."

"I can't guarantee I'll get them all."

"True, I'd never thought of that. So, what's happening?"

"The Muggles are clearing it, but we don't know if there are any survivors. I've sent Simbi and Nirah in to look around, as they will be able to fit in the gaps. They haven't come back yet, so until they do, I have no news."

Just as he said this, a hissing could be heard from the floor by his feet. Kneeling down, he scooped up his familiars and placed them back around his wrists before asking for their report.

What did you find? Are there any survivors?

We are sorry, Harry. We found two adult humans who had a scent similar to yours. We also found two other adult humans, one much older than the other, and four young ones. They were all dead

Thank you for looking, it saved me a lot of trouble

Turning to Ron he relayed the message Simbi had given him.

“ What do you think we should do now? We have nowhere to live, no food, our money is at Hogwarts along with most of our possessions, we have no idea where Diagon Alley is from here and even if we did we don’t have our Gringotts keys, and we have no way of contacting anyone. I don’t see any owls around, flooing is out of the question, it’s too far to fly, especially with passengers and we can’t apparate or make a portkey. We’ll have to go and talk to the others, and make sure Eustace is alright.”

“ I agree. We’ll have to decide what to do together as it will affect all of us. We’re cut off from the wizarding world with no guardians and no money. This is going to be hard.”

The pair made their way over to the rest of the group. Seeing them approach, Hermione and Ginny shifted the two first years off their knees so they could talk to the boys better, while still keeping them in a hug. Hermione was the one to break the awkward silence, using Anglo-Saxon so as not to worry the younger students.

“ So what do we do now? Are the Potters...”

“ Dead.”

“ I thought so. Eustace isn’t taking it too well, but that’s to be expected. Minh’s in shock as well. I don’t think she was expecting this.”

“ None of us were expecting this, ‘Mione, but we’re stuck with it. There will be time for mourning later. First we have to decide what to do. As I was just saying to Harry, we have virtually no supplies, nowhere to live and no way of contacting anyone. The Potters were

the only adults we had to look after us, and now they've been taken away. We're the adults now, and we have to take care of Minh and Eustace."

" You're right, Ron. I had a feeling something was going to happen, but I never expected anything like this. That's why I told Harry to leave his invisibility cloak at Hogwarts. If he'd brought it he would have lost it along with everything else on the second floor."

" It's my fault..."

" HARRY! How can you say that?"

" Gin, it *is* my fault."

" How do you figure?"

" The roof. As soon as the dust cleared after the cave-in I wandlessly secured it. I should have thought to do that as soon as we entered the tunnel. If the house had been warded, it would have been suspicious if it was the only one left standing, but I thought the tunnel would hold. I should have taken the precaution. It's my fault."

" Harry, it's not your fault. You couldn't have known. And you can't think of everything. Any one of us could have warded the roof, but it never occurred to us. Which isn't surprising seeing as we were just bombed. We all saw the carnage out there, and even though we've seen battles before, it was never anything on this scale..."

" You know, 'Mione, you'd think after all of the terrible things I've seen, I would become immune to things like this..."

" Harry, I would worry if you were. The fact that it bothers you shows you're human. It's what distinguishes you from You-Know-Who."

" Hermione, call him by his name."

" Fine Vol-Voldemort. You may say you are a Dark Wizard, but you're still a good person, and your emotions right now are showing me that."

“ I’m sorry, I can’t help but feel guilty. There are so many who died because of me. My parents, Cedric, Percy, the singing family, and now my great grandparents...”

“ None of those were your fault,” Ron said, joining the discussion, “ Your parents were on Vol-Vold-Voldemort’s hit list long before you were born. Cedric went with you out of choice, and you didn’t know what would happen. Percy died by being brave and standing up for her friends. You were busy battling a Dark Lord. There was nothing you could have done. And I think ‘Mione and Ginny summed up why this isn’t your fault.”

“ Thanks, Ron. I needed that. It’s just...they were my family. I know I would never know them like Eustace knew them, and we’ll have to give him a lot of support now his parents are gone, but they were still my family. I mean, you were upset when Percy died, because she was part of your family, even though you had never known about her before we came here.”

“ You’re right. But I think it’s time we stop moping and take stock of our situation. We can mourn them later, but we have more pressing issues now. Like where we are going to live.”

Hermione paused a minute, looking at the younger students, who were listening bewildered. Eustace still had tears falling down his cheeks, but he was a lot calmer. Thinking, as it was their futures as well as theirs, that the pair should be included in the conversation, she quickly switched to English before continuing.

“ Well, for now we have no-where to live. We’ll have to stay here until another possibility presents itself. As for money, we don’t have any, so that might be a problem. For food and clothes, we can conjure them easily enough. Heat will be the same; we can just use a warming charm. The main problem will be getting back to Hogwarts. We can’t get to Diagon Alley, especially not without money. Even if we had some wizarding money, it wouldn’t be much use in the Muggle world. I think we’ll just have to wait it out. When we don’t turn up after the holidays, Dumbledore is sure to come looking for us. We can’t get to Hogwarts by any usual means. We can’t fly as we only have one broom with us, and it would take

ages. All we have from our bags are a few clothes, some books and our weapons, both new and old. We have Eustace's prank items and some sweets. It's not much, but it's a start."

" 'Mione, term doesn't start for another three weeks! We can't sit in a drafty tunnel until then! And what about the Potters? They'll need to be buried..."

" You're right, Ron. For now all we can do is wait for the Muggles to uncover the bodies and put preservation charms on them. It's the best we can do."

" What about Eustace's broom? We could use it to fly to Diagon Alley."

" We can't do that. You can't fly in to Diagon Alley, and I read a book about the war years a while ago. For safety reasons, the Leaky Cauldron entrance has been sealed. The only way in or out is by portkey, floo or apparition. We can't go to King's Cross either, as we don't have any money for a train ticket."

At this, Eustace was giving Hermione a funny look. When she spotted him, she realised what she had said. Unlike Minh, who had heard about it from her mother, Eustace didn't know they were from the future. She had said that she had read about Diagon Alley in a book, and it wouldn't have been printed yet, as it would have been common knowledge. Seeing it as her only choice, she waved her hand over his eyes, erasing his memory of the last part of the conversation. As she was turning back to her friends, she spotted a couple standing behind Harry, Ron and Ginny. From the looks of their faces, they had heard most of the conversation. Nodding to the others, they all turned around and looked at the couple. The prominent thought in all of their heads was, *oh, great, now we've done it...*

Chapter Thirteen – The Logans

“ Can we help you?” Hermione asked the two people standing opposite her. The woman stepped forward and offered her hand, which Hermione tentatively took.

“ We’re sorry to intrude, we didn’t mean to eavesdrop. Allow me to introduce myself. I’m Amelia Logan, and this is my husband John. We thought we might be able to help you. We overheard most of your conversation, and gathered that you were witches and wizards. Is that true?”

Hermione slowly nodded her head, moving her hand into position in case she needed to obliviate them. She was much relieved when Amelia smiled at her and gave an explanation.

“ Ah, that’s good. Don’t worry, we won’t say anything. We’re squibs, you see. Both from old wizarding families, but were disowned when we were found to have no magic. Will you let us help you?”

“ Why would you want to? Not meaning to be rude, but you don’t even know us. We could be working for Grindelwald for all you know.”

Amelia gave Ron a kind smile before continuing.

“ I don’t think you are. We noticed you when you first came in. At least, we noticed the Potters. We’ve met them a few times, being the only magical couple living nearby we went to them sometimes for information on what was happening in the wizarding world.”

“ You knew my parents?” Eustace piped up.

“ You must be young Eustace. We’ve heard about you. It’s nice to meet you,” John said, holding out his hand for the young boy to shake.

“ Can we sit down? We should discuss this like civilised people,” Amelia added.

“ Of course, where are my manners. I’m Hermione Granger.”

“ I’m Harry Evans.”

“ Ronald Weston, and this is my sister Ginny.”

“ You already know me, I’m Eustace.”

“ And what is your name?” Amelia asked the shaking little girl nestled against Ginny’s chest.

“ Minh-Minh-Lama, but you can call me Minh,” came the muffled voice.

“ So, what is your situation?” John asked after a moment. Hermione took on her lecturing voice and began to tell their story.

“ Well you see, Hogwarts was closed over the Christmas holidays as a result of the attack in October. Headmaster Dumbledore thought it would be a good time for the students to see their families. We were unable to stay with our families, so Eustace allowed us to stay with him. The Potters’ house got bombed in the raid, so they brought us here. When they went to get tea, the ceiling caved in, and as far as we can tell they still haven’t been uncovered. They’re dead. We have few possessions and no money, nowhere to live and no guardians.”

“ Oh, my! That is bad news. You poor dears. I’ll tell you what. When the raid is over, we’ll go out and see if our house is still standing. If it is, you can stay with us until you can get back to Hogwarts. I’m assuming you have no way of getting there?”

“ No, we’ve been over this. We can’t get there without wizarding money, and we can’t apparate or make a portkey.”

“ Well, I’m afraid we can’t help you there. We live in the Muggle world, so we have no wizarding money. We can’t apparate or make portkeys, as we’re squibs. Our house is connected to the floo network, but the raid might have knocked it out. It could take a while to get it started again. The thing is, Hogwarts is on an internal floo network, not an external one. You can floo within the school, but not in or out of it.”

“ That will be fine. I know a place we can go by floo to get to Hogwarts.”

Hermione, Ron and Ginny were looking at Harry in bewilderment. They didn't know what he was talking about. Harry just shook his head as if to tell them he would explain another time. The Logans were just nodding along in acceptance.

“ Then it's settled. When the bombs stop, we'll go to our home and take things from there.”

The students all nodded they heads. Although they didn't like the idea of going off with strangers, they didn't see what choice they had. They didn't have anywhere else to go, and they were sure they could defend themselves if the couple turned out to be dangerous. They didn't seem evil, though. Amelia reminded the time travellers a little of Molly Weasley. She had the same mothering instinct and kindness. Their thoughts were broken by another round of bombs exploding above them. *Here we go again*, they thought as they all gathered together in a group.

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A little while later, the group was relieved to hear the siren signaling to them that it was safe to go home. They stood up as a group and headed over to where the Muggles were clearing the last of the rubble from the ceiling. The other family had already been uncovered, and was lined up near one wall, sheets spread across them from head to toe. Agnes' body was just being removed, where it was placed beside Charles'. The Logans held Minh and Eustace back so they couldn't see, as the other four made their way over and cast repelling charms around the bodies. It would keep the Muggles away long enough for then to deal with the cadavers. Waving their hands over them, they turned the corpses invisible and cast mobilicorpus on them, so they would unobtrusively follow them to the Logans' home. Before they set off, Harry waved his hand over each of them, casting a preservation charm to prevent decomposition.

Soon after, the students were following the adults through the crowded streets. The scene was worse than before they had entered the tunnel. There were very few buildings left standing, and rubble

completely obscured the cobbled streets. Blood and dead people littered the streets, as distraught survivors tried to help the injured. Muggles everywhere were frantically trying to put out fires and secure walls ready to topple over. It took about twenty minutes to reach the Logans' home, and by that time each of the children was crying at the scene spread out before them. *Whoever said war was glorious should be shot*, Harry thought as he took in the carnage. *It's terrible when civilians are hit like this. It's bad enough soldiers dying to defend their countries and their families, but this is way beyond wrong. I mean, what did those children in the tunnel ever do to anyone?* Harry's thoughts became increasingly dark as they walked past more and more destruction. He had seen battles before, and participated in them, but this was having a profound effect on him. Luckily, before his thoughts could become too depressing, they reached a small pocket of relatively undamaged buildings.

"We're here," Amelia announced, "At least the building still seems to be standing, although I can see some damage at the far side. We'll have to be careful when we go in. The structure might be unstable."

"I can cast strengthening charms when we get in," Ginny offered, "Harry did that to the station ceiling to stop it collapsing further. Once the Muggles can't see us, we will be able to use magic to secure it and make some repairs."

"Well, come in," Agnes said as she reached into her pocket for the front door key, "Welcome to our home. You can stay here for as long as you need, we have plenty of space."

"We can leave as soon as we can use the floo network. We wouldn't want to intrude longer than necessary. You're very kind to take us in."

"Nonsense, Harry! It's no trouble! We always wanted the house to be filled with children, which is why our home is so large for just the two of us. Alas, it wasn't meant to be."

The students thought it was rather sad that Amelia had never had children, as she was a maternal sort of person. She would have made a good mother. Once the group was inside, Ginny started to cast strengthening wards to keep the building from collapsing. The

four then started to rebuild some of the walls, using their wands so as not to make anyone suspicious. Once the inside was looking presentable, John took the six children upstairs and showed them their rooms. They had the whole of the third floor, which had a corridor with three rooms off each side. The girls took one side of the hall, and the boys the other. Nearest the stairs were Ginny and Ron, with Harry and Hermione in the middle. If trouble were to come in any form, it would have to go past the four stronger ones to get to Minh and Eustace. After a quiet dinner, the first years headed to bed. The time travellers placed the Potters in the cellar, covered in pure white sheets with several wards around them to keep them safe for burial. They headed upstairs soon after that, although none of them thought they would sleep after the day's events. They were wrong, though, as the exhaustion finally set in and they drifted into restless sleeps, their dreams filled with falling bombs and death.

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At about two in the morning, Harry was pulled from his nightmare plagued sleep by the sound of sobbing. Sitting up in bed, he rubbed his eyes and looked around, listening intently to try and find out where the noise was coming from. After a few minutes, he realised it was coming from the room next to his, where Eustace was sleeping. Harry realised that he would be the only one to hear him, as his room was the only one sharing a wall. Getting out of his bed, he pulled on a robe he had managed to salvage and made his way next door.

As he entered the room, he could hear sniffing coming from the bed across the room. He walked over quietly, and sat down next to the distraught eleven year old. Placing his hand on Eustace's shoulder, he wasn't surprised when the crying was suddenly suppressed, as if the boy was ashamed to be showing weakness. The Boy-Who-Lived gently pulled the younger boy onto his back and looked him in the eyes.

"It's alright, Eustace. You can cry. You're not being weak; in fact I think you've been incredibly brave. It's understandable you would be upset. You've just lost someone very close to you. I know how you feel..."

“ HOW COULD YOU KNOW?” the boy suddenly yelled, jerking away from Harry.

“ I do know. I’ve lost a lot of people in my life. My parents were murdered when I was a year old. I never knew them, but they were still important to me. Since I started to learn magic, I have done nothing but fight the forces that killed them, and all of those who would hurt others. In the process I have lost friends and family. I mean, just last October we all lost Percy. That was a shock to us. We lost people in the battle that shouldn’t have died. I blame myself, you know. I mean, deep down I know there was nothing I could have done in most of these situations, but it doesn’t stop me feeling guilty.”

“ I know what you mean,” Eustace said with a sniff, “ I keep thinking I should have been with them when the roof fell. I lived and they didn’t. It isn’t fair, they weren’t meant to die.”

“ It’s the same for me. My parents died to protect me. I feel guilty for surviving, but at the same time I know that as I was a baby there was nothing I could have done. It’s called survivor’s guilt, and no matter what we do, it will never go away. We will both have to live with it, and carry on with our lives.”

“ But you don’t get it, Harry. I knew my parents for eleven years, you were only a baby. How much of them do you really remember?”

“ Nothing, really. But that doesn’t mean I don’t love them. I know you knew yours for longer, but I have also lost people I have known a lot longer. My girlfriend last year is dead now. She died too young, and I couldn’t be there when she did. She had a son, you know? She was pregnant when I had to leave her, and I never got to know my son. He’s dead now, and I never got to see him grow up.”

By this time, Harry was openly crying, thinking about all he had lost. His parents, Cedric, Percy, Ardwick, Christabel, Gallatea, Sirius to some extent, and the son he had never known, Glenadade Harold Potter. He wept for his lost love and the son he hadn’t met. He hadn’t been able to grow old with Gallatea, or be there when she died. He had missed his son’s childhood, and seeing him turn into a fine man. He had never met his grandchildren or great

grandchildren. What he had told Eustace was essentially the truth, missing out only the fact that it had been in the past. The stress of the day, and the fact that he was with someone who understood his loss, made Harry let go. He had been bottling up his emotions for months, putting his family to the back of his mind. It was made easier by his daily visits to Gallatea on the quidditch pitch, but the pain had never gone away. No matter what she said, he couldn't move on until he had healed emotionally. That couldn't happen until he dealt with the situation. Now was his chance. He looked over to Eustace, sitting up in bed, eyes puffy and bloodshot, with tears trailing down his cheeks. Harry reached out and pulled the younger boy to his chest, and they both sobbed for all they were worth, letting out the pain and starting on the path to healing.

“ Don't worry, Eustace, I'll make sure you're alright. I couldn't see my son grow up, but I'll do my best to help you.”

“ Don't leave me, Harry. I haven't got anyone now. Will you be my big brother? Keep me safe?”

“ I will. I will never let anything happen to you again.”

Chapter Fourteen – In the Meantime...

After that first night in the Logans' home Harry and Eustace became inseparable. At night, when one of them had a nightmare, they would go into the other's room and talk. Their conversations often lasted long into the night, and sometimes even until morning. Eustace would talk about his family, and how much he was missing them. Usually he would break down, only to be comforted by his adopted 'brother'. The same went for Harry. He told Eustace as much as he could about his troubles, without revealing too much. He told him about Cedric dying, and a bit about Gallatea. When he thought about Glenadade, he would feel a deep sense of sorrow, but knowing he had Eustace to take care of now gave him a sense of purpose. Even though he hadn't been there for his son, he wanted to be there for his great-great-grandson. It made the guilt lessen a little, showing he was willing to play his part. The rest of the group couldn't understand why the pair had become so close, especially considering the age difference, but they were never told. The late night discussions were kept between them, as they didn't want everyone else to think they were weak.

The Logans turned out to be decent people. They welcomed the six students into their home and made sure they had enough to eat and wear. Although there was rationing, and the six new arrivals didn't have any coupons, they were able to conjure any extra food they needed. Amelia mothered them, the younger ones especially. It was as if she was making up for the children she had always wanted but never had. Minh had finally started to calm down after the air raid, but still jumped at loud noises. She had started clinging to Harry and Eustace more and more. While she was not privy to the details of the nightly arrangements, she found she got on best with the two boys. Eustace, being the same age as her, shared a lot of her interests. Harry was also good for her, as they could discuss elven matters when the others weren't around. Hermione, Ginny and Ron often felt a little left out, but the three of them spending so much time together had a positive effect. Ron began, for the first time in his life, to see Ginny as an independent and capable young woman, rather than the little sister he had to protect. He was also seeing Hermione in a different light. He had noticed a change since the Yule ball in

their fourth year, but his attachment to the girl was becoming stronger the more time they spent together.

Since their first day at the Logans' home, the students had been helping the Muggles in the area to reconstruct their lives. The four time travellers were shocked at the sense of community that existed. Everyone helped everyone else, with few exceptions. Thinking back to Muggles in the nineties, there was no comparison. In their own time everyone was too selfish, thinking only of themselves. An unfortunate result of Thatcherite Britain. All sense of community had been lost, so this time, where everyone helped everyone else, seemed very strange. They got into it full force, though. They helped to clear rubble and salvage possessions, doing everything the Muggle way, rather than using magic. They rebuilt damaged walls and constructed temporary dwellings for those whose homes were completely leveled. Air raid shelters were always in short supply, so they conjured corrugated iron and wood, and used it to build people shelters in their gardens. It gave them a sense of satisfaction, knowing that despite their situation, being cut off from the wizarding world, they could still make a difference.

The evenings were spent with John and Amelia, helping them to rebuild their house. All exterior work had to be done by hand, as the Muggles would have been able to see it. The interior, though, was repaired using magic by the four older students. The first years hadn't learned enough yet to help. One of the reasons they had used magic to begin with was in the hope of getting a warning owl from the Department of Underage Magic. If they had received one, they would have been able to use the bird to send a letter to Dumbledore. Their hopes were shattered, though, when Eustace told them that for the duration of the war underage witches and wizards were allowed to use magic, within reason.

Two weeks after the air raid, the students were settled in to their new home. Amelia had grown very attached to them, and was dreading the time when they would leave. Minh and Eustace didn't want to leave either, as the adults made them feel safe. Eustace wasn't too bad because he had his 'brother', but Minh was missing her mother and aunt. She wanted nothing more than to go back to the elf world. Unfortunately, both she and Harry had left their transportation

stones at Hogwarts for safekeeping. The floo network was also proving a problem. As expected, it had been knocked out by the explosions and had yet to be brought back online. It was something the Logans couldn't do anything about. The network had to be reconnected from the central floo control centre, and they were usually very busy after an air raid. All of the wizarding and squib fireplaces would have to be brought back online one at a time, and it could take up to a month before it was their turn. They just had to wait it out. Every night, though, they checked the fireplace by throwing floo powder into it. If it were to turn green, they would know the system was working again.

Four days before term was due to start, a rather unfortunate event took place that almost broke the morale of the group. It was the middle of the night and Eustace and Harry were sitting in the older boy's room. Halfway through their discussion on the merits of Dreamless Sleep potions Harry suddenly held up his hand to silence the other boy. Listening intently for a couple of minutes, he got to his feet and made his way to the window, pulling one corner of the blackout curtain away from the glass and peering outside. The scene spread out before him made his heart sink.

"Oh no."

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The other three time travellers were all dragged out of a restless sleep by Harry roughly shaking them and telling them to get up. Ron, not wanting to move, got a bucket of cold water over his head. Before he could start shouting he caught the look on Harry's face. He looked grim, his eyes hard and his expression blank.

"What's going on, mate?"

"We're being attacked."

“ WHAT?!”

“ Shhhh! The whole street is. It seems like a random Muggle attack by Grindelwald’s followers. They probably picked this place at random. It’s like the Muggle torturing at home, only this time it’s not Death Eaters. May as well be, though. You have to get up, the girls are ready, and we’re going to try and get rid of them.”

“ How many are there?”

“ About twenty. Maybe more.”

“ TWENTY?! You expect us to be able to fight off that many?”

“ We did that and more on Hallow’een.”

“ True. Alright, I’ll be there in a minute.”

Harry left the room and headed downstairs. When he had looked out of the window he had seen something he had never wanted to see. Grindelwald’s supporters were swarming through the street, throwing Dark curses at anyone who passed them. Several of the Muggles the group had been helping over the last few days were writhing on the ground under the effects of the Cruciatus curse. Several more lay dead on the cobble stoned street. Some families were being dragged from their houses by the wizards to be ‘played with’. Harry had turned to Eustace and pulled him to his feet.

“ Eustace, I need you to go and wake Minh and the Logans. Keep them quiet if you can. The four of you need to hide as best you can.”

“ Why? What’s going on?”

“ Grindelwald’s forces are attacking.”

“ Why? Haven’t we been through enough?”

“ I’m sorry, I think it’s just a random attack. We happen to have ended up in the middle of it.”

“ If we’re hiding, what are you going to do?”

“ Help the Muggles and protect the house. But if they happen to get past us, I want you all to be safely hidden, do you understand?”

“ Yes. But Harry, what if you get hurt? What would I do then?”

“ It’s alright,” Harry said as he pulled the shorter boy into a brief hug,
“ I’ll be careful. I have a few surprises up my sleeve that they won’t be able to defend against. I need to go and wake up ‘Mione, Ron and Ginny. Will you take care of the other three? The sooner we get

ready the sooner we can get out there and start doing some damage, and hopefully start saving lives.”

Eustace just nodded and left the room, Harry following right behind him.

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Standing on the doorstep, the four friends could see everything that was going on up and down the street. As the house they were in was about halfway along the road, they decided the boys would go left and the girls would go right. Moving off, Harry prepared to turn into his animagus form if need be. The others all had good forms, but none of them were as suited to battle as Harry's was. He was the only one with claws and large teeth. When he and Ron reached the first wizards, they took on a fighting stance, pulling out their swords. While both had excellent sword skills, Ron was the best out of the group. Looking back at the girls, Harry could see Ginny had her bow out, and Hermione was equipped with her new throwing knives. Harry himself specialised in duelling, and knew for the fight ahead he would be using both Light and Dark magic. He knew his use of the Dark Arts would throw the enemy a little, but thought this would be to his advantage, as the distraction would give him an opening to attack.

When the first group of wizards, three in total, finally noticed the two boys, they smirked in glee and lifted the curse they had been using on a Muggle family. The two children and their parents, who had been tortured but not yet killed, looked up at their saviours in awe. They were the next door neighbours, and had all become good friends with the students during their time spent repairing their house. They were most surprised to see them standing in the middle of the street, swords in hand and faces set in determination. Perhaps what shocked them the most was the faint glow coming from Harry. It was so subtle, that it would not be noticed in the daytime, only the pitch of night made it visible. Before they could move, the wizards started the battle.

Ron, using his sword, managed to do some serious damage to one of the enemy wizards. Once the first was taken care of, not killed but

seriously hurt, he turned to a second, who in the time Ron had been engaged with the first, had conjured a sword of his own. The pair started to battle in earnest, Ron doing most of the attacking and the other trying to defend himself. The man was doing surprisingly well against the furious redhead, and while he was not winning, he was certainly holding his own. Off to the side, Harry was fighting the third wizard. They had started off sword fighting, but had abandoned it in favour of a good old fashioned duel. They had dispensed with the formalities and leapt right into the curse and hex throwing. While it started off rather tame, it didn't take long before Dark curses were being thrown backwards and forwards. The enemy had been rather surprised when someone who was obviously still a Hogwarts student had started using the darkest form of the Dark Arts. Harry had erected a strong shield that had only been broken by the use of the Killing Curse, which had hit him square in the chest with no effect. As his opponent had stood there slack jawed in shock that the curse had not worked, Harry threw a Reducto curse at him, blasting him down the street. Using the time to his advantage, Harry summoned the power of his snakes and started the power draining spell. Just as the evil man stood up and started to raise his wand, Harry threw the spell at him, knocking him to his knees. The Boy-Who-Lived was tired, but satisfied he had taken down his opponent. He was a little worried that it had taken so long to defeat him, as his advantage with wandless magic and Dark Magic meant the duel should have been very short. In the time it had taken to fell this one man, Ron had worked his way through five. Curious, Harry made his way over to the panting figure, waving his hand to make the concealing hood fall back. He gasped in surprise at the face that stared up at him, realising why he had found the duel so difficult. He took in the platinum blond hair and steel gray eyes that looked like several people he had met.

“ Malfoy?”

The man looked up, contempt colouring his features.

“ Yes. How do you know me?”

“ I don't know you, but I know your son, Caligula.” *And your grandson Lucius, and your great grandson Draco*, Harry thought to himself.

“ I see. I am Tiberius Malfoy, you should have heard of me.”

“ No, I haven’t.”

“ Indeed. That was some powerful Dark Magic you used, I congratulate you.”

Harry was getting a little uneasy. He had just beaten the elder Malfoy in a duel, and the man was talking to him in a complimentary way. *Whatever happened to Malfoy pride? They aren’t usually free in their praise, especially after being defeated*, Harry thought. His questions were soon answered as Tiberius continued.

“ I am assuming you are a Slytherin? Only one from my House could show such prowess with the Dark Arts without fearing to use them.”

“ Well, as it happens, I’m not a Slytherin. I’m a Hufflepuff.”

Harry smirked as the older man gawped at him in a rather un-Malfoy-like fashion. The idea of a gentle Hufflepuff fighting as fiercely as Harry was unheard of. After a minute Tiberius managed to pull himself together and glare back at his conqueror.

“ I have never before heard of a Hufflepuff, nor a Light wizard for that matter, with such skill with Dark Magic.”

“ Whoever said I was a Light wizard?”

Malfoy simply raised his eyebrow before getting to the point he had been trying to make.

“ I see. Well, someone with your...talents...would do well as a Dark wizard. You could be great, you know. Have power beyond your wildest imaginations. If you spare me, I can introduce you to my Lord, Grindelwald, who could make you a powerful ally...”

“ I don’t think so, but thank you for the offer.”

Nirah, bite him

Are you sure, Harry?

Yes

The snake slithered onto the floor, and Malfoy looked at her in irritation. Lifting his wand, he aimed it at Nirah and muttered a combustion curse. The irritation turned to anger, and then fear, as nothing happened. He tried it again, to no effect. He quickly started to back up, but Nirah closed in on him and struck, filling his left leg with magic-destroying poison. The man fell to the floor, shaking as the venom took effect. As he watched, Harry couldn't help but think that it all seemed rather familiar.

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After Tiberius Malfoy, it didn't take long for the four to finish off the rest of the attackers. Most had been seriously injured, and all had been bitten by either Simbi or Nirah. They had used the snakes to immobilise the wizards, as stunning spells would wear off, and they had no way of contacting the aurors to take them into custody. No-one was prepared to kill them either, as that would drop them down to their level. Harry especially carried around enough guilt to last him a lifetime, even without adding more deaths to his conscience.

On their way back down the street to the Logans' house, they passed the Muggles they had saved. Much to their surprise, none of them showed fear, only awe and gratitude. Many started applauding as they passed, and the four students didn't have the heart to erase their memories. They obviously were better off remembering, and did not react with fear and disgust.

Back at the house, they entered a little hesitantly. Before they had gone through the door they had two wands pointed directly at them. The wands were dropped, though, when it became obvious who it was. Eustace and Minh both came out of their hiding places to greet them, and ask what had happened. They had hidden in the cellar with the Logans and the bodies of the Potters, waiting for the fighting to stop. Just then, John and Amelia came up the stairs and met them in the hall, giving each of them a tight hug before leading them into the kitchen for a cup of cocoa.

After they had told them what had happened, the exhausted group made their way up to bed, each taking a Dreamless Sleep potion they

had salvaged from the things Charles Potter had taken out of the bathroom during the raid. Despite the potion, none of them slept well.

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The day before the start of term finally arrived, much to the consternation of the group. However, that soon turned to relief as they tried the floo network that night and found the flames turning green. They would be able to leave the next day and make it back in time for term starting. Their last night with the Logans was rather quiet, as the adults were not looking forward to the children leaving. Eventually, Amelia brought up something she had been meaning to ask them.

“ Um...John and I have been thinking...and were wondering if you would like to come back and visit us during the Easter holidays. If you don't want to, that's fine, it's just...we've grown quite fond of you over the last few weeks, and we always welcome children in the house.”

The students looked at each other and nodded, Hermione answering for all of them.

“ We would love to. We have nowhere else to go, so it would be nice to come and see you. If it's not too much trouble that is...”

“ That will be wonderful! Just send us a letter when you know who can come, and what the dates for the holidays are.”

“ We will.”

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The following day was full of tearful goodbyes and hugs. The students had packed all they had left after the air raid, and had levitated the bodies of the Potters up next to the fireplace. The invisibility charms were still in place, to make the whole thing easier for Eustace and Minh. After saying their goodbyes, Harry explained what they were going to do.

“ Right, when you get in the fire you need to say ‘Corvus Corax’. When we get to our destination, we will be taking a portkey to Hogwarts. Make sure you get the pronunciation right. I’ll go first, then you can follow.”

Harry took a pinch of floo powder and threw it into the fire. Stepping in, he shouted out the destination and disappeared into the network. Stumbling out the other side, he waited for the others to arrive. Once they had all gathered, he looked the speechless group in the eyes.

“ Everyone, welcome to Domus Corvus Corax.”

Chapter Fifteen – Domus Corvus Corax

The students looked around the room they had entered in awe. Even Harry was surprised, and he knew what to expect. The fireplace they had exited was in an enormous entrance hall. To their right was a set of enormous white marble doors in an elven style, which reached up to the top of the twenty foot high ceiling. The ceiling itself was pure white marble, matching well with the doors, and had carvings around the edges. The walls were a deep mahogany, decorated with assorted tapestries and paintings, mostly elven in origin, but some obviously art from different magical cultures. The floor, like the ceiling and doors, was of a white marble, this time flecked with grey, giving it more character. The enormous hall had little furniture, only the occasional table with a strategically placed lamp here and there. The fireplace they had come out of was enormous, eight foot high and ten foot across. The mantelpiece was made of a deep ebony, decorated in ivory trimmings, delicately carved to make the cream colour stand out against the black. Above the fireplace was a large picture frame that appeared to be empty, but Harry was looking at it with a small smile on his face, and what looked like anticipation glittering in his eyes. Opposite the wall with the fireplace was a gigantic mirror, strategically placed to make the room look twice the size it actually was. To the left of the fireplace was a vast staircase of black onyx, which filled the centre of the room and grew narrower nearer the top, where it split in two directions, each leading to a balcony on either side of the room, from which many corridors split off. On the ground floor, doors could be seen leading off from the main hall, obviously leading to more corridors. The whole area was illuminated by several glowing crystals floating near the ceiling. Although they didn't seem to be giving off a very bright light, what they did emit spread around the hall, giving it an ethereal look.

“ Bloody hell!”

“ I agree.”

“ Language, Ron. This is...wow!”

“ Yeah, wow.”

“ Do you like it?”

Everyone looked at Harry, quickly nodding their heads. He had a proud look on his face and was looking around the hall in approval.

“ I’m glad you like it.”

“ Harry, what is this place?” Hermione asked him.

Harry didn’t answer, he simply gestured to the large picture frame behind them. They all turned around and looked at the blank canvas in confusion. By way of an explanation, Harry waved his hand, muttering, “ Proles Corvus Corax,” and stood back to wait. After a second or two the canvas began to shift, and colours started to swirl from the centre outwards. A few minutes later they had arranged themselves into a portrait of a young girl and a little boy. They were both dressed in fine robes of silk, of an old fashioned style. The boy looked to be about two years old, and had messy black hair and crystal blue eyes. The woman was tall and had long flowing hair, and eyes of the same blue as the boy. Underneath the painting was a small inscription reading *Gallatea et Glenadade Ravenclaw, par infinitas*. The four time travellers and Minh looked at the painting in growing comprehension. Eustace merely looked confused. Finally, Hermione turned to Harry for an explanation.

“ Harry? Is that...?”

“ ‘Tea? Yeah.”

“ Wow. So, tell us, where is this place?”

“ This is Domus Corvus Corax, otherwise known as Raven House.”

“ It’s beautiful! Who does it belong to? We can’t come trespassing...”

“ We’re not trespassing, it’s mine.”

The three older friends just gawped at Harry. He merely laughed at them, waving off their shock. He was amused at the number of times he had managed to surprise them in a matter of a few minutes.

“ Trust me, you don’t want to know. I’ll tell you all about it another time. Now, how about a tour? We have time before we have to go to Hogwarts, as the feast doesn’t start for another hour.”

The rest nodded dumbly and followed Harry down the nearest corridor. After a few minutes they reached a staircase that headed downstairs. The tunnel got darker the deeper they went. Eventually they reached the dungeons, and Harry headed off at a tangent until he stopped before a darker piece of wall, on which he placed his hand.

“ Nutrimens.”

The wall slid open, revealing a large kitchen, as large as the one at Hogwarts, and had enough space to cook a meal for a thousand people easily. Much to Hermione’s relief there were no house elves scurrying around. After a brief look around, they moved on to another section of wall, on which Harry once again pressed his hand.

“ Vinum.”

This time they were faced with an enormous wine cellar. Bottles of all descriptions and from all years were piled from floor to ceiling. Harry smiled at the sight before pulling the rest behind him, stopping them from sneaking a few bottles with them. The next stop was accompanied by a whisper of, “ Carcer.” A long corridor was revealed, barred cells lining each side. The rest of the group looked at Harry a little uneasily.

“ Harry, why do you have cells in your dungeon? Did it come like this?”

“ I designed the place myself, Gin. Cells are always useful, for example if we need somewhere to keep Grindelwald’s followers before they can be turned over to the Ministry.”

“ What about the hand on the wall thing? What’s that all about?”

“ Ron, the house is mine. I designed it and had it built. You know how paranoid I can get. Do you think I wouldn’t include a security system? In order to get into the room I have to place my hand on the

right part of the wall and say the Latin name of the room. My handprint and magical signature are checked, as well as my voice. If any of the three don't fit, you can't get in. The only places anyone can get in without me are the corridors and the front doors. The front doors have their own wards, so no one will be able to get past them anyway."

" You really did think this through, didn't you?"

" Of course I did, 'Mione. I'm used to doing my best to survive, after all."

Harry quickly moved on before the more serious questions started. He didn't want to say too much in front of Eustace, as he was the only one who didn't know about the time travelling. Harry didn't like keeping it a secret, but if he told him anything it could jeopardise his very existence. He couldn't take a chance like that. The next place, the last in the dungeons, was a potions lab that would make Snape green with envy. After the tour of the dungeons was complete, the group was led back up a different staircase that nevertheless let out in the main entrance. As they were walking around, Harry started to tell them about the building.

" This place took nearly 50 years to build and has over 300 rooms. The dungeons you have just seen are only a small part of the overall house. Well, I say house, but it's really a castle. It's about the same size as Hogwarts, and is situated in its own grounds. The dungeons, as you have seen, are home to the potions lab, kitchen, wine cellar and prison. The ground floor has the entrance hall, a ball room, which you will see next and like the entrance hall takes up two stories, and a large physical training centre with a weapons room. Off the training centre we have a duelling practice room. Both are warded to prevent damage, no matter what the spell used. We also have the portkey and apparition room, which is also heavily warded. Off the first floor we have the library, which is a whole tower in its own right. It also houses the infirmary, which is three times the size of the one at Hogwarts, and the music room. The five floors above that are the living quarters. There are 200 bedrooms, each with en suite bathrooms and sitting rooms. The tower opposite is level upon level of round rooms. The top is used for

astronomy. There is a floor for family portraits and one for trophies. There are also a few others that aren't interesting."

The rest of the group was looking at Harry as if he'd grown another head. It was Eustace that brought them out of their stupor by asking about something Harry had said.

"Harry? I thought you said you designed this place yourself."

"I did."

"But you said it took nearly 50 years to build. That would be impossible if you're only 16."

The time travellers looked at each other nervously before nodding to each other one by one. Hermione cleared her throat and began an abridged version of what had happened, leaving out anything that could change the future if Eustace knew about it.

"Eustace, there's something we should really tell you..."

"What?"

"Promise not to freak out?"

"Sure."

"Well, we're not from around here..."

"I gathered that. Where are you from?"

"1995."

"What? I don't understand."

"We're actually from the future. I gave Harry a magic amulet for his fifteenth birthday, and it turned out to be something called the Amulet of Time. It takes people through time when they hold it and say a spell. It only works once a year and you get taken to a random time every time you use it. The first trip is the furthest, and you get nearer your own time every time you use it. This is our second

destination. We spent all of the last year in the time of the Hogwarts founders.”

Eustace had stopped walking and was looking at them blankly. He shook his head a few times as if to clear it before staring back at them, a skeptical look in his eyes.

“ That’s a nice story, but I’m not sure I believe you...”

“ You will in a moment,” Harry said as he led them into the ball room. It was as opulent as the entrance hall, with high windows lined with plush dark blue curtains. The floor was highly polished redwood, with images of dancing wizards and witches engraved in it. A stage was set up at the far end with a beautiful grand piano upon it. Crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling, glittering in the light from the windows. Harry led them through without stopping, heading for a door in the right hand corner of the room. When they went through it they found themselves in a large round room with a spiral staircase going straight up the middle.

“ This it the East Tower, and as you can see, we are in the Trophy Room. I’ll take you up a level and you can have a look at the Portrait Room.”

They all went up the staircase in single file until they reached the next room, the walls of which were lined in paintings of various people. Harry didn’t even stop to look around, but headed straight for the back where a large picture hung on the wall. It was a copy of the photo taken on the steps of Hogwarts with the whole school, including the teachers, founders and Lolide. It had been copied onto canvas with oils. The people could be seen a lot better, as the image was bigger, and they were all waving at the assembled group. Harry made sure he had Eustace’s attention and started pointing out faces.

“ There you can see Lady Ravenclaw, Lady Hufflepuff and Lord Gryffindor. In this row you can see a first year by the name of Samuel Peeves, I believe you know him. And here on this row we have Gallatea Ravenclaw...”

“ She’s the girl in the entrance hall.”

“...yes, she was my girlfriend, the one who had my son. I told you they were dead and I couldn't be with them. This is why. If you look closely, you can see the four of us, standing next to some friends of ours, Ardwick de Mimsy-Porpington and Christabel Binns. Yes, Binns as in our History of Magic teacher. In our time, Binns is a ghost, and he still teaches the subject. If you think he's boring now, you should hear him when he's dead. But I digress. As you can see, we were there in the time of the founders. Do you believe us now?”

“ I guess...but what about Minh? She didn't seem surprised when you told me.”

“ I can explain that,” the young first year said, “ You see, I'm half elf. You see that lady stood next to Lady Ravenclaw? That's my Aunt Lolide. She and my mother were good friends of Harry's when he was there. They told me all about these four.”

“ I'm sorry, it's just a lot to take in.”

“ I know what you mean, but Eustace you can't tell anyone about this. The only other person that knows is Dumbledore. We also can't tell you anything about the future, as it could change time,” Hermione warned.

“ I understand. Can you tell me about the past, though?”

“ Sure, but nothing that could endanger the future,” Ginny told him.

Eustace simply nodded and Harry smiled at him, giving him a one armed hug, before moving on with the tour.

“ Now, I can tell you some more about the origins of the house. No doubt you three are wondering when I had it built,” Harry said, nodding towards Ron, Hermione and Ginny. The three nodded back at him and waited for him to explain.

“ Remember the day in the summer when we went to Hogsmeade to stock up on all things Anglo-Saxon?”

Nods by the three time travellers, confused looks from Minh and Eustace. Harry continued regardless.

“ When you were in the shop buying your weapons, I sneaked off. You remember how five galleons was an absolute fortune? Well, I had 45 galleons left. I used 30 of them to build this place. I went to a construction company in Hogsmeade and gave them the plans I had been working on for weeks. The manager didn’t think I would be able to pay for it, but I gave him the money up front. The contract was to build the house to my design, and include all of the wards and security systems I required. As you know, magical contracts cannot be broken, so I knew it would be built, even though I wasn’t there to oversee it. Lady Ravenclaw knew about it, though, and promised to keep an eye on it. I asked her to have a portrait of Gallatea placed in the entrance hall for when I got here, hidden until I told the house its master had arrived. I named the house after Gallatea, calling it Raven House. I thought it was fitting. I knew I loved her, and wanted something to remember her by. As you can see, Glenadade was included in the portrait. Lady Ravenclaw must have decided I would like it that way.”

“ Harry, what sort of wards do you have on this place?”

“ Ah, ‘Mione, ever the practical one. I have the same wards as Hogwarts, only slightly more advanced. As I said earlier, the doors only allow me to enter, by checking my voice, hand print and magical signature, each of which had to be recorded at the construction company. I have anti-apparition wards except for a small space in the portkey room, which only allows people with approved magical signatures to apparate in or out. The whole estate and grounds have protection wards and alarm systems. The outskirts also have a series of booby traps. The cells in the dungeons have anti-magic wards, so any prisoners can’t use magic. There are also over two thousand secret passages and shortcuts, none of which appear on the official schematics of the place. They were all on a second set of plans that I ordered destroyed after the passages were built. I’m the only one who knows where they are. I spent months planning this place. Trust me, I thought of everything. It’s even more secure than Hogwarts.”

“ Wow.”

“ You can say that again.”

Harry just smiled at his friends and led them back from the bedroom they had ended up in on their tour and headed for the library. While he had been talking he had shown them most of the places of interest. The last stop would be the portkey room. When they stepped into the library tower, Hermione nearly hyperventilated. The central staircase had a hole up the middle, so she could see to the top of the twelve story tower. Each level was filled with thousands of books.

“ It’s self updating,” Harry explained, “ There is a level for every century, and two at the top specifically for Dark Arts books. If it’s been written since we left, then it’s in here.”

“ Wow! Harry, can I come here again?”

“ Of course you can, ‘Mione. I tell you what, you can take a few back with you to Hogwarts, provided they stay in my room at all times, and they’re returned the next time we come here.”

“ Deal,” Hermione said before running off to choose as many books as she could carry, shrinking them as she picked them up.

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Twenty minutes later, they were able to leave the library. Harry then took them on a tour of the grounds, where he showed them a crypt he had had built. It was as yet unused, but he assured them it would be used for future generations. They made a circuit of the lake and the quidditch pitch, which was larger than the one at Hogwarts, before heading back into Domus Corvus Corax. Heading back through the entrance hall, he levitated the Potters’ bodies as he passed the fireplace, as well as their bags, and headed into the portkey room. The others followed behind him as he made his way to a large cabinet labeled ‘Hogwarts’.

“ I had this room added with a selection of portkeys to several places. We have cabinets full for Hogwarts, St Mungo’s, Diagon Alley, Hogsmeade, and the Ministry of Magic. There are also shelves with fewer numbers for a selection of important places around the world. The far wall contains general portkeys that you just hold and tap with your finger, naming your destination. As they are for general

use, they're not as specific as the others. You only end up within five miles of the desired destination. We'll be taking one of the Hogwarts ones. I'm not happy about travelling by portkey, but I have to overcome my fear sometime, and it's the only way of getting to Hogwarts I can think of."

Holding out a smooth black stone in his hand, he waited until everyone was touching it. He gave them each their bags, grabbed the two corpses, and waved his hand over the stone. With a tugging behind their navels and a slight pop, the group found themselves in the Great Hall at Hogwarts.

Chapter Sixteen – We're Back!

The group found themselves in the middle of the Great Hall during Dumbledore's start of term speech. The tour and explanations had taken longer than they had anticipated, and instead of turning up at the same time as the other students, they arrived late. Every eye in the Hall was watching them as they shifted uncomfortably and waited for the surprised Dumbledore to continue. He had been in the middle of reminding the school that the Forbidden Forest was out of bounds when they had suddenly appeared. They were relieved when they looked up at him and saw a twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

"Well, it's nice of you all to join us. If you'd like to take your seats at your House tables, we can discuss this after the feast."

"Sir, we would appreciate it if we could just place our baggage somewhere," Ron said, gesturing to the bags they had.

Dumbledore looked a little sceptical, as if wondering why a small bag each would be a problem. His eyes widened, however, when Harry lifted the invisibility charms on the two floating bodies. The students in the Hall all started to mutter amongst themselves, and the teachers seemed rather shocked. It was Professor Sewell, the Potions Mistress, who reigned in her surprise first and looked to the sheet covered forms.

"Mr. Evans, are they what I think they are?"

"It depends what you think they are, Professor."

"Are they bodies?"

"Yes."

At this point Dumbledore took over, letting out a loud spray of sparks from his wand to silence the whispering students.

"SILENCE! I believe we should take this matter to my office now, as it obviously cannot wait. Professor Binns, please take over."

Nodding to the History of Magic professor, he moved from his place at the head table and stalked out of the door, heading for his office. The group of students followed, their bags and the Potters floating close behind. Once the silent procession reached the gargoyle, Dumbledore announced the password.

“ Black Bullets.”

The guardian statue leapt to one side, and they all went into the large round office. The time travellers looked around, unable to prevent the wave of memories that came to them as they thought what it had looked like when Gryffindor used it. They were dragged from their thoughts after they had seated themselves, as Dumbledore was holding out his customary bowl of sweets.

“ Lemon Drop?”

When they all declined, he folded his hands in front of him and cleared his throat.

“ Now, that was a rather dramatic entrance, don’t you think? May I ask what happened? Why weren’t you on the train, and who is under those sheets?”

“ Well, it’s a rather long story, Professor,” Hermione began.

“ I have time.”

“ Well...”

“ I have a better idea, ‘Mione.”

“ What’s that, Ginny?”

“ We can show him.”

Everyone looked at the younger redhead in confusion. However, when she waved her hand and the room became dark, the older students soon caught on. Dumbledore was still confused, as were Minh and Eustace.

“ May I ask what you are planning, Miss Weston?”

“ It’s an ancient spell for showing memories. We can show you the important things that happened by projecting them into the room. It’s not real, but it’s sort of like a pensieve. You feel like you are there, but you aren’t really. Just, trust me. If any of you don’t want to relive it, I suggest you leave.”

Minh and Eustace looked at each other a moment, as if debating whether to stay or not. After a minute, they nodded to each other, and went over to Harry, who was sat in the middle of a chaise longue off to one side. They sat one on each side of him, and he wrapped them each in a one armed hug. Whispering, he asked them why they were staying when he knew it would upset them.

“ You can leave, you know. We won’t think any less of you.”

“ I need to stay,” Eustace told him in a breaking voice, “ It might help me to deal with it better if I can see that there was nothing I could have done. And I just want to see them one more time.”

Harry nodded his head in acceptance and turned to Minh, waiting for her reason.

“ I can see that you both feel bad, Eustace because they were your parents, and Harry because you blame yourself. I can’t leave you here alone when I know it’s going to be hard for you.”

Harry smiled at the young elf and tightened his hold on the two first years. He looked over to where the rest of his friends were watching the display in bemusement, and nodded to Ginny to continue. Putting her hand to her head, she started to chant. After a minute ghostly images began to form, until they were in a replica of the Potter’s house, sitting around the Christmas tree. She then proceeded to show Dumbledore the air raid, the death of the Potters, the Logans and the attack of Grindelwald’s followers. The trip to Domus Corvus Corax was missed out, as it was Harry’s to tell about. The headmaster seemed rather surprised that four students had single handedly taken out over twenty of Grindelwald’s best men. As the whole thing was from Ginny’s perspective, it missed out the part with Tiberius Malfoy. When Ginny had finished with her memories, the

others took it in turns to add little things only they had been privy to. One of the things Harry showed was the fall of the elder Malfoy. Having not really known about this, everyone else in the room was rather surprised. Eustace, Minh and Dumbledore were all shocked when they heard Malfoy offer Harry a place with Grindelwald. They were even more shocked when he spoke parseltongue and Nirah appeared. When all the memories had been shown, Dumbledore started his round of questioning.

“ Well, that was enlightening. I can see how the Potters died, and with young Mr. Potter’s permission I will make the funeral arrangements.”

Eustace nodded to the man in gratitude, not wanting to have to deal with it himself.

“ I also see that you found a family to stay with, which was fortunate. I will contact them and thank them personally for their kindness. I would also like to congratulate you on your success against the attacking wizards, however I have a few questions about that. Firstly, I would like to ask what happened to the ones who were bitten by the snakes. I would also like to see the creatures in question.”

“ The snakes are magical coral snakes, sir,” Harry began, “ Their venom is not fatal, unlike non-magical coral snakes, however their bites have a rather unfortunate effect on witches and wizards. It poisons their systems and destroys their magic, leaving them as powerful as squibs. We saw it as the only choice, as we had no means of contacting aurors, and no way of detaining them indefinitely. I think it was a rather fitting punishment for Muggle torturers to become the one thing they despise the most.”

“ I quite agree, Harry. Can I see the snakes in question?”

In reply, Harry simply lifted his sleeves and held out his arms. The concealing charms, recognising that the people looking knew the snakes were there, allowed them to see the two colourful bands wrapped several times around Harry’s wrists. Eustace and Minh took in sharp breaths as they looked at the creatures.

“ Don’t worry, they won’t harm anyone unless I ask them to.” Harry reassured them.

“ I see, and from what I heard in the memory you are a parselmouth. Is that true?”

“ Yes, Professor. It’s one of the reasons I managed to help Gryffindor defeat Slytherin, by using snake magic. It’s a powerful art, but I can control it. I assure you, Headmaster, you have nothing to fear from me. I won’t become evil.”

“ Harry, I must admit I agree with you. When I first learned of your fondness for Dark Magic, I was worried. I would have been concerned at his further ability, as it reminds me a lot of Salazar Slytherin, however having witnessed your duel with Tiberius Malfoy, and your refusal of his offer to join the Dark Lord, I see you are on the side of good. I am sorry for ever doubting you.”

“ It’s alright, Professor, I can see why you did. You didn’t wish to endanger your students by having an evil person here, and I can respect that.”

“ I have one more question, though. How did you get back here? And how does Mr. Potter know about your time travelling? I take it from his lack of surprise regarding your mentioning of Slytherin that he has been told.”

“ Headmaster, that was two questions, but I will answer them both. As you saw from the memories, we had no way of getting help, or returning here until the floo system was repaired. But as you know, Hogwarts isn’t on the external floo system, so we had to use a portkey. We travelled by floo to a place called Domus Corvus Corax. It is an unplotable estate here in Scotland. I left it to be built after we left the last time period. It has a portkey room with several that go to Hogwarts. We simply used one of them to get here.”

“ I see. I will not pry about your house, although I would be interested to see it sometime.”

“ I’m sure that can be arranged. In fact, I plan to show you soon. As for Eustace, we had to tell him everything when I was giving them all

a tour of the house. There were too many things that didn't add up, like the fact that I designed it myself, but it took nearly fifty years to build. He hasn't been told much, just as much as you have been told, as we do not wish to change the future in any way. We will not tell you anything that is to come, for it could be very dangerous."

" I agree, Harry. We must preserve the timelines. I trust Mr. Potter agrees with this."

" He does."

" Then I will say nothing more on the matter. The only thing I have left to discuss with you is the extra lessons."

Everyone but Harry looked confused. The Boy-Who-Lived thought back to the conversation he had had with the headmaster after the memorial service in November, and remembered their deal.

" Headmaster, I have yet to mention it to my friends. It slipped my mind, what with Percy's funeral and all."

" Quite alright. I will explain the proposition. Ron, Ginny, Hermione, we have decided that for the good of the war against Grindelwald we will share some skills. When I spoke to Harry after the memorial service for the attack, he agreed to teach me some wandless magic, in return for apparition lessons. He said it was the one skill that would be very useful, that none of you have ever acquired. I will also be teaching you how to make portkeys. Do you agree?"

The other three nodded their agreement. They thought it would be a good idea, and it would prevent problems like the one they had encountered over the Christmas holidays from ever cropping up again. With little else to say, the six students took their leave, heading back to their Houses.

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Before the group split to go to their own House common rooms, Harry pulled Minh and Eustace to one side. He had been thinking since they had left Dumbledore's office, and had come to a

decision. Waving the other three on, he went over to a wall; the two younger students following close behind.

“ As the pair of you know everything, I think it's time I show you something.”

Putting his hand on the wall, he muttered in Anglo-Saxon and a door appeared. The first years were a little startled, but curious. Harry pulled the door open and held it until they were all inside, before closing it behind him and waiting for it to disappear. He led his friends over to a far corner of the room, telling them where they were as he went.

“ This room belongs to me, and is the only room in Hogwarts gifted to a student by one of the founders for their own personal use. Only Ron, Ginny and 'Mione can get in here apart from me, as well as Peeves, but that's just because he can go through walls. In a minute I'll change the wards so you can get in.”

“ How did you get it?” Eustace asked.

“ Godric Gryffindor gave it to me as a joint birthday present and thank you gift.”

“ What was he thanking you for?”

“ Helping him to defeat Salazar Slytherin.”

“ Wow!”

“ You wouldn’t have said that if you’d been there. It wasn’t pleasant. Now, there’s something over here I want you to see.”

Harry gestured into the corner and the others gaped at what they saw. It was the statue of Persephone Weasley. Minh went over to it and looked at the inscriptions, translating the elven one for Eustace. Both had tears trailing down their cheeks. Neither of them had gotten over the death of their friend, and neither had Harry, who pulled them into a hug.

“ I made it myself, and I will make one for every friend who I lose, so I never forget them. I am working on some more, and they will eventually be moved to one of the floors in the east tower of Corvus Corax. I would like to ask you, Eustace, if

I can make one each of your parents. Although I didn’t know them well, it would make me feel better.”

“ Of course, Harry. As long as I can see them when they’re finished. And I would like to add the inscription.”

“ Of course. Now, it’s time to go to and get something to eat. We didn’t get anything at the feast, and I’m hungry. I’ll reset the wards on the way out.”

Moving over to the wall, Harry placed his hand on it and spoke to the castle in Anglo-Saxon. He then asked each of the students in turn to place their hands next to his so he could set the wards to recognise them. Once this was done, he taught them the phrase to open the door, before leading them to the kitchens.

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A couple of days later was the time for the Potters' funeral. Dumbledore had done all of the arranging, with Eustace giving his opinion here and there on what his parents would have liked. It was being held in a small village in Wales called Godric's Hollow, where the family had owned a little cottage. The property had been Charles' home as a child, but it had been left for many years, and was in need of renovation. That had been why they had been living in London. As soon as Harry had heard where the funeral was to be held, he had become nervous. He had lived in Godric's Hollow when his parents had been killed, probably in the very house the Potters owned. His suspicions had been confirmed when Eustace had vowed to do the place up, to live in with his family when he was older.

As the funeral was on a Saturday, near the end of January, all six of the students affected were allowed to go. Much to Harry's disgust, they were taking a portkey with Professor Dumbledore to the venue. Harry's fear of portkeys was abating, as he didn't have panic attacks anymore when he used them, but he still avoided them when possible. Once they got there, they moved into the large pavilion set up on the grounds of the house. The service was to be held outside, before the coffins were carried to the local wizarding cemetery. Once the group was seated in the front row, the service started, as they had been the last to arrive. It was very similar to Percy's funeral. All of the students had silent tears running down their cheeks as they sang a wizarding funeral song, before heading to the graveyard.

As the bodies were lowered into the ground, Harry started to sing the same elven funerary song he had sung for Percy. Minh joined in as soon as she heard him, and the mourners watched in curiosity. They were different from the people who had been at the last funeral, so they had never heard it before. On the last chorus, Eustace, Hermione, Ron and Ginny joined in. They had been taught it the night before, as Eustace had thought it would be appropriate. As the last note faded out, Eustace stepped forward and threw a handful of earth on each casket, whispering a last message to his parents.

“ Mum, Dad, I love you and I always will. I have a big brother and a good friend now. I won’t be alone.”

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The first of February saw Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny sitting in the headmaster’s office. He had summoned them earlier that day to go for a meeting that evening after dinner. They had a vague idea what it was about, but weren’t a hundred percent sure. Dumbledore could be rather odd at times, and they had learned over the years to expect the unexpected. When the headmaster came in a few minutes later, he sat behind his desk and got straight down to business, not even asking them if they wanted any Lemon Drops.

“ Thank you all for coming. I would like to start our lessons right away, if that is agreeable, as Grindelwald is gaining power quickly and I need to be able to help in the fight as much as I can. The aurors want me to stay out of it, but I know the Dark Lord is a danger to the school and its students. I can’t let anything happen to Hogwarts. Wandless magic will give me a good advantage over the enemy.”

“ Professor, if you don’t mind me asking, what is the situation with the resistance at the moment? I mean, who is opposing Grindelwald’s rule?” Harry asked him, a thoughtful look on his face.

“ The only defence against him we have are the aurors. The Ministry is running the whole war, but they aren’t getting very far. Aurors are used to dealing with small troubles and minor Dark uprisings. They’re not suited to fighting a war. There are a lot of people who want to fight, but can’t for some reason. For instance, I know several respectable wizards who are cursed with lycanthropy or vampirism. As the Ministry classes them as Dark Creatures, they’re not allowed to join the aurors. It’s a shame, really.”

“ I see. Thank you, headmaster. I was just wondering.”

“ That’s fine, Harry. Now, shall we start today? I propose we meet at seven every Saturday and Sunday evening. On Saturdays you can teach me wandless magic, and on Sundays I will teach you apparition. Does that sound fair?”

The four quickly agreed, knowing the sooner they got started, the better it would be for everyone. Harry, though, wasn’t quite with the conversation. He had been thinking about what Dumbledore had said about disunited opposition who couldn’t really do any damage. It had gotten him thinking about what he could do to solve the problem. He was shaken, literally, from his thoughts by Ginny, who was poking him in the shoulder to get his attention. When he focussed on the other occupants of the room, he saw them all looking at him expectantly. Blushing, he stuttered an apology.

“ Sorry, I was just thinking about something. What were you saying?”

“ We were just saying to the headmaster that you could take us to a room that we could use for practicing,” Hermione told him.

Harry immediately understood what she was getting at. Standing, he went over to the wall of the headmaster’s office and spoke the password, his hand placed on the cool stone. The headmaster seemed a little surprised when a door appeared.

“ Well, well, and I thought I knew most of Hogwarts’ secrets...”

“ It comes from spending time with the founders. They did, after all, design it. One day we were all allowed to look at the plans, so we know more or less where everything is,” Ron explained, “ This room was given to Harry on his last birthday from Godric Gryffindor. It’s for our own use, and you can only get in by stating your name and the name of the room. The wall and its wards check your magical signature through your hand, so only certain people can get in.”

“ Ingenious! I should have thought of something like that.”

“ Sir, I’ve changed the wards,” Harry added, “ You can get in now whenever you please.”

“ I think we should go in there. The wards mean that no magic done in there can damage the rest of the school. It’s where we learned our wandless magic, so we know it’s safe,” Ginny told the headmaster.

The group moved over to the door and went into the room. As they moved onto the central mats, he noticed Persephone’s statue in the corner.

“ I like the statue. Did one of you make it?”

“ I did, sir.”

“ It’s very thoughtful, Harry.”

Once they were all positioned in a circle on the mat, the four teenagers started the lesson the same way they had started their own. Ginny conjured up a feather and placed it before Dumbledore. He was then instructed on how to levitate it. The four friends had managed to pick up wandless magic fairly easily, as they had learned it when they were young. The headmaster, however, was over ninety years old, and was finding it a little more difficult. Ginny surmised that he had spent so many decades using only his wand; he was finding the concept of not needing it hard to grasp. He couldn’t get the hang of simply willing something to happen through a hand gesture and silent incantation. It took him nearly an hour to manage the levitating charm on a feather. As he watched, Harry couldn’t help but thinking that this could take a long time.

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Their apparition lesson on Sunday went splendidly. The group had gone down to Hogsmeade to practice, as they had needed to get past the anti-apparition wards. At first they had started slow, jumping only short distances. But as they became more confident, they had tried different places. They had all managed to pick up the skill fairly easily, and were eagerly anticipating the following weeks when they would be learning how to make portkeys. Dumbledore had been practicing his wandless magic during the day as well, and proudly showed them how well he could manoeuvre a quill in the air. As it grew late, the group prepared to head back to Hogwarts, but just before they left Harry made a quick trip to Domus Corvus Corax, so that he could reset the wards in the portkey room to allow only him, his friends, and Dumbledore to enter.

The following day, Harry asked Eustace and Minh to go with him when he went for quidditch practise. They couldn't understand why, but trusted their friend and went anyway. Both sat in the stands and watched the team practicing, although the other Hufflepuffs hadn't been happy about a Gryffindor being there. They thought he was a spy, until Harry told them he had asked him to come.

An hour later, after the team had finished and most were heading back to the castle, Harry went up into the stands to collect his friends. Minh was a little curious as to why they had been brought out there.

“What's up, Harry? What is the point in this little trip?”

“Trust me, I brought you out here for a reason. There's someone I would like you to meet.”

Heading down the stands, Harry looked back to make sure they were following. When they were on the pitch, he went over to the stone he had uncovered in the ground, waving his hand over it and muttering to himself. He was rather pleased with himself when the two younger students let out light screams as a ghost appeared out of the ground.

“Hello, Harry. Who do we have here?” the ghost asked in Anglo-Saxon.

“ These are my friends, Minh and Eustace. Eustace is a Potter, the most recent of our descendants. Over the holidays his parents got killed, and I ended up telling him I was a time traveller. I haven’t told him about his heritage, but I have told him I had a child with the woman I loved. Thought I’d better tell you before you talk to him,” Harry replied in the same language.

“ I see...My English isn’t that good, but I will try and speak with him. Who is the girl?”

“ Her name is Minh-Minh-Lama, Gaerwyn’s daughter and Lolide’s niece.”

“ I will speak with them both, then.”

Harry turned to the confused eleven year olds and made the introductions.

“ Minh, Eustace, I would like you to meet Gallatea Ravenclaw.”

“ She’s the one in the painting,” Eustace stated.

“ You went to your house, I see. That was painted when Glen was two. Mother kept it in storage for when your house was complete.”

“ Yes, ‘Tea, we went to the house over Christmas. I’ll tell you all about it another time.”

“ Harry,” the young boy asked, “ Are you telling us that this is your girlfriend? The one you had the baby with?”

“ Yes, it is. When she died she bound her soul to that stone, so she would one day see me again. I’m trying to find a way to free her. It gets a bit lonely spending eternity on the quidditch pitch.”

“ That is true. I was locked in the stone until Harry released me. Now I have more freedom than before, but still I cannot leave the pitch.”

“ How sad!”

“ Can we help with the research?”

Harry and Gallatea looked at the eager young students. Harry had promised 'Tea he would try and free her when he got back off the holidays, and now was a good time to start. Sighing, he thought of all the books they would have to go through, and decided that the more people helping, the better.

" Fine. We have the rest of the evening free. How about we gather the others and start right away?"

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Three weeks later found a group of seven; the four time travellers, the two first years, and Peeves, gathered in the hidden room reading through book after book on spirits. Eustace and Peeves had been working their way through the books in the library; Ron, Hermione and Ginny were reading the ancient ones from Harry's room; and the Boy-Who-Lived and Minh were ploughing through elven texts. They had been spending all of their free time there, researching ghosts, spirits and binding spells. So far they had found very little. Ginny had discovered an old text that described the spell 'Tea had used, and it said you needed a certain ritual to sever the link, but the page with the ritual itself was missing. They saw this as progress, though, as at least now they knew what they were looking for. They just needed a copy of the ritual itself.

It was late on Monday evening when Ron let out a loud yelp of surprise, followed by raucous cheering. The others looked at him in hope as he said what they had wanted to hear.

" I've found it."

Chapter Seventeen – The Order of the Phoenix

The following evening found a bizarre group out on the quidditch pitch. It was made up of four time travelling fifth years, who should have been sixth years, two first years, one of which was a half elf, and two ghosts, one bound to a stone, and one a mischievous poltergeist. Gallatea was floating above her stone, Peeves hovering not too far away, giving his silent support. The other six were standing in a circle around the stone, holding hands and chanting. After the first couple of minutes, both their bodies and the stone began to glow softly. This was Peeves' cue. He floated over and above them, holding a crystal basin over Gallatea. When the glow turned from a soft blue to a blinding white, he tipped the contents of the bowl onto the waiting ghost. The effect was immediate. The whole area started to pulse a bright red, the colour of the mixed blood of the chanters that had been contained in the crystal bowl. Then, without warning, the light grew brighter before exploding outwards, throwing the spell casters backwards onto the ground. When they looked up, all a little dazed, they saw a symbol appearing in the top right hand corner of the stone, above the first inscription. This showed that the ritual had worked, as the parchment said this would happen. Grinning, Gallatea waited until they all stood up before heading over to the edge of the pitch. Once there, she tentatively moved across the boundary, elation filling her as she passed unheeded.

“ Thank you all so much,” she gushed, going back to the assembled students, “ I don't know what to say! For so long I was tied there, I'm not sure where to go first.”

“ It's alright, 'Tea. You can go wherever you like,” Ginny told the joyous specter.

“ I think I should go and see this headmaster of yours and let him know I am here.”

“ That would probably be a good idea,” Hermione agree, “ We'll all come. Harry especially may have some explaining to do.”

“ I'm not telling him everything!”

“ I’m not expecting you to. But I think he will want to know why the founder’s only daughter bound herself to the quidditch pitch, don’t you?”

“ True. Let’s go then.”

The group started making their way up to the castle, the students walking, and the ghosts flying about and generally having a good time. Once they reached the headmaster’s office, they said the password and headed up, knocking on the door and waiting for him to allow them entry. An almost immediate response from the professor meant they were soon sitting in front of his desk, large grins on their faces. Before they could start to tell him anything, though, he started the conversation with a question.

“ I’m assuming you were responsible for that power surge and consequent battering of the wards?”

The six students suddenly seemed to deflate a little. They hadn’t considered that the spell could damage the wards, as they weren’t expecting the shock wave to be so huge.

“ We’re sorry, sir. We didn’t mean to do any damage...”

“ I know you didn’t, Miss Granger, but I would like to know what you did so I can check the wards properly for damage. Could you also tell me who this young lady is?”

“ Yes sir, this is Gallatea Ravenclaw, daughter of Lady Rowena Ravenclaw. ‘Tea, this is Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts.”

“ It is nice to meet you, Headmaster.”

Dumbledore didn’t respond right away. Ginny was wishing she had her camera to capture the look of pure astonishment on Dumbledore’s face. It wasn’t a common sight, after all. Once he had recovered a little, he shook his head and smiled at the floating woman.

“ The pleasure is all mine, I assure you. Would someone care to enlighten me on what is going on?”

It was Harry who told the headmaster that ‘Tea was his girlfriend, who had tied her soul to the stone in the quidditch pitch so she could one day see him again. When he was finished, he saw the surprised look on the headmaster’s face.

“ So it was *you* who built the quidditch pitch. How interesting...”

“ Harry and I invented quidditch as well, sir,” Ron couldn’t help but add.

Dumbledore smiled at them, his eyes twinkling brightly.

“ Well, the spell you used shouldn’t have done any damage. As for you, Miss Ravenclaw, I suppose you are free to haunt wherever you like.”

“ I think I would like to visit my old House again. Tell me, does Ravenclaw have a ghost?”

“ Not as yet, but I’m sure that can be remedied.”

“ Thank you, sir.”

That said, Gallatea floated out of the office. Everyone bar Harry and Dumbledore stood to leave, and as they were on their way out, Minh noticed the boy still seated in front of the headmaster’s desk.

“ Harry, are you coming?”

“ I’ll be down soon, Minh. I need to speak to Professor Dumbledore about something.”

“ Alright, I’ll see you later.”

Once the door was shut behind them, Harry turned to the curious man in front of him. He thought back over the plans he had been making over the last few weeks, since the discussion about the resistance.

“ Sir, I have a proposition.”

“ Go ahead, Harry. I’m open to your ideas.”

“ I’ve been considering the Grindelwald situation, and I think I have a sensible idea for opposing him.”

“ Go ahead. Although I would like to know why you always seem to be getting involved in combat situations. You are only sixteen, Harry; you need to have a childhood.”

“ Sir, I have been fighting evil since I was eleven. It’s practically all I know. And there is no way I am going to turn my back and have fun with my friends when innocent people are being killed. I have to do something.”

“ Very well, as you wish, although I’m beginning to see why you were placed in Hufflepuff. You are loyal even to those you have never met, and are prepared to work hard to help others. All signs of a true Hufflepuff. I know last year you were a Ravenclaw, and before that a Gryffindor. I am beginning to see that you made the right decision in spending time in different Houses. It is giving you a wider perspective. I digress, I do apologise. Carry on.”

“ As I was saying, you mentioned that many people are willing to fight, but are disunited and unable to join the Ministry’s efforts.”

“ That is true, yes.”

“ Well, if the Ministry was isn’t working, as is apparent, then we should take things into our own hands. The aurors can’t help, so we must help ourselves. I propose contacting all those willing to help in any way, and start an organised resistance force.”

“ I can see where you are going with this, and it seems a good idea, but how could you organise this?”

“ I’ve been thinking about it and have drawn up some plans. You said you had people who would want to fight. Bring them here for a meeting and we will discuss things together. I am suggesting a real order, an order with a leader and soldiers willing to fight back. We

could do what the Ministry is refusing to do. I have been doing some research, and from what I can see, the aurors turn up and drive off straggling enemy wizards after an attack, and help with the cleanup. That is all they do. We would work differently. We would need spies in Grindelwald's ranks, who would tell us of upcoming attacks. We could be there when they arrive, and fight them off. We could cut down their numbers and save lives. Operatives would gather intelligence to help, and we could work on a way of getting rid of the threat forever. What do you say?"

"Frankly, Harry, I'm impressed. I see what you're trying to say. I tell you what, I'll gather anyone who I think might be interested, and we can have a preliminary meeting on the second of March."

"Sounds fine, thank you Professor. Now if you'll excuse me, I have some preparations to make."

Harry went over to the wall of the office and created a door, going into his room and leaving the headmaster to his thoughts.

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A few days later, Harry called all of his friends, including 'Tea and Peeves, as well as the headmaster, into his room. He had been working solidly since his meeting with Dumbledore, and had finalised his preparations for the upcoming discussions. However, to break up the time he had been working on the statues he had promised to make. He had even made a slight modification to Persephone's likeness to make it more realistic. When the group was gathered, he went over to a row of several sheet covered objects.

"Everyone, I would like to welcome you to the unveiling of my latest works. Firstly, I would like to show you the changes I have made to Persephone Weasley's statue."

Harry pulled the sheet away and revealed the statue underneath. It looked the same as it did before, only now it blinked up at the watching people and smiled gently.

“ I've added an extra dimension to the statues. They are now more like the portraits, having a life of their own. They will never be the real thing, but they will be a nice reminder.”

He then proceeded to pull the sheets off the rest of the statues. The Potters came first, waving at Eustace as the sheets were removed. The younger boy had tears running down his face at the sight. He went over and asked Harry to add an inscription to each, which he did gladly. The next to be unveiled was Ardwick, a cheeky grin playing on his lips and a twinkle in his eye. Christabel followed, looking shy as always but happy nonetheless. Peeves and Gallatea were uncovered together, and the real people went to closely inspect their statues, offering their approval. The last three to be uncovered were Lady Hufflepuff, Lady Ravenclaw and Lord Gryffindor. Seeing her mother looking so lifelike, but knowing she wasn't real, was making Gallatea a little emotional. Before anyone could get too upset at the sight of their lost friends, Harry told them what was going to happen next.

“ Next time I go to Corvus Corax, I'll take them with me. They'll go on the third floor in the East Tower, above the portrait and trophy rooms. I can collect them there as a memorial place, so we can go there to remind ourselves of the friends we have lost.”

The others all nodded, knowing it was a good idea. It would give them a place to go in years to come for comfort and to grieve. Leaving the room, they all had tears in their eyes

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iHThe first of March found the whole school gathered on the quidditch pitch for the Slytherin and Hufflepuff game. The Hufflepuffs had been working extra hard, as the Slytherins were the reigning champions on the quidditch pitch. They had taken the cup eight years in a row, and the new players on the other teams were threatening their position. As a consequence, they had been working harder and had come up with some very dirty tricks to win their games. They had already lost to Gryffindor, and they needed to beat Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw to still be in with a chance of winning the quidditch cup.

The whistle blew and the teams sped around the pitch, Slytherin taking immediate possession. Harry floated above, considering whom to try taking out first. He knew from their last match that their Seeker wasn't as good as the Hufflepuff's. He also knew that their main strength was in their Chasers. Their Keeper was passable, but the tricks their Chasers used were all well practiced, and nearly always worked. However, their best plays needed all three of them to pull off properly. This gave Harry the best idea. Flying over towards the Hufflepuff goal hoops, he waited. The Hufflepuff Keeper looked up at him in confusion, but didn't say anything. Just as the Chasers were heading over to score, Harry looked for a nearby bludger. Luckily there was one heading his way, and just as one of the Slytherins was about to score, he hit them hard with the bludger and they fell to the ground. The Slytherin captain called a time out, but the Chaser was beyond repair, being carted off to the hospital wing. The rest of the Hufflepuff team gathered around Harry to offer their congratulations. Now the Chasers had been split up, they would be less effective.

A few minutes later the game resumed in earnest. A few times one or the other of the Seekers had spotted the snitch, only to lose it again rather quickly. However, the Slytherin Seeker decided to play dirty. He led the Hufflepuff across the pitch, feinting a snitch sighting. As they both neared the Slytherin goals, both beaters appeared from seemingly nowhere and sent a bludger heading right for the opposing team member's head. Luckily, the Seeker managed to turn, but was still knocked to the ground, several ribs broken. Diggory, seeing this, called a time out and the whole team congregated on the ground to hear what he had to say.

"Alright everybody, we're in trouble. We've lost our Seeker, and we have no way of catching the snitch. The only way we could win would be on goal difference, and even though Harry split up their Chasers, they're still very good. Any suggestions?"

"I could play Seeker."

"Harry, you're a Beater."

“ I know, but I’m a better Seeker than I am a Beater. The way I see it, the team has two Beaters and no Seeker. We can’t beat the Slytherins without a Seeker. So we forsake one Beater, and have one person in each position. We can’t sacrifice the Keeper, as we only have one and we need to keep the Slytherins from scoring. We also know that they have a stronger team of Chasers, so we need an advantage there. The only expendable team member would be a Beater.”

“ Good thinking, Harry. You play Seeker, but we’ll have to tell the ref.”

Diggory floated up to the flying instructor and made the change official. The Slytherins were protesting, as they claimed it was against the rules. Harry calmly informed them that he knew for a fact that it wasn’t. *After all*, he thought, *I wrote the rules*. A few minutes later he was in the air once again, the Slytherin Seeker tailing him the whole time, shouting taunts to put him off.

“ Hey, Evans! Mudblood Evans! You think Muggle filth can catch a snitch? I don’t think so. You’re not even a real Seeker. Watch out for bludgers. Wouldn’t want you chasing the wrong ball.”

The insults carried on for a few minutes, Harry ignoring them all the time. Turning around, he caught sight of the snitch below him and started to dive for it. The Slytherin merely yelled after him.

“ You must be seeing things, or you’re trying to feint. Slytherins aren’t stupid enough to fall for a Hufflepuff’s idea of a trick.”

Seconds later, Harry flew back up to where his tormenter was flying, the snitch held in his hand and a smirk on his face.

“ You may not be stupid enough to fall for a feint, but you’re stupid enough not to try for the snitch.”

Amidst cheers from the Hufflepuff stands, Harry descended back onto the pitch, snitch held tightly in his outstretched hand, and a smug look on his face.

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The next day found Harry making his way to Dumbledore's office as planned. He walked slowly, but confidently, taking the time to run over his plans in his head one last time. He had weighed up all of the options, and come up with what he thought was the best way of dealing with Grindelwald. When he reached the gargoyle, he gave the password and strode up the stairs, slowing near the top when he heard voices coming through the heavy wooden door.

"...reason for this, Albus?"

"...there is, Alastor...called you here about...proposed...resistance."

"...organised you say?...hear you out."

"You'd better not...wasting time, Albus, or..."

Harry thought it would be prudent to interrupt at this point, so he firmly and steadily knocked on the door and waited for the headmaster to allow him entry.

"Come in," he could hear through the door, prompting him to push it open and take in the people in the room. He was surprised by the many familiar faces he saw, whether he knew them or knew their offspring. Dumbledore stood from his place, breaking the silence that had descended on the room. To say the other occupants were surprised would be an understatement.

"Ah, Harry! So good of you to join us. I've had to quash a few curious minds. Now that we are all here, we can get down to business. Allow me to introduce everyone. There are a few people you already know, Alastor Moody our Defence Against the Dark Arts professor, Virginia and William Weasley I believe you have also met, Professor Alice Sewell, your Potions Mistress, and of course the students, Minerva and Filius. You will notice we have Amelia and John Logan here as well, which was a little more difficult to arrange. Allow me to introduce a few aurors who don't believe the Ministry is doing enough. We have Janus and Julianne McGonagall, who you will recognise as Minerva's parents. Peter Bones and Gaius Flitwick are also fathers of students here. Mundungus Fletcher is an associate with a lot of contacts and Arabella Figg is a squib friend of mine. Next we have Floribunda Sprout, renowned herbologist and

healer; Daedalus Diggle from the Department of Mysteries; Rubeus Hagrid, our trainee gamekeeper; Mr. Ollivander, master wand maker; and Cedric Diggory, from the Department of Accidental Magic Reversal. There were a few people who couldn't make it, but if everything works out they will be joining us later."

Harry froze at the last name, looking closely at the man. He looked a lot like the Tri-wizard competitor, if a little older, and it brought back unpleasant memories for Harry. *Cedric must have been named after him*, he thought. Harry shook himself out of his memories as Dumbledore introduced him.

"Everyone, this is Harry Evans, he is sixteen and is a fifth year Hufflepuff. It is he who has masterminded this whole arrangement."

Shouts of protest immediately started.

"Albus, you can't be serious..."

"He's just a child..."

"A fifth year! Unbelievable..."

"He isn't old enough to lead us..."

"Aren't Hufflepuffs pacifists...?"

The questions continued on this thread for some time, until Harry got bored. Raising his hand, he made a gesture in the air and the room became silent. People turned to him, mouths agape, and tried to protest. They were most annoyed when they found their voices had disappeared.

"Now that I can hear myself think, I think we should take this somewhere we can discuss this like civilised people."

Taking out a portkey, he moved his hand and everyone's arm lifted and they moved forward, shocked and scared looks on their faces. Harry had used a mild control curse much like the one Voldemort had used to make him bow at the graveyard duel. It was less potent than the Imperious, and didn't come with an Azkaban

sentence, but it was still Dark Magic. Once everyone was touching the portkey, he said the activation spell and the group reappeared in the portkey room in Domus Corvus Corax.

“ Now, if I release you, will you all come calmly and listen to what I have to say?”

The question was met with nods, some of which were slightly mutinous. With another gesture, they were all free of the spells. Dumbledore and the Logans went over to the boy as he led the group out of the room.

“ Was that really necessary, Harry?” the headmaster asked.

“ It was the only way to get their attention, Professor. They were looking at me as a child. I had to prove my worth as a warrior from the beginning, or they would have forever seen me as a weak child.”

The headmaster simply nodded and looked around the entrance hall with the others. Harry was pleased to see astonishment on the faces of most. Turning to the Logans, he smiled gently.

“ Do you like it? I designed it myself. This was where we came when we left your house.”

“ It’s wonderful, Harry. How have you all been, by the way?”

“ We’re all fine, thank you. How are you? Have there been any more raids or attacks?”

“ No, thank goodness.”

“ What are you doing here, anyway? I mean, how did you get involved?”

“ Well, your professor sent us a letter, telling us you were organising a resistance to the Dark Lord. He thought we might be able to help from a Muggle point of view. After all, Grindelwald and Hitler *are* working together closely. We *are* the best connection you have to the Muggle world. Apparently he had thought of us when you mentioned setting this up, as he knew we would be trustworthy.”

“ Fair enough, but I hope you know what you’re getting yourselves into. I don’t want you getting hurt.”

By this time, the group had reached the ball room, which Harry had been preparing over the last few days. There was a large round table in the middle of the room, with elegantly carved chairs all around it. Fawkes was near one of the seats, resting on a golden perch. He let out a note of phoenix song as Harry entered the room and went to sit down next to him. Gesturing at the table, he waited for everyone to take a seat before he started.

“ Now, I assume I have gained your attention. Let me get down to business. The way I see it, we have two options. Continue to allow the Ministry to run the war, and end up losing and being ruled. Or, we can take matters into our own hands and fight back. Personally, I prefer the second option. I propose we form a resistance force, with spies in Grindelwald’s ranks, and operatives out gathering information. Our spies can tell us when the attacks will be, and we may be able to prevent too many people being hurt. In my experience, when you just sit back and ignore the problem, it doesn’t go away. It festers and grows larger, and before you know it you’re under the control of a madman. We are too few and too weak to move against Grindelwald’s men in an all out battle, but if we chip away at them as and when problems arise, his numbers will eventually decrease. Take away the servants, and the master becomes vulnerable. Now, I would like everybody still interested to remain seated, and anyone who wants to leave may do so now. I’m sure you can find your way back to the portkey room. There is an apparition point there where you can leave from.”

Nobody moved. They all just looked up at the sixteen year old boy who was standing in front of them, telling them how they could make a difference in the world. A fifth year student was instructing them in how to take care of something they should have dealt with a long time ago. Seeing him standing there, a faint glow emanating off him and a phoenix at his side, they respected him. Harry smiled back after a few minutes and nodded his head.

“ So be it. Now, the first item of business. I need to be assured of your loyalty to the cause, so I will be taking certain precautions. First,

I will be casting a spell on you. It will ensure that you never speak a word about this group where anyone can hear you that aren't a member. It will prevent you telling our secrets, even under torture. Does anybody have any objections?"

Again nobody said anything. Harry took this as agreement and waved his hand in the air, muttering slightly. A moment later, all of the people gathered around glowed blue for a second, showing the spell had worked.

"Now we have that over and done with, I need to be assured of your loyalty. If you will allow it, I would like Fawkes, this magnificent phoenix next to me, to sit on your shoulders one by one. As you know, phoenixes will not come into contact with someone with evil intent. He will be able to tell those who are here genuinely, and those who are here as spies."

Turning to Fawkes, Harry gestured the bird towards the awaiting crowd. The bird let out a trill and started to work his way around the seated group. As he alighted on each shoulder, he let out a soft note of phoenix song. The first time something different happened was when he perched on Mr. Ollivander's shoulder. The man looked nervous as the majestic bird eyed him for a few minutes before letting out a longer trill. As he flew to the next person's shoulder, two magnificent golden tail feathers fluttered into the wand maker's lap. Harry just smiled.

"Mr. Ollivander? I believe Fawkes has gifted you with two feathers to use as wand cores. The wands they are contained within will do great things, I guarantee it."

The wand maker just nodded in thanks and wrapped the feathers in a conjured piece of silk, which he carefully placed in his pocket. Once Fawkes returned to his perch, Harry looked at the assembled members, pleased.

"Now we have that out of the way, we can get down to business. The first point is that we need a leader and a second in command. I had considered making everyone equal, but it would never work. We can't just go off doing whatever we like. We need someone to guide us and give orders. I suggest a vote in a

democratic way. I would like each of you to write the names of your first and second choices on a piece of parchment. I will then select someone at random to tally the results.”

With another wave of his hand, parchment and quills appeared in the table in front of each person. They quickly scribbled down their choices and placed them in the centre of the table. Harry looked around the table and chose someone to add them up.

“ Mr. Diggle, would you do the honours?”

The man looked surprised at being chosen, but quickly pulled the parchment towards him. He looked through them, making notes on another piece of parchment, and when he was finished it he passed the results to Harry, who passed them to Mundungus Fletcher to read out, to ensure he wasn't cheating. The shady man cleared his throat and gave the verdict.

“ By unanimous vote, Harry Evans is leader, with Albus Dumbledore as second in command.”

“ Very well, you have chosen. I thank you for the honour. Now, we need to sort out what everyone will do. Ms. Sprout, I would like you to be our healer. I have a fully equipped hospital in this estate, which will be at your disposal. Amelia and John, I need you to gather intelligence from the Muggles. It could be anything in newspapers or newsreels, although you have to beware of censorship and propaganda. Do your best, and see what you can find out. Mr. Diggory and Mr. Diggle, I need you to dig a little at the Ministry. The same goes for you, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley. Find anything you can that could be of use. Mr. Ollivander, please inform me of anybody coming in to your shop to buy a replacement wand. It may be because it was broken in a fight, in which case we may be able to put names to some of Grindelwald's followers. Professor Sewell, I would like you to be our Potions Mistress. We will need a good supply of healing potions and poison antidotes for the infirmary. Filius, Minerva and Rubeus, I would like you to monitor the older students and see if you can spot anyone who you think feels strong enough about the fight to be of help. The more recruits we have the better. Professor Moody and Headmaster Dumbledore, I would like you to add to the

defenses at Hogwarts. Whatever happens, we need the students to be safe. As for the rest of you, you are mostly aurors. I need two volunteers to join Grindelwald's ranks as spies."

Harry waited and looked around at those he had yet to assign tasks. After a moment, Janus and Julianne McGonagall raised their hands. Minerva looked about to protest, but stopped when she saw the determined looks on her parents' faces.

"Very well, thank you for volunteering," Harry said, "I would like you to approach Tiberius Malfoy and say you are interested in joining Grindelwald's ranks. He will be able to put you in touch with the man himself. Be careful what you say to him, though. I think he might be a little sensitive on the subject of being made a squib."

All of the members bar Dumbledore and the Logans looked at him, struck dumb at this revelation. Harry sighed, and told them about the attack at Christmas, and the damage he and his friends had done. They all seemed rather impressed. When he was done, he went back to the task at hand.

"Now, the rest of you, I need you to gather information as best you can. I don't care how you do it. Trail known Dark wizards, spy on people in Knockturn Alley, and dig into the Ministry's files. I want reports whenever you find out anything, and this goes for everyone. I need to know what is going on so I can form strategies. When we know of an attack, I will call upon all of you to come and fight. For this I will need to place a charm on you. It is a highly modified version of what is called a Dark Mark."

Everyone shifted a little uneasily at this. Although they didn't know what a Dark Mark was, they thought by the sound of its name they wouldn't like it. The truth was, since Harry had found the passage in his parseltongue book on the subject, he had been trying to find a way of removing the mark from Voldemort's followers. When he had started devising the resistance, he had begun modifying the spell to fit his needs.

"I assure you all, there is no need for alarm. The mark is painless, and barely noticeable. All it is is a connection to Professor Dumbledore and me. We will be able to summon you through the

mark, so you know when meetings are. When you are called, you will feel a tingling in the place where the mark is. When this happens, I would like you to apparate to the portkey room here on the estate. This place is safer even than Hogwarts, and will be used for our base of operations. You get to choose the form of the mark, so it will be less of a burden. It can be practically anything, from a tattoo in the shape of your choice, to a mole on your skin. It can also be placed on any part of your body. I will give you until the next meeting to decide.”

Everyone nodded their heads, accepting what he said. They saw the logic behind it, and were pleased they could choose the form it would take.

“ Now,” Harry continued, “ I have only two more things to cover. Firstly, we need to recruit more people to our cause. Three of my friends, who are equal to me in power and skill, will be joining us at the next meeting, so I ask you to welcome them as adults, not as children. I would like all of you to ask around too, discreetly of course, and find anyone you trust who you think would join us. If and when you find candidates, bring them to the next meeting, which will be at the same time next week, in this place. You can apparate in, or use the floo network. The address for flooing in is Corvus Corax.”

Harry then stood up and went to each of them, placing a hand on their chests and muttering a spell. When he was once again seated, he explained what he had done.

“ I have now keyed you in to the wards. The first time you bring someone, it will have to be by floo, otherwise the wards will keep them out. The last thing I need to know is about this group we have formed. We need something by which to call it. I would like to hear your suggestions.”

“ How about simply ‘The Resistance’?”

“ The Order of the Righteous?”

“ The Light Organisation?”

“ The Phoenix group?”

“ I have a suggestion, everyone.”

The group turned towards Dumbledore, who in turn was looking at Fawkes.

“ The Order of the Phoenix.”

Chapter Eighteen – Paris

The week after the first order meeting passed with little incident. The highlight of the week was Wednesday, when Minh went to visit Gaerwyn and Lolide. She was only going for the evening, and had asked Harry to go with her. Unfortunately, he had quidditch practice, so he couldn't go. When she came back, she was beaming. She went over to the Hufflepuff table the following day at breakfast, a large grin on her face. Harry looked at her curiously.

“ You're surprisingly chipper. Did your visit go well?”

“ It was great, Harry. They've agreed to come here for a visit!”

“ Really? I thought the elves refused to come to the human world any more.”

“ They do, normally. They've agreed to come and meet everybody if they can disguise themselves as I do.”

“ So when are they coming to visit?”

“ This weekend. They'll be here Saturday morning and will leave again Sunday night.”

“ I'll look forward to that. I'll have to tell Ron, Ginny and 'Mione. 'Mione especially will be thrilled at seeing elves. Last year she didn't really get to talk to Lolide much.”

“ That's true. It should be fun. I think you should play a prank while they're here. It would be funny, and my mother would get to see what you're like when you're not being all respectable.”

“ Hey! I'm always respectable!”

“ Uhuh, sure.”

“ I am!”

“ Ok, ok, you're respectable.”

“ Thank you.”

“Humph! I have to go to class. See you later, Harry.”

“Bye Minh.”

As the young elf left the Great Hall, Harry went over to the other tables one by one, asking Ron, Ginny and Hermione to meet him in his room after lunch. He had a lot to talk to them about, and the longer he put it off, the harder it would be.

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“So, why are we here?” Hermione asked once all four were seated comfortably in front of the fire. Although it was March, the weather was particularly cold. A thin layer of snow rested across the grounds, making the view out of the windows seem bleak and dreary.

“Well, there’s two things I would like to discuss with you. The first thing is that Lolide and Gaerwyn are coming to visit this weekend. They’ll be arriving on Saturday morning and leaving Sunday night.”

“That’s great. It will be nice to see Lolide again.”

“Well, she hasn’t changed much, Gin. It’s strange how elves can live for thousands of years, and never seem to age. Well, except for Gaerwyn. She was just a young elf when I saw her last year, but now she’s an adult.”

“Yeah, and Minh seems to be growing at a normal rate.”

“That’s because she’s half human.”

“What?! That’s strange...”

“I know Ron, but it’s true. You can’t say anything, though. None of the other elves know. She would be outcast if they found out. You know how mistrustful elves are of humans these days.”

“Don’t worry, we won’t say anything,” Ginny reassured him, “What else did you want to talk to us about? You said there were a couple of things we had to discuss.”

“ Alright, I want you to listen carefully and consider properly what I am about to tell you. Do you remember when we came back after Christmas and I stayed behind in Dumbledore’s office to talk to him?”

“ Yeah.”

“ Uhuh”

“ Yes.”

“ Well, I had a plan, and it came into completion the other day.”

“ What was it?”

“ I’m getting to that, ‘Mione. Think back to the conversation we had with Dumbledore about the war effort. He told us that the aurors were the only ones fighting Grindelwald and his followers. After much research, I discovered that the aurors weren’t really doing any good. So I decided to take matters into my own hands. I’ve created a resistance group.”

“ You WHAT!? Harry, you can’t do that, it’s messing with time...”

“ ‘Mione, how many times do we have to go over this? It’s not messing with time. The fact that I am my own ancestor proves that we were meant to be here. Any influence we have on the world was meant to happen, because it already has happened. I have to create the past in order for myself to exist. Do you get it?”

“ No.”

“ I wasn’t asking you, Ron.”

“ Sorry.”

“ Hermione? Do you see what I mean?”

“ I suppose. So, tell us about this resistance. And why didn’t you tell us earlier?”

“ I didn’t mention it incase it never came into being. Now it is officially created, I’d like you to join. I have people looking through Ministry

records, Amelia and John are keeping an eye on the Muggle side of things, the McGonagalls are spying by joining Grindelwald's ranks, and everyone will fight if there is an attack. I decided that the Ministry have taken a defensive stand, and are losing the war. I have decided that going on the offensive is the only option. Our spies will tell us when there is an attack, and we will be there to stop it, getting rid of as many of Grindelwald's forces as we can. Are you in or out?"

" Well I'm in."

" Me too."

" Anything to save lives."

" Good. There will be a meeting on Monday at Domus Corvus Corax. It's our base of operations."

" What's the resistance called, Harry?" Ginny asked. Harry gave her a small smile and gestured to where Fawkes was sitting on a perch in the corner of the room.

" The Order of the Phoenix."

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Saturday morning dawned and Harry and Minh found themselves in the Hufflepuff common room long before the rest of their House woke. With a flash of blue light and a slight *pop*, Gaerwyn and Lolide appeared before the two students. Gaerwyn gave her daughter a hug, before moving forward to embrace Harry.

" It's wonderful to see you again, Harry. I'm sorry about what happened at Christmas. Minh was telling me about it on her last visit," Gaerwyn said to the boy in elvish.

" It wasn't fun, I must admit, but we did our best under the circumstances. You know I would never let anything happen to my friends."

“ I’m glad you were there, Harry. I know how powerful you are, even more so than your friends. They are formidable warriors, but you have the power of knowledge on your side.”

“ I try to use my strength only for good. If I don’t I will become no better than the forces I fight.”

“ That is true, my friend. Now, I would like you to introduce us to your friends and headmaster.”

“ If course. If you come this way, they are waiting in a special room. My friends know you are coming, but Professor Dumbledore just knows that I am bringing guests. I didn’t have time to go and speak to him, so I just sent him a message with Fawkes.”

Harry went over to the wall and created a door. Leading the elves into his room, he took them to where the others were waiting. The group all stood up and went to greet the new arrivals; Ron, Ginny and Hermione with warmth and welcome, Eustace with trepidation, and Dumbledore with utter surprise. Before anyone could move, a flash went off, and Ginny gleefully held up her camera.

“ I finally have a picture of the headmaster looking shocked. They’ll sell for a fortune when we get back home.”

Everyone laughed at her antics, before Harry stepped forward to introduce everyone.

“ Lolide, Gaerwyn, this is my headmaster, Albus Dumbledore, and my good friend and adopted little brother, Eustace. Eustace, Professor, this is Gaerwyn, Minh’s mother, and her sister Lolide, both from the elf world.”

Dumbledore seemed to come out of his shock before stepping forward and greeting the new arrivals.

“ Welcome to Hogwarts. You will be honoured guests for as long as you wish to stay. Although I am surprised to find young Minh-Minh-Lama to be an elf.”

“ I don’t like to broadcast the fact, Headmaster. In fact, Eustace didn’t find out until after Christmas.”

“ Very well. Maybe we should take a seat. I have something I need to discuss with Harry.”

Once they were all seated, Dumbledore asked Harry something he had wanted to know all week.

“ Harry, did you speak to your friends about the Order?”

“ Yes I did, Sir. They’ve all agreed to join. I will bring them to the meeting on Monday.”

“ Very well. Thank you all for agreeing to join.”

The rest of the group was looking a little confused. Gaerwyn had been quietly translating for Lolide, as she didn’t speak English. It was Minh who asked the obvious.

“ What Order? What have you joined?”

“ Wait a minute, I have an idea,” Harry said before he explained. He quickly cast a translation spell on Lolide so she could understand them all. It was the same one the four time travellers had used when they first arrived in the age of the founders.

“ The Order is a group I set up to fight Grindelwald. We have spies and the like, and will counter any attack he makes.”

“ Isn’t that dangerous, Harry?” Gaerwyn asked him.

“ Yes it is, but I can’t just sit back and let it happen. I have to help.”

Gaerwyn and Lolide looked at each other, having a silent conversation with their eyes. After a minute or two, they nodded to each other and Lolide turned to the Boy-Who-Lived.

“ If you think it is a worthy cause then we support you all the way. In return for helping to save Minh in the attacks during your holidays, we would like to join your Order.”

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After finalising a few details on the Order, Harry and Minh gave Gaerwyn and Lolide a tour of the castle. They had obviously been there before, but they wanted to see what changes had been made in 950 years. At one point they had run into Peeves and Gallatea, who were floating around the castle causing trouble. Both were pleased to see the elves, and Gallatea proudly told Lolide how she had been affectionately nicknamed the Grey Lady by the Ravenclaw students. After lunch in Harry's room they all headed outside to catch up. Lolide and Gaerwyn wanted to hear all that had happened to Harry since the last time he had seen them. He told them about his quidditch matches and gave a more detailed account of Christmas than that which Minh had told them. After all, he had been fighting while Minh was safe in the house.

That night at dinner, the elves came into the Great Hall to eat, where they were ushered up to the head table by an overenthusiastic Dumbledore. Ever since they had agreed to help fight the war, the headmaster had been striding around the castle with a twinkle in his eye and a spring in his step.

Just before dessert, a hush fell over the Hall as the entire Slytherin table, Ginny included, stood up and started to sway. Harry, Minh, Eustace, Ron, Peeves and 'Tea all had huge grins on their faces, while the other elves just looked confused. All became clear to them as the Slytherin uniforms disappeared, only to be replaced by gold and silver costumes with floating material and jeweled tiaras. The students then started to sing, Satanus and Caligula, as always, in the fore.

“ All the old paintings on the tombs
They do the sand dance don't you know
If they move too quick (oh whey oh)
They're falling down like a domino
All the bazaar men by the Nile
They got the money on a bet
Gold crocodiles (oh whey oh)
They snap their teeth on your cigarette.”

Swaying around the tables as one, the Slytherins looked rather amusing.

“ Foreign types with the hookah pipes say
Ay oh whey oh, ay oh whey oh
Walk like an Egyptian.”

The students were burning red with embarrassment as they started a stereotypical Egyptian dance.

“ The blonde waitresses take their trays
They spin around and they cross the floor
They've got the moves (oh whey oh)
You drop your drink then they bring you more
All the school kids so sick of books
They like the punk and the metal band
When the buzzer rings (oh whey oh)
They're walking like an Egyptian.”

Satanus stood in front of the rest of his House, crooning the chorus louder than the rest and gyrating his hips.

“ All the kids in the market place say

Ay oh whey oh, ay oh whey oh
Walk like an Egyptian.”

Stepping back in line, the perfectly choreographed dance continued. The rest of the school, unwillingly, began to whistle the tune in the appropriate place.

“ Hide your feet up the street bend your back
Shift your arm then pull it back
Life is hard you know (oh whey oh)
So strike a pose on a Cadillac
If you want to find all the cops
They're hanging out in the donut shop
They sing and dance (oh whey oh)
Spin the clubs cruise down the block.”

“ All the Japanese with their yen
The party boys call the Kremlin
And the Chinese know (oh whey oh)
They walk the line like Egyptian.”

Caligula finished the song on his own, exaggerating the dance beyond the ridiculous.

“ All the cops in the donut shop say
Ay oh whey oh, ay oh whey oh
Walk like an Egyptian
Walk like an Egyptian.”

As the song ended and the Slytherins returned to normal, a flash went off above their table, a message spelled out in fireworks.

SLYTHERIN HOUSE in WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN, PROUDLY PRESENTED BY THE MARAUDERS.

Gaerwyn and Lolide were in fits of laughter, finally understanding why Harry, Ron and Peeves were always considered the best ever pranksters in Hogwarts' history.

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Finally Sunday came, and the elves had to return to their own world. They agreed to come and help in battle as soldiers if the Order needed them, but would not be attending the meetings. They would rely on their new tattoos to call them if they were needed. After a tearful goodbye and a promise to come and visit again soon, they left in a flash of blue light.

The second Order meeting took place the next day. The table had to be expanded, as so many of the members had brought others who were willing to join. Harry tested them all and placed the secrecy spell on them. He then proceeded to mark everyone with the tattoo of their choice. Unlike the Dark Mark, they didn't hurt when being applied, could be removed easily by Harry or Dumbledore, and did not cause pain when being used for summoning. They merely tingled,

enough to grab the person's attention, but not enough to incapacitate them.

The Ministry workers had failed to gather any useful information yet, but the McGonagalls had successfully joined Grindelwald's circle. They even had something to report back. It was Janus who spoke for the couple.

"Grindelwald is planning a major attack on the 30th March. Hitler's been complaining about France and the French resistance causing trouble. He also seems to think the Western Allies are planning an invasion. He wants Grindelwald to attack Paris and put the French in their place, and is hoping to demoralise the people and make any invasion less successful. I don't see his logic, but there you have it."

"Thank you, Mr. McGonagall. Now that we have a place and date for an attack, we can start planning ahead. I will need everyone to fight. I am proud to announce that two elves have agreed to fight in our battles, so we must include a place for them in our plans."

Most of the people sitting around the table were shocked at the mention of elves. Many had believed them extinct, and all knew that even if they did exist, they never interfered with human affairs. Daedalus voiced the thoughts of everyone, to which Harry had only one reply.

"They're close personal friends of mine. I mentioned the Order, and they asked to join, saying any fight I thought was worth participating in was good enough for them to help."

Everyone just nodded their heads in acceptance at having elves fighting with them. After all, among the new members were several werewolves, vampires and sprites. The conversation quickly turned to strategy, and Harry started making plans.

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The morning of March 30th dawned, and Harry summoned the whole Order as soon as he got out of bed. When he had showered and dressed in his battle robes, he gathered his sword, bow and quiver he had been given by the elves and headed out of the door. In the

Entrance Hall he met up with Professors Moody, Dumbledore, and Sewell. A few minutes later Ron, Hermione and Ginny came around a corner, Minerva and Filius close behind them. They all headed out of the castle as a group, meeting up with Hagrid by the gates to the school. Harry was thankful Dumbledore had agreed to teach the other three how to apparate as they disappeared from the gates with a *pop*, reappearing in the portkey room in Domus Corvus Corax. They all made their way to the ball room, where some of the Order was already gathered.

Twenty minutes later, everyone was there, Gaerwyn and Lolide appearing in the standard blue light, scaring most of the people in the room. Once they were all seated, and the elves had been filled in on the situation, Harry stood up to run over the plans.

“ Alright everyone, thank you for coming. I have finalised all of the plans and have come up with what I hope will be an effective strategy. This is what I want you to do...”

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The battle was due to start at noon in France, meaning the Order had to leave Britain an hour earlier. At ten to eleven they all apparated to the Arc de Triomphe and waited for the dark forces to arrive. At precisely noon, Grindelwald and his followers appeared, all surprised to see the Order waiting for them. Both sides moved down the Avenue des Champs Élysées towards each other, Grindelwald at the front of his forces, Harry at the front of the Order. When they got closer, the Dark Lord's eyes widened in recognition.

“ YOU! You fought me in October and lived; you will not live to see this day end. AVADA KADAVRA!”

The spell hit Harry in the chest and he simply raised his wand and sent a Dark curse back. Grindelwald stood shocked for a moment before fighting back in earnest. The initial curse was enough of a signal for everyone, and duels started left, right and centre. Everyone was playing their part, but none more so than Harry. He was using wandless magic, wand magic and his weapons, but Grindelwald was matching him as best he could. Harry wasn't able to take out the threat of the Dark Lord, but he was keeping him busy while the rest of

the Order fought the Dark wizards. The McGonagalls were being careful to keep their faces hidden, so as not to be recognised. The other three time travellers were all using their skill, Ron fighting with his sword, Hermione using her knives, and Ginny shooting arrows into the enemy to wound them.

After a while the battle began to spread. Much of the Ternes district was now filled with fighting, branching in all directions down the roads heading out from the Place Charles de Gaulle. More and more of the enemy were falling to the light side, Ron, Ginny and Hermione doing the most damage. However, the tides turned slightly when an army of Dementors suddenly appeared.

Harry threw an Impedimenta curse at his opponent, giving him a few precious seconds to look around and see how everyone was doing. He saw the Dementors closing in on the Order, and knew he had to do something. While Grindelwald was still under the curse, he made his way through the piled bodies of friends and foe alike to where his three friends were fighting off the threat. Once all four of them were together, they joined hands and used ancient magic to create a powerful Patronus, one strong enough to completely destroy Dementors. It formed a wall in front of them, moving forward and pushing the Dark Creatures back, killing the nearest and sending the rest fleeing. As they let the charm drop, exhaustion overtook them just as the battle began again. Amidst death cries and flashes of colour from spells, they fell to the floor as one, darkness overtaking their minds until they knew no more.

Chapter Nineteen – I Must Have Hit My Head – Where Are We Now?

The battle drew to a close not long after the Dementors fell. They were meant to be the Dark Lord's main advantage, and now that they had either been destroyed or run away, Grindelwald was left with a few of his supporters against the rest of the Order. Knowing he was going to lose if he stayed, he decided retreat would be a better option.

Dumbledore watched as the Dark Lord pulled his followers over to him, whispering to them in hushed tones before disappearing. The Dark wizards turned back to the fight for a couple of minutes before doing the same. Behind them they left a rather battered Order, and a pile of dead or injured people. Looking around, Dumbledore couldn't see Harry. Thinking about it, he didn't recall seeing them since they collapsed after the Patronus. Seeing as their leader wasn't available, Dumbledore took matters into his own hands. Casting a quick sonorus charm, he summoned what was left of the resistance.

“ COULD ALL ORDER MEMBERS PLEASE CONVENE UNDER THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PLEASE!”

Lifting the charm, he made his way over to the assigned spot and waited for everyone to arrive. Taking out a prepared list of members, he started ticking them off as they turned up. When it seemed the last had arrived, he turned to address them, replacing the parchment in his pocket.

“ Now, everyone, well done. The battle was hard, but we have managed to drive off Grindelwald's forces. From what I can tell from a preliminary scan of the area, no Muggles have been killed. We also managed to fight off an army of Dementors, and have killed or injured 42 of Grindelwald's followers. However, we have also lost a few of our number, and more are injured. I suggest we gather our injured and head back to Corvus Corax, where Floribunda Sprout is waiting to treat us. Everyone, take one person with you. If you are injured, stay for treatment. If not, then return for another person.”

“ Albus, where's Harry? And his friends? They did a good job with the Dementors.”

“ The last I saw them they were collapsing after that Patronus wall. I imagine it was from exhaustion. That was some spell they worked. We’ll come across them as we work through everyone. When all of the injured have been taken care of, come back for the dead. Harry has converted one of the second floor bedrooms into a morgue, so they can be placed there for identification. We will treat Grindelwald’s followers as well, but as soon as they are able to be moved they will be placed in the cells in the dungeons for questioning. I’m sure Professor Sewell will provide us with an ample supply of veritaserum. Now, we need to hurry. Off you go.”

Dumbledore turned and picked up the first person he saw behind him and apparated back to their headquarters.

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Domus Corvus Corax was in total chaos. Order members were running around everywhere, trying to organise the dead and injured. Floribunda was rushed off her feet trying to save everyone, healing the most serious first and leaving those with only slight injuries to be cared for by anyone with healing experience. Lolide was doing her part, using elven healing magic to help those who were close to dying. Dumbledore was going through the morgue, writing down who in the Order had been killed, and cataloguing the enemy dead. Once that was done, he headed down to the cells in the dungeon to count the prisoners and ascertain who they were. Other Order members were heading back to Paris to obliviate and Muggles who had witnessed the fighting.

Several hours later, the injured had all been taken care of. Those who had been seriously wounded were still in the infirmary, recovering under the influence of a Dreamless Sleep potion. Those who had been inflicted with scratches and bruises were sitting in the ball room around the table, waiting for Dumbledore to come back and give them further instructions. Eventually, the headmaster came in and took his place at the table, Fawkes following close behind him.

“ I’m afraid I have some rather disturbing news. It seems our leader, Mr. Evans, has gone missing, as have his three friends. Does anyone know anything about what happened to them?”

There was a lot of muttering going around the group. Most of the Order was speculating on where their leader could have gotten to, while some were mentioning the last time they had seen them. They all conferred for a few minutes before Diggory gave their verdict.

“ Albus, the last any of us saw of them was after the Patronus that drove the Dementors off. We saw them collapse to the ground in what we assume was exhaustion. Everyone thought they would be all right, and it was safe to carry on fighting. We assumed we could pick them up with the rest of the dead and injured. But no-one saw them during the cleanup.”

“ Thank you, Cedric. I concur with your final sighting. The problem we face now is that the four most powerful among us have gone missing. There are ways of tracking people, but as we don’t know what happened we don’t know what defences might have been placed around them. At best they’re simply unconscious somewhere, safe from Grindelwald. At worst they have either been captured or killed. We must face the possibility that they are already dead. As per your wishes, I will take control of the Order until such time as Harry is with us again. He has left a lot of plans in my possession for strategies he was meaning to try out. We will follow them as best we can without his guidance, as they are likely to score points in our favour against the Dark Lord. Now, we need to come up with a plan for finding them. Any suggestions?”

“ I do,” Gaerwyn said.

“ Yes?”

“ I can use an elven tracking spell. Depending on the defences, it might not be very accurate, but it might be able to narrow down the search.”

“ Thank you Gaerwyn, please do so.”

Gaerwyn and Lolide moved away from the table and sat facing each other on the floor. Lolide took a handful of green powder and spread it in a circle on the floor around them both. The two elves then held hands and began to chant, the rhythm becoming stronger as they progressed. After a few minutes, green dots, about the size of fireflies, started to appear in the air. They flew around for a few minutes before joining to form a map of an area that made sense only to the spell casters. When the chant was finished, the elves once again took their place at the table.

“ Harry and Ginny are in Czechoslovakia,” Gaerwyn said, her sister telling them the rest.

“ And Hermione and Ron are in Germany.”

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Darkness filled Ron's field of vision as he cautiously opened his eyes. He started to panic when he realised he couldn't see anything, until he noticed that it was because the room he was in was dark, and not because he had gone blind. Feeling around next to him, his hand came into contact with a mound of bushy hair. He tugged lightly on it to grab the girl's attention, not willing to move too much as he could feel it would hurt. After a moment, he heard a soft groan next to him as Hermione regained consciousness. Ron felt further down until he found her hand, which he gently grasped in his. He was relieved to feel a squeeze in response. Turning his head in Hermione's general direction, he started to whisper to her.

“ ‘Mione, you alright.”

“ I think so. What about you?”

“ My head hurts. I think I must have hit it on something. Can you tell where we are?”

“ Ron, it's pitch black and the ground is hard. What more do you think I can tell you?”

“ Sorry, stupid question.”

“ Uhuh.”

“ What do we do now? We can’t stay here, but it hurts to move.”

“ Hang on, I’ll try and light the room up a bit.”

Hermione waved her hand in the familiar gesture for light, but nothing happened. After trying it a few more times, she started to panic.

“ Ron, it’s not working.”

“ Do you still have your wand?”

“ I’ll have a look...”

The girl reached into her robe pocket, but came up empty. She also realised her knives had gone missing as well.

“ Everything’s gone, and I can’t do wandless magic. We must be in an anti-magic field.”

“ Meaning...”

“ We can’t use magic to get out, and we’re probably being held by wizards.”

“ Well, doesn’t that sound good.”

“ Ron, this is no time for sarcasm! We need to get out of here and find the others.”

Just then a door opposite them opened, letting in a long stream of light. The students were temporarily blinded, but when their eyes adjusted to the light they could see a man standing in the doorway dressed in a soldier’s uniform and holding a gun.

“ Steh auf!”

Ron and Hermione looked at the man in confusion, not knowing what he wanted them to do. When it became obvious they weren’t going to do anything, the soldier became frustrated, and pointed his gun at them.

“ Sie müssen aufstehen, sonst schieße ich!”

Ron and Hermione assumed from his gesturing that he wanted them to stand, and pushed themselves up off the floor using the wall behind them as a support. Staggering over to the door, they were pushed in front of the man, a gun in their backs, and were led along a grey concrete corridor. Hermione discreetly tried her magic again, but was disappointed when nothing happened. After a few minutes, they reached a large set of barred doors, leading into a dim room. Several other people were crowded in there, all looking thin and worn, some even looking ill. Hermione and Ron were forced to stop, and waited as the soldier opened the door. The pair were gestured in, so they entered the room and waited for the doors to be locked. Looking around, they were met with deadened eyes. One person, a young woman, came forward to speak with them.

“ Woher kommen sie?”

The two teenagers looked at each other to see if either of them understood. They both shrugged and turned to the woman in confusion.

“ De quel pays êtes-vous?” the woman tried again.

“ I’m sorry, we don’t understand,” Hermione told her.

“ Ah, you are English.”

“ Yes. We were captured after an attack. Could you tell us where we are please,” the bushy haired girl asked.

“ We are currently at the holding centre of Bergen-Belsen, in Germany. Tomorrow we will be moved to Grossrosen.”

“ Where’s that?” Ron asked.

“ Poland.”

Chapter Twenty – The Camp

“ Poland? We can’t go to Poland! We have school! We’ll miss our lessons!”

Ron looked at Hermione, incredulous. They were being held prisoner in Germany, and were being shipped off to Poland in the morning, and she was worrying about missing lessons.

“ Hermione, how can you think about school at a time like this? We have more important things to think about, like how to get out of here.”

“ Get out? You cannot escape. There are guards and fences all the way around, and Grossrosen is more heavily defended than even here. There is no escape.”

“ Who are you?” the redhead asked the strange woman, “ And how do you know where we’re going? What is Grossrosen anyway?”

“ I am Yanika, a gypsy from Czechoslovakia. I know where we are going because the guards came in earlier to tell us, knowing the information will fill us with dread. Grossrosen is a forced labour camp in Poland, where the Nazis send people such as us, gypsies, resistance fighters, Jews and prisoners of war.”

“ You mean we’re going to a concentration camp!” Hermione screeched.

“ What’s a concentration camp?” Ron asked.

“ It’s a place the Nazis sent people they wanted rid of, such as prisoners and ethnic minorities. They’re most famous for what happened to the Jews. It’s what’s known as the holocaust. I read about it in a Muggle book once. Yanika, did you say it was a labour camp?”

“ Yes.”

“ It’s bad, but at least it’s not a death camp.”

“ Death camp!” Ron exclaimed, a look of horror on his face.

“ Yes, some of the camps were for forced labour, some were where people were taken to be slaughtered. Some acted as both. While people died frequently in labour camps, the death toll wasn’t nearly as high as for the death camps. Ron, we have to get out of here.”

“ Really? I thought we could stay a while, enjoy the sights.”

“ Ron! When did you become so sarcastic? You sound like Snape!”

“ About the time I was thrown in a Muggle prison, and don’t insult me like that. I’m nothing like the greasy git.”

“ Alright, I’m sorry. Let’s think about this rationally. We can’t use magic, and that means we can’t change into our animagus forms. We’re being held prisoner, and are going to be sent to a labour camp in the morning. We don’t know how we got here, or what happened after the battle. We also don’t know where Harry and Ginny are.”

“ That seems like an awful lot of things we can’t do and don’t know.”

“ Alright, what *do* we know...there’s no visible way to escape, but they have to move us from the anti-magic field to take us to Poland...”

“ That will not work.”

The two sixteen year olds turned to the young woman. It suddenly occurred to them that they had been discussing magic in front of her. Seeing realisation and worry spreading over their faces, she simply smiled at them gently.

“ Do not worry. I am a witch, and graduated from Hogwarts several years ago. I will say nothing to the Muggles. However, I can tell you that the Nazis have been thorough. I assume you took part in a battle?”

“ Yes, there was an attack in Paris. We were part of a resistance group fighting Grindelwald’s followers. We cast a powerful spell, and

we, along with our two friends, collapsed in exhaustion. The next thing we knew, we were here.”

“ I see. If your friends were unconscious, then it is likely they were taken as well. You see, part of the alliance between Grindelwald and Hitler, is that the Dark Lord will gain Muggle weapons of mass destruction, if the Führer is provided with magical aid. This includes anti-magic fields in the camps and trains, so that wizarding resistance fighters can be sent here. There is no way a witch or wizard would be able to escape if they were reduced to Muggle level.”

“ So, how do we get out,” Hermione asked Yanika.

“ There is no escape. Now, the guards will wake us early tomorrow, so I suggest you get some sleep.”

The two students reluctantly agreed, curling up in each other’s arms to keep out the biting cold.

“ Alle raus, schnell!”

Hermione and Ron were rudely awakened a few hours later by the voice of a German guard. They didn’t know what he was saying and, unable to do a translation spell, looked at Yanika for help. She simply helped them to their feet and guided them out of the door in front of them, along with the other occupants of the small cell. On their way down the long, cold corridor they had passed through the day before, the two Hogwarts students were joined by more prisoners from other cells. As they were hustled along by more soldiers, Hermione reached out her hand and grabbed Ron’s, holding it tight so as not to lose her friend in the crowd.

After a few twists and turns, the prisoners were led out of the building and into the weak morning light. A faint mist was hovering over the ground, making the wooden huts and barbed wire look all the more eerie. A biting cold March wind blew past them, chilling them to the bone as they were herded down a dirt road to where a train was parked. The carriages were all the same, made of wood, with barred slits in them every now and again. People were being led inside and packed tightly, leaving no room to sit, and barely room to breathe. When it came to Ron and Hermione’s turn, they were glad to be

placed in a carriage with Yanika. As she spoke German, she was the only one they could turn to when the guards gave instructions. No matter how much they wanted to fight their way out, using martial arts to their advantage, they took one look at the machine guns wielded by the uniformed men and decided to cooperate for now.

As soon as the carriage was packed tight, the door was closed and padlocked shut, sending the cramped space into virtual darkness. Hermione, being a little claustrophobic, started to panic, and Ron had to take her into his arms and comfort her as best he could. A while later, the train pulled off with a sharp shudder, and started to make its way to Poland. Inside the carriage, the prisoners could see the countryside passing by through the small gaps in the wood, giving them a tantalising glimpse of freedom.

After hours of travelling the train finally ground to a halt. Once their carriage door was opened, the witch and wizard pushed their way out as fast as they could, taking large gulps of air. Looking around, all they could see beyond the crowd was a wall of barbed wire fencing and a large towering gate with vicious metal gates, towards which they were heading. As they got closer, they could see the path split two ways, and the guards were separating the prisoners into two groups. Hermione squeezed Ron's hand harder than she had before, a deep sense of foreboding filling her. As they passed through the gates, her worst fears were realised. One of the guards pushed her to the left with the rest of the women, while Ron was dragged to the right with the men, their hands being separated abruptly. She tried to fight her way across to him, and he to her, but both were pulled back, Hermione receiving a slap for her troubles.

As the red hair of her friend disappeared into the crowd, Hermione started to cry. Yanika, thankfully, had been in her group, and wrapped her arm around the weeping girl as their group was told to get in line, before being led into a wooden building. They were made to stand in a queue, going into a room one by one, emerging a few minutes later to be led off in a different direction. When it came to Hermione's turn, she tried to refuse, but when one of the SS looked at her in anger she quickly did as was expected. Going into the room, she stared in horror at the man sitting in front of a wooden chair and table. Moving over, a gun at her back, she sat down and waited for further

instructions. The man grabbed hold of her right arm and held it on the table, while her other arm and her legs were secured to the chair.

Tears fell quickly from Hermione's eyes as she joined the rest of her group in a large wooden room. She cradled her throbbing arm close to her chest, a soft sob escaping as she looked down at the number tattooed into her flesh. A few minutes later she was joined by Yanika, who was also holding her arm carefully. Once everyone else had been labled, one of the more senior ranking soldiers stepped forward and addressed the crowd.

“ Zieht euch aus!”

Hermione glanced at Yanika and whispered to her friend.

“ What does he want us to do?”

“ He wants us to strip.”

“ What! Why?”

“ He didn't say, but I wouldn't disobey him. Remember, you may be a witch, but here, he has all of the power.”

Hermione simply nodded and removed her robe, folding it neatly and tucking it under her arm. Once everyone was undressed, the soldiers sheperded them though a door and into a tiled room, taking their clothes off them as they went. Once they were all in there, the door was shut behind them and Hermione started to look around. She paled when she caught sight of what seemed to be shower heads in the ceiling. She had read in a book that at concentration camps prisoners were gassed this way. She started to panic, but was relieved when a spluttering could be heard and ice cold water sprayed onto the women below. After a few minutes, the water was turned off, and a door on the opposite side from the entrance opened, and they were ushered out on by one. As they passed through the door, they were handed a set of clothes, all the same. They consisted of a pair of trousers and a shirt, all of rough material, white patterned with vertical blue stripes, and a pair of uncomfortable looking wooden shoes.

Once everyone was dressed, they were led to one final hut, where they saw row upon row of wooden bunks, three levels high. The soldier at the door then gave them a long winded speech about the rules they now had to abide by and how they would have to work for their keep. Yanika kindly translated for Hermione, who could feel a seed of hopelessness burying itself deep in her soul and start to grow. That night when she was lying on the back breaking bunk, packed between twenty other people, her thoughts turned to Ron and what could possibly have happened to her friend.

On the other side the camp, a young red headed boy was lying in a similar position, thinking about his bushy haired friend. After he had been separated from Hermione, he too had been tattooed and cleaned, before being hustled into the cramped room. He held his tender arm as he thought of what Hermione might be doing at that moment. He was relieved she had Yanika to help her, but he had missed the gypsy's presence when the guard had given his speech to the new inmates. He assumed it was a list of 'dos' and 'don'ts', but he didn't understand a word of it, and thus far he hadn't been able to determine if anyone in his hut spoke English. As the night progressed, he thought also of his missing sister and best friend, wondering what had become of them.

Chapter Twenty One – What Happened to Harry and Ginny?

Harry returned to consciousness with a groan. His head felt like someone had taken one of Uncle Vernon's drills to his temple. Slowly and cautiously opening his eyes, he noticed he was in a dingy concrete cell, with only a little light trickling through a barred window high up in the wall. Turning his head to the right, he saw the barred door of his little prison and groaned. He closed his eyes in the vain hope that this was all a dream, a nightmare even, when he felt soft hands running over his brow. At the touch his eyes flew open, and he looked up into the sad brown eyes hovering above him.

"Gin, where are we?"

"I don't know, Harry. I woke up a few minutes ago, and all I can determine is that we are in a cell, and it seems to be protected against the use of magic."

"WHAT!?"

"Calm down, you have a nasty bump on your head. You don't want to make it worse. I tried to do magic to light the room up a bit, but it didn't work. I also can't change into my animagus form or apparate. They must have blocked us from using magic."

"This isn't good. What was the last thing you remember?"

"Driving off the Dementors in Paris. You?"

"The same. The question is, how did we get here?"

"I don't know, but wherever here is, I don't like it."

"Neither do I."

The pair lapsed into silence, each lost in their own thoughts. Harry was frantically trying to think of a way out. It was obvious they couldn't escape by magical means. Harry had read about anti-magic fields before, and knew they could only be lifted by the caster. That left Muggle methods, which didn't look too promising. Looking around, he could see the walls were solid and they couldn't get

through the bars. It suddenly occurred to him that his weapons had gone missing. His heart sank when he thought back to his elven friends who had given them to him. He felt a pang of loss as he thought about everyone he knew, and who would be worried about him. The elves would be missing their human friend, Minh and Eustace would be missing their brother, Dumbledore and the Order would be missing their leader, and Ron and Hermione would be missing their best friend. He was dragged from his thoughts as Ginny let out a gasp of horror. Looking over to her, he could see she was having a vision. He went and sat next to her until her eyes cleared and she let out a light sob.

“ What happened?”

“ Harry, it was terrible! Ron and Hermione have been captured. They are going to be taken to an evil place of pain and suffering. There were soldiers and guards, they tattooed numbers into their arms. They were made to work hard and relentlessly. There are barbed wire fences all around, and a furnace...”

Ginny completely broke down. Harry pulled her into his lap and held her tight, knowing how terrible visions could be, having experienced enough from Voldemort. As he thought over what Ginny had said about Ron and Hermione’s situation, he realised with dawning horror where they were going to be sent. The worst thing was, he knew it was going to happen, but he couldn’t do anything about it.H

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Later that day, Ginny and Harry were pulled from a light doze by the lock on the door being sprung. Sitting up, they saw the door swing open and a tall man in fine silk robes enter their cell. He gave them a look of contempt before addressing the captives.

“ Well, well, it seems I finally have you in my grasp. You, boy, have been especially irritating. In October you fought me and lived, making me lose the battle. I was not pleased about that. I believe you are also the one who rendered my right hand man, Tiberius Malfoy, completely useless. Fortunately, however, he was easily replaced by a more...enthusiastic apprentice. As for the last battle, I

was most disappointed in the cowardice of my Dementors. From what I have seen, though, you and your friends are very powerful, even more so when you are working together. It is for this reason that I have split you up. I felt death was too good for those who defied me to such an extent. Your friends have been gifted to my comrade Hitler, and have been sent to Grossrosen camp, where they will hopefully learn not to cross me. As for you, I felt it would be best to deal with you personally. There is no point trying to escape, either. I have set up anti-magic fields around most of this complex, so you will be quite helpless. It also means my followers and I will have to use Muggle means to punish you, but I think in some ways that may be better. I have discovered that the Unforgivables have no effect on you, although I cannot understand how that is possible..."

" Well, don't expect us to tell you, Grindelwald, because you will be disappointed," Harry said.

" I think not. Anyway, it wouldn't be any fun if you told me right away."

" Where are we, anyway? Do you really think Dumbledore won't find us?"

" My dear boy, no-one will be finding any of you. Your friends have been shipped off to Poland, and you two are in my headquarters in Czechoslovakia. Tábor, to be precise, a bit south of Prague. Who would ever think to look for you here?"

" They'll find a way, I know they will."

" As long as you wish to delude yourself, I will not contradict you. But be warned. Keeping that little bit of hope alive will do you more harm than good when I eventually decide to let you die."

With that, the Dark Lord turned on his heels and strode out of the room, shutting and locking the door behind him.

" Now what do we do?" Ginny asked.

" The only thing we *can* do. Wait. It's obvious we can't get out on our own, and no one has any idea where to look for us. We'll think of

something, don't worry. At least now we know for certain what happened to Ron and 'Mione, and we know where we are. I have an idea about how we can some reconnaissance, though."

"How?"

"Watch."

Harry lifted up his sleeves and revealed his wrists.

Simbi? Nirah? I have a job for you

What do you want us to do?

We've been captured by Grindelwald. Firstly I want to know if you can telepathically reach 'Tea from here

Where is here?

Czechoslovakia

We won't be able to establish a connection over such a distance. If she was alive, it would be possible, but as a ghost she is too insubstantial to connect with properly. Within Hogwarts it is possible, as she is near by, but not over several countries

All right, it was worth a try. If I lift you through the bars in the door, could you go and have a look around? We need to know what's going on out there, in order to plan our escape.

Very well, we will return as soon as we know something

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It wasn't until the next morning that Simbi and Nirah returned to the small cell. Harry had been asleep, curled around Ginny to preserve body heat, when Simbi's tongue started to tickle his ear. Sitting up abruptly, he looked down at the two snakes on the floor in front of him.

That wasn't very friendly

Sorry, Harry

Do you have anything to tell me?

We didn't find much. The anti-magic spells fill all of the cells and the corridors connecting them. Most of the rooms are magic free zones. The only places unaffected are the kitchens and Grindelwald's throne room

He has a throne room? Harry asked, incredulous.

He believes himself to be a lord over others, and therefore thinks he deserves a throne

Wow, how egotistical can you get?

Um...

That was rhetorical, Nirah

Oh

What else did you discover

The throne room has an apparition point, marked on the ground with a mosaic of an ouroboros. The whole building is also post proof. No owls or other birds can find anyone imprisoned within the walls

That rules out Dumbledore using Fawkes to track us down. Although he might be able to do it for Hermione and Ron...

I doubt it. From what I can tell, it is standard for all such places, including the camps such as the one your friends are in

Thanks for your help. I don't know what I can do with the information, but it might come in useful later

Just as the snakes were wrapping themselves around Harry's wrists, the door was flung open, rousing Ginny from her sleep.

" Well, I see you're both awake. I have come to the decision that you will be of more use to me alive than dead. You are both very powerful, and I *will* break you. Join me now, and I will save you the pain."

“ We will never join you, Grindelwald.”

“ Are you sure, Mr. Evans? I have seen you use powerful Dark Magic, you are one of us at heart.”

“ I may be a Dark wizard, but I’m not evil. I will never surrender to you, no matter what you do to me.”

“ We’ll see about that,” the Dark Lord said, giving Harry a vicious kick to the ribs.

Chapter Twenty Two – Ah, How Sweet!

On the second day that they were there, the new intake had been ordered out of their hut at the crack of dawn and led down to a building on the far side of the camp, where they had had their hair cut short. On the way over, Hermione had taken the opportunity to have a look around. The paths leading between the rows and rows of wooden huts were made of gravel, making her feet sore after a while. All around the camp was a tall barbed wire fence, with guard towers set up every now and again. A line was marked out on the ground about a metre from the fence. If it was crossed by a prisoner for any reason, the guards in one of the towers would shoot them. About half way to their destination, one of the soldiers walking next to the group stuck his foot out, making one of the women a few feet in front of Hermione stumble. As she was regaining her footing, the man pushed her away from the group. As she fell across the line, one of the tower guards shot her in the head. Hermione couldn't bear to look at the body as she walked past, but deep down she knew she would be seeing more of the same from thereon in. What made her feel sick, though, was the laughter coming from the soldier in front of her.

After the incident with the shooting, Hermione continued to look around. She could see the huts where the men were kept, and tried to think of a way she could go and see Ron. Nothing sprang to mind, and her thoughts took a completely different direction when she spotted a patch of open ground with a noose hanging from a wooden post.

After their hair had been cut off, the new arrivals were taken to where the other prisoners were stood for inspection. Yanika whispered to her that they would have to line up like this every morning in front of the main gates. Just as she finished speaking, the doors of the gate tower were thrown open and a tall man of obviously high rank strode out and stood in front of the assembled prisoners.

“Guten Morgen, meine Damen und Herren.”

The man continued on with a long winded speech about discipline aimed at the new arrivals. Yanika was listening intently, as if

memorising it. Hermione didn't understand, so she took the opportunity to discreetly look around the crowd for Ron. A few times she spotted a patch of short red hair, but it was never her friend. She was saddened to think he too had had his hair cut. He had been growing it long like his brother Bill since the summer after fourth year. It was a shame to have it cut off. Before she could locate her friend, the crowd started to move off and she quickly started whispering to Yanika.

“ What was all that about?”

“ He was just telling us some of the rules. He was speaking mainly to us new prisoners. We will be receiving our orders when we return to our hut.”

“ Orders?”

“ Yes. This is a labour camp after all. We will be told what our jobs will be. He also gave us the opportunity to volunteer for medical research.”

“ I don't like the sound of that. Did he say when we would be having our meals?”

“ We will eat in the morning and the evening in the dining building. We don't get to eat this morning, as we will be wasting time getting to know our jobs. He explained that Grossrosen is a self maintaining camp. The men mostly work on the far side in construction, building new huts and expanding the camp itself.”

“ So the prisoners build their own prison?”

“ Basically, yes.”

“ How awful.”

“ I know.”

They had to be quiet after that, as they had reached their destination. They waited quietly while the soldier in charge of them read out their names and their assigned tasks. As soon as Yanika

told Hermione what she was to do, silent tears started to fall down her cheeks.

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By April 18th, Hermione had gotten into a routine. The camp was her idea of hell on earth, but she was coping with it as best she could. Over the last few weeks she had lost a lot of weight due to continuous labour and hardly any food. Looking at her gaunt features, she was hardly recognisable as the girl she had been before. She had also been given what she thought of as the worst job anyone could ever get. She worked in the camp crematorium, the place where people who were shot, or hanged, for disobeying, trying to escape, or for looking at one of the guards funny, were sent. Bodies of people who had died from disease, illness, malnutrition or some horrific experiment care of the scientists were also sent to the crematorium for burning. Hermione was one of those chosen to bring the bodies from the cellar on a cart to be put through the furnace. She hated the acrid smell of roasting flesh that filled the building when the furnace was lit. The black smoke billowing out of the chimney was a silent reminder to all prisoners that they had to abide by the rules.

Although she despised her job, Hermione felt sympathy for Yanika. She had to make soap for the captives, produced from the fat of dead comrades. It always made Hermione shudder when they were herded into the large shower rooms and handed the rotten soap. The very idea of cleaning herself with a piece of someone she may have met was beyond disturbing.

Hermione had little joy in her life any more. Endless days of carrying and burning, and the perpetual view of barbed wire, machine guns, and blue and white striped clothes was taking its toll. Her spirit was well on its way to being broken. The only highlights were the brief glimpses she caught of Ron. Although she only usually saw him from a great distance, just knowing that her friend was still alive gave her hope. On the other hand, it also made her heart ache in longing, knowing she could see him but couldn't talk to him. She worried, knowing she had Yanika, but not knowing if he had made any friends.

The one time the girl came to breaking point was early one April morning. It started off like any other day, the inmates just leaving from the meager meal they called breakfast, when Yanika started yelling her head off. Looking back to where her friend was, she could see a soldier had his arm around her.

“Komm mit mir!”

“Nein! Warum soll ich?”

“Ich möchte gern...Spaß haben.”

“Nein! Hermione, help me!”

The young girl started making her way over to the struggling pair.

“What’s going on, Yani?”

“This man wants me to go with him, to have some ‘fun’.”

“What can I do?”

By this time Hermione had drawn the attention of the guard. He leered down at her, reaching out his hand to the trembling girl.

“Sie können vielleicht mitkommen...”

“Hermione, run! I think he wants you too.”

Hermione stared at the grinning man, and to the pleading eyes of her friend.

“I can’t leave you, Yani!”

“Just go! No point in both of us suffering. I have an idea, anyway.”

Seeing the determined glint in her friend’s eyes, the younger witch turned tail and ran back to the group disappearing into the hut. Had she looked back, she would have seen Yanika trying in vain to cast a spell on the hapless guard. She would also have seen the gypsy being knocked unconscious and dragged off to the laboratories to be studied.

~~*

Ron wasn't having the best time, either. None of the people in his hut spoke English, or anything else he spoke. Granted, he wasn't expecting to find anyone who spoke Anglo-Saxon in the middle of Poland, but he thought someone might at least know a bit of Latin. Because he had been stuck with no-one to talk to in English, he found himself listening to the conversations of the others in his building. He was starting to pick up a little German, but not enough to start a conversation. His life, like Hermione's, had become an endless routine of getting up, eating and working all day. As he was a young man, he was part of a construction team. The only positive result of his imprisonment was the skills he had gained in carpentry. He found he had a talent for it, which was beneficial in keeping him from being punished, and was perhaps the only thing keeping him alive.

He had had a rather unfortunate problem not long after being brought to the camp. Unlike Hermione, he had nobody to translate for him. The rules dictated on his second day there meant nothing to him, so he had to try and copy the behaviour of the other prisoners as best he could. That proved a bad idea when he chose a deaf man to copy. As the man had not heard the rules either, and the other people in the hut were too concerned with their own welfare to try and communicate them to him, he had made some mistakes. Mistakes that Ron had then copied. One time he had been caught doing something he wasn't supposed to, and had only avoided the noose by proving he was a capable carpenter. Instead, he had spent three days locked in a room so small he couldn't sit, stand or lie down in. He had to crouch for three days straight without food or water.

One thing Ron missed more than anything was Hermione. He missed her more than Hogwarts, more than his best friend, more than his sister, and more than his freedom. He had caught brief glimpses of her in passing, and noticed she was working at the crematorium now. He shuddered just thinking about it. He was somewhat glad that he had the task he did. At least it didn't involve death. He lay awake at nights, though, just thinking about what he would say to Hermione if he ever got to see her again. It was that thought that kept him going.

~~*

Ron got his wish on the 12th May. The crematorium had broken down the previous day, and the influenza making its way around the camp meant that the bodies were starting to build up. All of the crematorium workers, as well as Ron's group of builders, had been enlisted to build a mass grave. The men were to do the digging, while the women brought out the bodies from underneath the furnace building.

Around noon, while he was hard at work digging, he suddenly felt a soft touch on his shoulder. Dropping his spade and whirling around, he looked into familiar tear filled eyes.

“ ‘Mione?’”

“ Ron?”

The redhead pulled the pale girl into his arms in a bone crushing hug. Both were openly weeping, so glad to see each other again. After a few minutes, they let each other go.

“ I see you work at the crem.”

“ I do. I take it you're on construction?”

“ Yeah. It's not so bad. How have you been?”

“ It's been awful, Ron. I thought I was doing alright, but then Yanika had one of the guards trying to take her away to rape her, and she fought back. I haven't seen her since. Oh, Ron, I've missed you so much.”

The pair embraced again, relieved to see the other still alive, both knowing that if one died, the other would soon follow. Their emotions were a roller coaster of relief, joy and a terrible fear of losing each other again, just like they had lost Harry and Ginny. Before they knew it their lips met in a soul searing kiss.

Chapter Twenty Three – Torture

In a small stronghold in the plains south of Prague, Harry and Ginny sat in their lonely cell day in and day out. Their life in captivity was no better than that of their friends. In some respects, it was worse. They did have each other for company, which was a great comfort to them. They also didn't have to endure the hard labour or atrocious sights of a concentration camp. They did, however, have to endure something worse. Physical and mental torture. From the first kick the Dark Lord sent Harry's way, their lives had been going gradually downhill. Each had to put up with a different type of punishment, though, and for different reasons.

Harry, being the main thorn in Grindelwald's side, was subjected to torture carried out, for obvious reasons, by Muggle methods. The pain had been caused by repeated kicking, punching and cutting. Grindelwald's followers were merciless, taking out all of their rage on the sixteen year old boy. As he sat in the cell in the middle of April, he was seriously malnourished, and sported substantial injuries. Four of his ribs were broken, and had been for weeks. He had a dislocated collar bone, which his tormentors took great pleasure in squeezing, causing him to black out in pain. His body was riddled with burns and knife cuts, some half healed, some fresh and bleeding. The worst, though, was an area on his back where he had first been whipped, and then had large strips of skin peeled off. It hurt the most out of everything, as the damp, moist cell had made the wound infected. He couldn't bear to lie on his back, and his broken ribs hindered him from getting comfortable on his front.

Ginny hadn't been affected as badly physically. She was seriously malnourished and had a fever that had Harry rather concerned, but other than that she was fairly unharmed. For her, Grindelwald had decided on a different sort of torture. Every day, she was chained to the wall, held upright, with her head in an iron Muggle contraption aimed at keeping her from looking in any direction but forwards. She would then have to witness Harry's torture, unable to look away and unable to stop it. She did have one option, though. When Grindelwald had realised Harry wasn't going to tell him anything about the Order, or join his forces, he had made an offer to Ginny. If she told him everything she knew about the opposition, such as their

strengths and weaknesses, he would stop having Harry tortured. She was faced with the anguish of deciding between helping her friend, and keeping the Order's secrets. She knew she could tell them, despite the spell Harry had placed on everyone to prevent leaks, if she could use magic for a minute to break the spell. However, when she tried to tell them that, they rightly assumed that she would take the opportunity to escape.

Every night, when they were left alone, Harry would tell Ginny to hold on, not to bow to their wishes, no matter what. A few times she had pleaded with him to allow her to save him from the endless pain, but every time he told her he was fine, and how disappointed he would be if she gave in to them. He told her he wasn't worth it. She disagreed, but out of respect for him agreed to remain silent.

One night, after a particularly bad beating, Harry had been delirious for several hours. When his mind finally cleared, he looked up at Ginny, who was sitting at his head, brushing his battered cheek with her soft hand. He smiled up at her, and the corners of her mouth twitched.

"Hey."

"Hey. How long have I been out?"

"A few hours, from what I can gather. Simbi and Nirah went out hunting. They promised to try and bring us another apple while they're in the garden."

Over the last few weeks, the two snakes had been invaluable as spies. They had given the captives a fair idea of the overall layout of the complex from their exploration, which Harry and Ginny had committed to memory in case they ever got the chance to escape. They figured they could get out quicker if they knew where they were going.

"Harry, I'm scared."

"I know, Gin, but we have to be strong. I'm sure Dumbledore will find us."

“ Will the McGonagalls be able to help at all? They’re spies; surely they know where the base is.”

“ They don’t. Grindelwald is very conscious of safety. Only his inner circle knows where this place is. From what Janus and Julianne told me before the battle, they receive an owl 24 hours in advance telling where the meeting will be. It’s in a different place every time, so he can never be traced back to his headquarters.”

“ So, there’s no hope there. I wonder how ‘Mione and Ron are getting on.”

“ I’m sure they’re fine...”

“ Harry, they’re in a Polish concentration camp, how can you say that they’ll be fine.”

“ Well, they can’t be any worse off than us. Even if they’re dead, they’re in a better position.”

“ Don’t say that, Harry.”

“ Sorry.”

Harry was broken off by a coughing fit. Since the last beating, Harry felt as if another rib had been broken. He had been having trouble breathing, and as he coughed, blood started to appear on his hand. Looking down for a minute at the sight, he then looked up into Ginny’s scared eyes.

“ Don’t you leave me, Harry. You’re the only thing keeping me going. If you die, I’ll be all alone. I can’t live with that. Please, for me, hold on. We’re going to get out of here, you know. We’ll see Minh and Eustace, and go back to Hogwarts and the elven world. You still haven’t taken me there. Don’t give up hope, Harry. Stay with me. We’ll be going home, too. Back to our own time, where you can see Sirius and Remus, and all the Weasleys...”

“ Ginny, I can’t take much more of this...”

“ DON’T YOU LEAVE ME!”

Harry closed his eyes and let his head rest against the cold stone floor. The next thing he knew, soft lips were pressing on his. His eyes flew open and he looked up into the emotional face of his redheaded companion.

“ You can’t leave me, Harry. I love you too much to let you go.”

Harry was shocked by her declaration. He knew Ginny used to have a crush on him, but he never realised that it went this far. He thought about his feelings for his best friend’s sister before giving his reply.

“ Ginny, I can’t right now. I have too much on my mind, and I’m just getting over ‘Tea. Please don’t do this to me.”

Ginny immediately began to blush, and tears filled her eyes. Harry grabbed her hand and pulled her next to him as she started to get up. He turned to face her as best he could, cupping her chin and forcing her eyes to meet his.

“ I’m not rejecting you, Gin. What you said...it means a lot, it really does. I have...feelings for you, too. But I’m still mourning, and I’m not quite ready to move on. If you can wait, I’m sure we could be together in the future.”

“ Oh, Harry, I understand. I’d wait a thousand years for you, and it would be worth every minute. I love you, and I always will. If you need time, I’ll give you as long as you need.”

“ Thank you, Gin.”

Harry closed his eyes, and wrapped his arms around the gaunt girl, pulling her close and taking comfort in her presence.

~~*

May 20th 1944 was officially the worst day in Harry Potter’s life. The guards had come in at 6am to find the pair in a comforting embrace. Unfortunately, Grindelwald was there personally to witness the attempts to break the Boy-Who-Lived. With a kick to his bruised ribcage, Harry was pulled from the comfort of oblivion to be faced with the grinning face of the Dark Lord.

“ Well, well, it would appear our dear Mr. Evans has a weakness. Take the girl away.”

Two of his followers stepped forward and pulled the sleeping girl roughly from Harry’s embrace. She woke up immediately and reached out to the suffering boy, but he was just too far away.

“ Take her to another cell. Let’s see if a period of separation can break either of them.”

Ginny was dragged kicking and screaming out of the room and down the corridor, her yells fading to silence as the heavy door of Harry’s cell was once again closed. The Dark Lord looked down at the distressed boy, a smirk on his face.

“ I see you’ve grown rather fond of her. I’ll make you an offer. I’ll leave you alone for one week, give you chance to think. Then I’ll come back and give you a choice. Unless you want to take me up on my offer right now, that is. All I want is your loyalty. You are a powerful Dark wizard, Harry. You could be great, if only you will join me.”

“ Never,” came the wheezing reply from the injured boy.

“ So be it. Happy healing, Mr. Evans. I’ll see you in a week.”

With that the wizards departed, leaving Harry alone in the empty cell, tears streaming from his eyes.

Chapter Twenty Four – Dumbledore Finds the Wands

“ Headmaster, it’s been two months. Are you sure you haven’t heard anything?”

Minh and Eustace were sitting in Dumbledore’s office at the end of May, trying to find out anything they could about their missing friends. So far they had heard nothing, and were very worried. Through Gaerwyn and Lolide they had gained inside information on the battle itself, but the elves weren’t allowed to tell them anything discussed in Order meetings. After two months with no results, they decided to go to the source.

“ I’m sorry you two, but I can’t tell you anything because I don’t know anything.”

“ Surely you have a lead, Professor.”

“ As far as I know, they could be dead. The Order have been going on missions, searching in places they are likely to be, and our spies have been making enquiries, but it doesn’t look hopeful. On the first of June I’m calling off the search. I know they are your friends, and they are valuable members of the Order, but we can’t spend all of our time on the search and neglect other areas. Grindelwald is still strong, and the Order needs to dedicate it’s time to fighting him and his allies.”

“ But, Professor...”

“ I’m sorry, but that’s my final word on the matter.”

The two students reluctantly stood and left the office, leaving the headmaster to his thoughts. It had been a trying two months for the Order. They knew that the people they lost were the most powerful in the group, and if they wanted to defeat the Dark Lord they needed them back. However, Dumbledore was realising that finding them was like finding a needle in a haystack. Despite the Order’s efforts, they had found no clues as to where they had been taken. The elves had even tried the location spell again, only to find that Harry and Ginny were still in Czechoslovakia, but Hermione and Ron had been

moved to Poland. Putting his head in his hands, Dumbledore let out a long sigh of defeat.

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“ Well, what did he say?” Gallatea asked as soon as the two students went into Harry’s room.

“ He wouldn’t tell us anything except that they’re calling off the search in two days time.”

“ But Eustace, they can’t do that! We have two Marauders missing; we’ll lose our pranking power!”

“ Peeves! Is that all you can think about?” Minh scorned.

“ Sorry, Minh,” the ghost said sheepishly, “ It’s just my way of dealing, okay?”

“ S’k Peeves, we miss them too. Dumbledore said that the Order hadn’t heard anything, and their spies hadn’t turned anything up. It’s looking hopeless.”

At this point Gallatea burst into tears, Minh following soon after. They were both given hugs, the elf by Eustace and Gallatea by Peeves. As they were starting to calm down, Peeves suddenly had a brainwave. He had been thinking about the fun they had all had in the founders’ age, when a little known fact about ‘Tea sprang to mind.

“ ‘Tea, can you still use your telepathy?”

“ Yes, I can. Why?”

“ Can you use it to speak to any of the time travellers?”

“ I can try, but I’m not sure if I can do it. Since I died, my power isn’t as strong. If the places they are being kept are heavily warded, I won’t be able to get through. If I’d been alive I would have been able to get through any wards, but I’ll work with what I’ve got.”

The determined ghost motioned for silence and closed her eyes, concentrating hard.

~~*

Far away in rural Czechoslovakia, Harry was sitting in his cell, thinking over recent events when a sudden pain hit him in the back of his mind. He grabbed his head and held it tight in his hands, waiting for it to stop. After a few minutes, the pain receded and he tried to figure out what had happened. It felt worse than his scar pains, but seemed as if it was someone trying hard to get into his mind, but wasn't successful.

"Well, that was strange," he muttered to himself as he tried to come up with an explanation.

~~*

A few minutes later, Ginny felt a tingling in the back of her skull. Confused, she looked up from her position on the floor and scanned the room, to see if one of Grindelwald's followers had come in and cursed her while she was sleeping. Seeing no-one there, she tried to come up with another explanation. A few minutes later, the sensation went away, so she gave a mental shrug and decided to think about it later.

~~*

In Poland, Hermione was going about her business in the newly repaired crematorium. She suddenly felt a presence in her head, and stopped what she was doing, curious as to what was going on. Looking around to check for guards, she made her way to a quiet corner and sat down. Closing her eyes, she concentrated on the presence. After a few minutes she was about to give up when she heard a very faint voice calling out.

~Hermione?~

The sixteen year old smiled widely in both joy and relief, sending back her own greeting.

~Hello, 'Tea.~

~~*

In Harry's room at Hogwarts, a smile suddenly spread itself across Gallatea's face, growing wider as her conversation with Hermione continued. When she finally opened her eyes and looked at the hopeful and expectant faces, she let out a short laugh.

" Well, what did you find out? Did it work?" Peeves asked eagerly.

" I'm afraid I wasn't able to get through to Ginny or Harry, but Hermione responded. I know where she and Ron are."

" That's great! Let's go to Dumbledore."

" Yes, I agree Eustace. Let's go and see the old coot."

With that, both students and spirits left the room and headed up to the headmaster's office. Once they got there, they were most disappointed to see him absent. Heading for the nearest Order member, Professor Sewell, they found her missing as well. It suddenly occurred to them that a meeting must have been called.

" We'll have to go there," Minh announced.

" How? They have the meetings in Domus Corvus Corax. We have no way of getting there," Gallatea pointed out. Eustace just smiled at his friend.

" That won't be a problem. You know how Hogwarts is on an internal floo system? Well, Harry changed the wards in his room, so the fireplace is also connected to Raven House. It's the only way to floo out of the school. We won't have a problem, as the wards on Corvus Corax won't keep us out. Once we're there, I'll reset the wards so we can portkey in if we have to."

" How do you know how to do that, Eustace? Wards are very complex things to manipulate, and knowing Harry they'll be the most complex ones possible."

“ Actually, they’re quite easy to change, you just have to know how. He thought the simpler the better. They’re booby trapped to prevent tampering of any kind, but if you know the trick to get around them, they can be changed in a matter of minutes.”

“ How do you know how to change them, though?”

“ When we went there at the end of the Christmas holidays, he gave us a tour and showed us the defences. He explained it then, as he knew everyone there was trustworthy.”

“ Well, let’s go then. We’ll see you in Harry’s room,” Peeves said as he floated through the ceiling, ‘Tea close behind him.

~~*

Not long after Minh and Eustace had left him, Dumbledore came to a decision. Getting out of his seat, he left his office and headed down to the Hogwarts gates, where he apparated out. Moments later, he found himself in an alley looking out on the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. Striding over to the area of the battle, getting strange looks from the Muggles for his bright purple robes, he began to look for any clues the Order may have missed. After the battle they had brought the bodies of the dead and injured back to Corvus Corax, and had picked up anything they thought might be bad for the Muggles to get hold of. However, they hadn’t searched everywhere. When they were looking for the four missing students, they had carefully searched the area near where they had fallen, but they had not looked at the rest of the battle site in such detail. This was what Dumbledore had decided to do now. Looking around he couldn’t see much of interest. However, in an alleyway near where the Dementors had been he found something important that everyone had missed. He immediately sent out the call for a meeting, for in his hand he held four wands.

~~*

As soon as they were all in Harry’s room, Minh picked up a handful of floo powder and threw it in the fire. Stepping into the green flames, she called out ‘Corvus Corax’ and disappeared into the floo network. Eustace followed right behind her, tumbling onto the floor

on the other side. Dusting himself off, he started to change the wards to allow the ghosts to enter. The wards had been set to allow any living person to come through the floo network, as this was the way that new recruits were brought, but the same didn't apply to ghosts. That was why he had to change the wards. A few minutes later, the fireplace glowed blue for a few seconds, before the flames turned green and the two ghosts came through, Peeves having thrown the floo powder in the fire.

“ I don't see why we couldn't just fly here,” Gallatea complained, “ I hate travelling by floo.”

“ We needed to get here quickly, and if you two had come your way, it would have taken a while,” Eustace pointed out.

The group moved out of the entrance hall and headed over to the ball room, the two ghosts looking around at the place in awe. When they went in to the Order conference room, as it had been renamed, all of the people around the big table turned to look at the new arrivals. Before anyone could say anything, Gallatea moved forward to tell them the news.

“ I know where Hermione and Ron are.”

Chapter Twenty Five – Ginny's Vision

Nine days after Ginny and Harry had been separated; the Boy-Who-Lived was getting worried about his friend. He had been left alone, with no more torture being inflicted. The only time he was visited was when one of his guards brought him a little food and water, and Grindelwald had put in an appearance two days previously. His week alone was up, and Grindelwald was there to see if the teenager had cracked yet. When it appeared that Harry was as stubborn as ever, the Dark Lord had ordered another week in confinement. By the ninth day alone, Harry had heard nothing of Ginny, and he didn't know if she was being left alone or tortured. For all he knew, she was already dead. When he couldn't bare the worry any more, he decided it was time to send out Simbi and Nirah. Lifting his aching arms, he pulled his tattered sleeves away, revealing his snake encircled wrists.

Guys, I have a job for you

What's up, Harry? Simbi asked him.

You know Ginny was taken away?

Yes

We do

Well, I want you to go and check on her. I don't know what's happened to her and I'm worried. Are you sure you can't use your telepathy to speak to her?

Harry, you know we can only use it with others of our kind, and human telepaths like your friend Gallatea

I know, I was just hoping you could pass a message to her

We're sorry. We'll tell you what is happening to her

Thank you

The pair started to make their way across the floor and out of a small gap they had found a few weeks ago. Harry sat alone in his cell, nursing his injuries and thinking positive thoughts. Suddenly, a sharp pain hit him in the head, as if someone was trying to get into his mind.

~~*

Ginny was sitting staring into space when Simbi and Nirah slithered into view. She had recently been sleeping, but had been pulled from her nightmare of Harry-torture by a tingling in her head. She hadn't figured out what it was yet, but she knew she would have plenty of time to think it over. As soon as she spotted the snakes, she held out her hand and waited for them to rest on her palm. She then started stroking them gently.

"Hi guys. Did Harry send you? I guess so. He's probably worried about me. That would be typical Harry behaviour. Too busy worrying about others to care about himself. It's one of the things I love about him. I don't know why I'm talking to you, you can't understand me. It's just nice to speak to someone, though. It makes me feel less alone."

The girl lapsed into silence, the two snakes wrapping themselves around her wrists, much like they did to Harry. It gave her a small measure of comfort. The snakes stayed for her the rest of the night, ensuring she was not alone to sleep through her nightmares.

~~*

In the other cell, Harry had been thinking about anti-magic fields while his two friends were away. It had occurred to him that they guarded against all types of wizard magic, but he wasn't sure if they prevented elven magic. Reaching out his senses, he tried to perform an elven hex.

Nothing happened.

Discouraged, he let out a loud sigh. A few minutes later he tried an elven shield, which also had no effect. It seemed that elven magic didn't work, which made the slight hope he had felt at the new idea fade. On a whim, and as a way to alleviate the boredom of the

situation, he tried to use elven healing magic to heal his black eye. Much to his surprise, the bruising started to fade into nothing, leaving his eye as good as new. Blinking in surprise, he tried more elven magic, discovering the wards prevented all kinds of human magic, but only offensive and defensive magic of other creatures. It also prevented the use on any type of magic that would enable escape. However, in the creation of the wards, Grindelwald had made a serious error. While human healing magic wouldn't work, that of other species would. Harry immediately started the appropriate chants and hand gestures that healed the majority of his injuries. The older ones, such as the ones on his back, left hideous scars, but the rest healed over nicely. There were a few problems that would normally have been helped with elven potions and plants, but as he didn't have them available to him he had to improvise. Once he was done, he leant against the cool wall of the cell, a slight smile on his face, and fell asleep in exhaustion.

~~*

The next morning, Harry was once again awakened by one of his snakes' tongues tickling in his ear. Turning over, he groaned.

What can I give the pair of you to stop you from waking me up like that? Anything. Just name it

Why would we want anything? It's amusing to see you squirm

Of all the snakes in the world, I had to get sadistic ones

Simbi and Nirah let out the snake equivalent of a laugh, and took their places around Harry's arms. Sitting up carefully and stretching out his healed legs, he was relieved to find he wasn't in pain. It was a welcome relief after weeks of torture. Looking down at Simbi, he asked him for his report.

So, how's Ginny?

She's fine. She feels lonely, and hungry, but apart from that she is unharmed

Well, that's a relief

She seemed to be comforted by our presence

Then I'd like to ask you both to spend the nights with her. She needs all the comfort she can get

Master, what happened to you? Nirah asked in curiosity as she noticed he was healed, *You are no longer in pain!*

I found out last night that elven healing magic can still be used here. I sorted out most of my injuries. I figured it might be helpful if I try to escape. If my captives think I'm weak and injured, I can take them by surprise

How Slytherin of you, young master

Nirah!

Harry's indignant tirade was cut off by a sudden sharp feeling of unease. Thinking frantically, he realised what was wrong, although he didn't now how he knew. The one thing screaming in his head was a single word, *Ginny*.

~~*

When Ginny had awoken the first thing she noticed was the absence of Simbi and Nirah. Sitting up, she decided to think about what might be happening to her brother and her friend in Poland. As her thoughts turned to their situation, she could feel herself being drawn into a vision...

All around her she could see Muggles running, many of them in uniform with guns, but most of them clad in blue and white striped outfits. Many were screaming and trying to get over the barbed wire fences as fires started in several places. Looking around she could see gold clad wizards throwing curses everywhere. Looking more closely, she spotted the long auburn hair and beard of Dumbledore, fighting his way through a group of Muggle soldiers. A shock of red caught her attention, and she spotted Ron and Hermione sitting in a corner away from the fighting, clutching each other tightly, a look of intense relief on their faces. After a minute they seemed to get resolved looks in their eyes and stood, waving their hands to cast

spells, and repaying their tormentors. As she was watching, Ginny suddenly realised that the Order of the Phoenix must have figured out how to fell the anti-magic field.

As Ginny's vision ended, she realised that it was due to happen really soon, and felt relief that her friend and brother would be rescued from their hell. As she was sitting recovering, she suddenly felt a strange sensation in her head, before clearly hearing the worried voice of the boy she loved.

~Ginny~

Chapter Twenty Six – The Rescue

The entire Order just stared at the new arrivals after Gallatea's announcement. The four shifted uncomfortably under the stares until Gallatea took the initiative and explained.

“ They're in Poland, in the Nazi labour camp of Grossrosen. They're both alive and fairly unharmed, except for the malnutrition. They haven't been able to escape, as the place is covered with anti-magic wards. They can't use any form of magic, not even animagus. There's also a ward up preventing owls and the like from finding them. Although they haven't seen much of each other, as they've been separated, as far as Hermione knows Ron's fine. He's even found a talent for carpentry...”

Looking at the gathered adults, Gallatea blushed a little at the incredulous stares she was receiving. She quickly finished her report before she lost her nerve.

“ Hermione doesn't know where Harry and Ginny are, and I couldn't get in contact with them. Sorry, that's all I could find out; I hope it will help...”

Out of the gawping spectators, Dumbledore was the first to recover. After a moment of considering the information, he asked the question foremost on the minds of most present.

“ Lady Ravenclaw, how did you come across this information?”

“ Everyone in my family is telepathic. If I was alive, I would have been able to penetrate any wards, but as I'm ghost I couldn't reach Harry and Ginny. The wards protecting the other two were weaker, so I was able to speak with Hermione.”

“ Are you sure of their location? We can't go in if you're in any doubt.”

“ That's where Hermione said they were. I don't doubt her.”

Dumbledore smiled widely at the ghost and turned to address the rest of the Order, who were slowly recovering from the shock of two

eleven year olds and two ghosts finding out something their combined efforts couldn't.

“ Now that we have a lead, we can start planning an invasion of the camp. I suggest we take at least three days to come up with a strategy.”

“ I agree, Albus,” Daedalus added, “ I think it's going to be a delicate operation. From what I know about these places, they're full of Muggle and magical prisoners, but the guards are all German soldiers, and all Muggles. We can't just go in there firing spells. The Muggle prisoner's won't know what's going on. We can free them all, but we can't go around throwing spells at the guards, otherwise we'll be just as bad as Grindelwald and his followers. We also have this anti-magic field to consider. We have to fell it from the outside before we can even go in there, otherwise we'll be defenceless against the guns.”

“ I agree, Daedalus. We'll have to split into teams. Minerva, Janus and Julianne, I want you to go over everything you know about the way Grindelwald operates and look for a weakness. Alastor, Rubeus, Peter, Filius and Gaius, I need you to go the library and research wards and anti-magic fields. Alice, we will need some more healing potions. Daedalus, Mundungus, Cedric and Arabella, ready the castle for refugees. We have plenty of space, but they will have to be made ready for Muggles. Floribunda, prepare the hospital wing for casualties. Virginia, William, Amelia and John, we need to come up with a good strategy. The rest of you need to get ready for battle and see what you can find out about Grossrosen. That leaves Lolide and Gaerwyn. Could you two please see if there is any elven way of helping in this situation? Lolide, I will also need you to help in the hospital wing.”

“ As you ask, Albus,” Gaerwyn told the headmaster, who smiled at the elves.

Although Gaerwyn and Lolide had intended to only help the Order in battles and spend the rest of the time in the elven world, after Harry and his friends went missing they moved into Domus Corvus Corax so they could help as much as possible. Harry was like a member of

their family, and they were all very fond of him. They wanted to do anything they could to get him back. As everyone moved to get on with their allotted tasks, they went over to speak to Minh and her friends.

~~*

Hermione was starting to get worried. It had been four days since she had spoken with Gallatea, and there was still no sign of a rescue. She was starting to lose hope of the Order ever coming to get her and Ron. She had managed to speak to her redheaded boyfriend the day before, and he had been amazed and ecstatic to find out that the Order knew where they were. As the days passed and there was still no sign of an end to the hell they were living in, their hope was waning.

As Hermione was heading back to her sleeping quarters with the rest of her group, she suddenly heard shouts coming from near the main gate. Looking over, she could see dozens of SS running over to secure the perimeter as different coloured flashes of light could be seen lighting up the sky. *Spells*, Hermione thought. A sudden shockwave knocked the girl to her feet, and as she looked up at the sky she saw a glimmering navy blue dome covering the entire camp. Before her eyes, bright yellow lines started to zigzag across the surface, before the entire construction shattered in a burst of magic, sending out a shockwave bigger than the first. As soon as the remnants of the dome disappeared, Hermione could feel power filling her. With a wave of her hand, a small ball of light lit up the area around her. Grinning, she started to run towards the part of the camp she knew Ron to inhabit.

~~*

Ron had already been lying on his sleeping pallet when the shock of the shattering dome hit him full force. Leaping to his feet, he was the only one in his hut to go investigating. The Muggles were all huddling in the far corner, trying to hide from what was happening. Waving his hand, Ron was relieved when a shower of sparks appeared in the air. Casting a quick translation spell on himself to shout to the Muggles.

“ Everyone, we’re being rescued. Stay here, I’ll bring help.”

Just before he ran out of the hut, he caught sight of the astonished stares of his fellow prisoners, who were shocked to hear him speaking German. Grinning, he headed towards where he knew he would find Hermione.

~~*

Hermione and Ron managed to meet up at the dining hut, and embraced in relief.

“ I can’t believe we’re getting out of here, Ron.”

“ I know, ‘Mione. I think we’ve been here long enough.”

Just at that moment, they heard another bang as more wards fell. Seconds later, Order members started to apparate in all over the place, with the Hogwarts headmaster appearing right in front of the two students. Smiling down at them, he started hurling curses at a group of approaching soldiers. Hermione and Ron clung to each other for a moment before standing up and waving their hands madly, dispatching of the group fairly quickly. Once any nearby threat was eliminated, Dumbledore turned to them and smiled, his eyes twinkling madly.

“ It’s nice to see you again, Hermione and Ron. We thought we’d lost you. Do you feel strong enough to help us fight?”

Both teenagers nodded enthusiastically.

“ Good, then you’ll be needing these,” Dumbledore said, holding out his hand with two wands resting in his palm.

“ Thank you, Professor,” Ron replied, taking his wand and moving to start some serious cursing.

Hermione and Ron parted ways with Dumbledore and headed for somewhere they had been meaning to go for ages. The camp laboratories.

~~*

Yanika was frightened when the sounds of shouting had started outside. She had been through hell recently, ever since she had tried to curse the guard wanting to rape her. She had been dragged away to the labs, where the 'doctors' had taken great pleasure in doing experiments on her. That fact that she had given away that she was magical meant she was treated worse than the other human guinea pigs, as she was considered less than human. She had been eagerly awaiting the day when she went to sleep and didn't wake up. But things never turned out the way she wanted them to. Now she was worried because something was obviously going on outside, but she couldn't find out what.

A little while later, her thoughts were interrupted by a banging on her door and the sound of the lock opening. When the door swung open, she was faced with the last people she expected to see.

"Ron? Hermione?"

"Yanika, you're alive!"

"Yes, I am, Hermione. What's going on? What are you doing here?"

"We're being rescued. The Order I was telling you about has found us, and is liberating all the prisoners. We wanted to come and get you ourselves. Are you ready for some revenge?"

The gypsy just nodded her head enthusiastically. The two students smiled at her, before Hermione threw the woman her wand.

~~*

Overall, the battle didn't last that long. Within half an hour it was over and everyone was heading back to the Order headquarters. Dumbledore was organising everyone into groups, the soldiers being taken to the dungeon cells, the survivors being taken to bedrooms in Corvus Corax, and the injured being transported to the infirmary, where Floribunda Sprout and Lolide were waiting. Floribunda's young daughter, also very gifted with plants, was there too to help out. Yanika, Ron and Hermione all met up in

the ball room, sitting at the table and thinking over the last hour. Their worlds had been completely changed for the better and they intended to make the most of it. After a while of quiet conversation, they went up to their allocated rooms and showered, before destroying their striped uniforms and dressing in colourful robes of a luxurious material they found in the wardrobes.

Once everyone had been taken care of, Dumbledore called a meeting in the ball room. Hermione asked Yanika to come, as she had expressed an interest in joining the Order. Once everyone was gathered, Dumbledore stood up, Fawkes sitting on his shoulder.

“ Well done everyone. I would say the day was a success. We didn’t kill a single opponent, we rescued all of the prisoners, and we didn’t lose any of our members. We also retrieved Ron and Hermione, something we have been trying to do for two months. Now, we need to...”

The headmaster suddenly trailed off mid sentence and fell silent. The people sitting around the table gave him concerned looks as his eyes became unfocussed. They were completely baffled when his eyes became alert once again and a smile spread across his face. What surprised them the most was the single word that passed the headmaster’s lips by way of an explanation.

“ Harry.”

Chapter Twenty Seven – Telepathic? Moi?

~Ginny~

Ginny blinked a few times and shook her head, trying to figure out what was going on. It seemed inconceivable that she had really heard Harry's voice in her head. He would have to be a telepath...

Ginny's eyes widened in realisation. She quickly tried to send a message back while the mental connection was still active.

~Harry, can you hear me?~

~Ginny? What the...~

~Harry, it's me. You've opened a telepathic link~

~I did? Huh?~

~Harry! Focus a minute. I heard you calling my name~

~But I was just thinking that, I swear! How is this possible?~

~Harry, you're a Ravenclaw. 'Tea told us their line had telepathic abilities. I mean, she does, and her mother did, and you're descended from her, so...~

~Wow, it never occurred to me. This is weird. How am I doing this? And why now?~

~Something must have set it off...~

~I felt a pain in my head before, maybe that had something to do with it~

~A pain? I just felt a tingling. Maybe it was 'Tea trying to get in touch~

~Might have been. That could be what set it off. How are you, anyway? I felt like something was wrong with you, which was why I was thinking your name~

~I had a vision. Ron and Hermione are going to be rescued~

~That's great. I wonder how the Order found them~

~Maybe it was 'Tea. If it was her trying to talk to us, maybe she got through to one of the others~

~It's possible~

~Harry, do you think you could get through to anyone at Hogwarts or Corvus?~

~I can try. Give me a minute~

In his cell, Harry closed his eyes and started to concentrate. He didn't get very far, as stray thoughts kept intruding on his meditation. The very idea of him having any kind of telepathic abilities had never occurred to him. While he was trying to concentrate, he started thinking about it more and more. When he thought about it logically, it made a lot of sense. He had never heard about a telepathic Potter, but assumed it was because no-one had told the Potter line after a while that they had the ability. It took only one skipped generation for the knowledge to be lost. After all, if you didn't know you could do it, you'd never think to try it. After a few minutes, he managed to get his whirling thoughts under control enough to concentrate. He could feel the minds of people all around him, which he assumed were his captors. He could sense Ginny's mind more clearly and simply assumed it was because he was emotionally close to her. After a few minutes, he realised two other minds were present, different from the others.

~Simbi? Nirah?~

Harry? Is that you?

~Yes it is. I just discovered I'm a telepath~

Wow, that could be useful

~Yes, you can talk to me from great distances now.~

Yes

Harry went back to checking out his abilities. He felt as if he could do much more if he only took some time to practice. Deciding he wanted to speak to Ginny again, he concentrated on her mind and tried to send a message.

~Ginny?~

~Harry! How did it go?~

~Well, I spoke to Simbi and Nirah, and I can sense minds, but that's it so far. I'll keep practicing, though. Hopefully I might be able to reach help sometime soon~

~Well, keep at it. I think at the moment it's our only way out of here~

~Agreed. I'll talk to you later. If you need me, just try and think at me. I think that should get my attention so I can establish a link~

~Alright Harry. Have fun~

~It's got to be better than staring at the walls~

~True~

~Bye~

~Bye~

~~*

Despite his efforts, it took Harry quite a while to get the hang of his telepathy. The first thing he learned after communicating was counting how many people were in the area. He found one of his abilities was sensing people's minds and magical signatures. From his cell, he could identify everyone in Grindelwald's stronghold. By the end of the third day, he felt fairly confident about contacting someone quite a distance away. It wasn't so much the distance that had been causing the trouble, rather the wards around the

building. Before he tried something so mentally straining, though, he spoke with Ginny.

~Gin, what am I telling Dumbledore?~

~Just tell him where we are, what sort of wards are up, and how many people are usually around. Oh, and find out if Ron and 'Mione are alright. My vision should have happened by now, so with any luck they should be home~

~Alright, I'll let you know what happens~

Harry closed his eyes in concentration and slowed his breathing. After a few minutes, he was relaxed and focused, and felt he was ready to try speaking to the temporary head of the Order. Stretching out his senses, he could feel everyone in the building, but then he came up against a shimmering navy blue wall. Like he could sense magical signatures, he could also sense magic if he tried hard enough. Realising this was the shield, he carefully started worming his power through the strands of magic holding the barrier in place. It took quite a while, and a lot of effort. Once he was through, though, he felt a whole new world outside. People's minds were everywhere, as well as those of animals. He was overwhelmed at first, but knew he had to push on before he lost his nerve. Stretching his mind out further, he went searching for the one mind that could help him escape. As soon as he located it, he realised Dumbledore was in an Order meeting. All the better, he thought, as he established a connection.

~~*

Dumbledore was giving his speech after the battle and rescue when he suddenly felt a strange presence in his mind. His words trailing off, he concentrated on the intrusion and tried to figure out where it was coming from. He was most surprised when he heard a familiar voice speaking to him.

~Professor Dumbledore? Can you hear me?~

~Harry? Is that you?~

~Yes it is Professor~

~How is this possible?~

~I'm telepathic. I get it from my father's side of the family. Just ask 'Tea about it~

~I will do. Could you tell me where you are?~

~Czechoslovakia, in Grindelwald's headquarters~

~Can you be any more specific?~

~Near a place called Tábor, south of Prague. It's a big fortress, you can't miss it~

~Can you tell me anything else?~

~There are twelve prisoners apart from Ginny and me, and there are usually about thirty of Grindelwald's followers, as well as the man himself. If you just hold on, I'll send you a mental picture of the layout. Try and remember it~

Moments later, Dumbledore was bombarded with images of the compound. He couldn't understand how Harry had gained this information, but he didn't ask. When the images and layout were firmly implanted in his mind, Harry started talking to him again.

~I sent my snakes to do a little reconnaissance, which is how I know the layout. Will you come and get us?~

~I will, Harry. However, the Order is going to need a few days to prepare. We can't just up and storm Grindelwald's stronghold. Can you wait until the fifth of June?~

~What is the date today?~

~The second~

~That should be fine. After all, if Ginny and I can stay here two months, I'm sure we can last three more days~

~Very good, Harry. I'll have to speak to the Order now. I was giving a speech after a battle when you called. They're looking at me as if I've gone mad~

~Sorry, sir. How did the rescue go? Did you get Ron and Hermione out alright?~

~They're fine, and we didn't lose any members. How did you know about it?~

~Ginny had a vision~

~Ah, I see. Goodbye Harry, I'll see you in a few days~

~Thank you, sir. Goodbye~

As soon as the connection was ended, Dumbledore looked out at the questioning looks. Smiling, he explained with a single word.

“ Harry.”

Chapter Twenty Eight – Don't Follow Him!

The Order just blinked in confusion at the headmaster's announcement. A few glanced at each other to see if anyone understood. When it became apparent no-one but the man himself knew what was going on, Amelia Logan took the initiative.

“ Albus, was that just a random comment or does it mean something?”

The headmaster smiled at the woman before lifting his hand to stroke Fawkes. Once he was sure everyone was starting to get annoyed, he decided it was time to put them out of their misery.

“ I just received a message from Harry. He and Ginny are in Grindelwald's headquarters in Czechoslovakia. He has given me the exact location, the layout of the building, and how many people are there.”

After this pronouncement, he looked at each of the baffled members, seeing shock and then realisation dawning in only four sets of eyes. Hermione, Ron, Gallatea and Peeves all seemed to know what was going on. His eyes resting on the ghost, the headmaster asked her to elaborate.

“ Lady Ravenclaw, Harry specifically told me to speak to you about this. I take it you can explain for everyone.”

‘Tea looked a little startled at first, but quickly floated up to Dumbledore's side and addressed the assembled crowd.

“ Well, you all know I am a telepath from when I found the location of ‘Mione and Ron. Well, it is a gift passed down in my family. My mother had it, I have it, and my son had it. Consequently, Harry has it also. He is my descendant.”

This revelation elicited shouts of surprise from most people at the table, the exceptions being those who already knew. After a few minutes, Dumbledore silenced them with a shower of sparks from his finger tips.

“ Can we please be calm, we have much more to discuss. As you have probably realised, Harry has managed to contact me through his telepathy. He has sent me a mental map of the complex, which I will draw up and hand to everyone. As this is Grindelwald’s stronghold, I believe it would be prudent to strike. He doesn’t know his position has been compromised, so security will not be too heavy. Harry tells me there are no more than thirty of his followers there at once. If we take him by surprise, we can cut out the heart of our problem, leaving us to pick off the leaderless followers one by one. Now, first we need a plan...”

~~*

The planning went on for two days straight. Once everything was finalised, everyone agreed that they were as prepared as they were going to be. They had the rescue planned for the next day, and everyone was starting to get worried. This would be the decisive battle in the war, for both the magic and Muggle worlds. If their invasion was a success, Grindelwald would no longer threaten the magical community, and all of Hitler’s advantages would fail, leaving him vulnerable. However, if the Dark Lord prevailed, chaos would reign and eternal darkness would cover the world. It was a lot of responsibility for so few to shoulder, but they knew it was a case of now or never.

The next morning, the Order in its entirety gathered in the entrance hall of Domus Corvus Corax and prepared to depart. Before they left, Dumbledore stood by the main doors to say a few words.

“ Everyone, this is the day we have all been waiting for. The day we can take victory into our own hands. The day we will vanquish the darkness that has covered our land once and for all. Today, the tides will turn, and we will emerge victorious.”

Loud cheering filled the hall as the troops headed into the portkey room, splitting into groups which each grabbed a specially made portkey. Seconds later, a loud popping filled the air as the Order disappeared to face their destiny.

~~*

Harry could feel the instant the Order entered the area. He had been meditating since he woke up, preparing for the battle he knew was coming. As soon as the portkeys activated, he could feel the influx of new minds on the other side of the magical barrier. He sought out Dumbledore as the aurors in the group started attacking the dome, much as they had at Grossrosen. Swiftly scanning the building for Grindelwald and his followers, the Boy-Who-Lived quickly relayed what he knew to the headmaster, including how many opponents they would have to face, and their magical strength.

~Professor, Grindelwald is staying in his throne room. It's the only place he has heavily guarded. Ten of his followers are positioned in hidden alcoves around the room, and his right hand man is with him. Twenty more are heading your way. They are the weakest magically, but they know a lot of Dark Magic. I'm going to try and incapacitate some of them. See if you can get that dome down quickly so Ginny and I can help with the fighting~

~Thank you, Harry. We'll get it down soon~

Harry broke the connection with his professor and started to concentrate on the enemy heading for the Order. Choosing one at random, he concentrated hard and sent a sudden pulse of energy at him. The follower immediately dropped to the floor unconscious. By this time, the aurors had broken the dome, and Harry could feel his magic filling his veins. His mental gift also became suddenly stronger. Standing up, he headed to the door, lifting his hand and blasting it outwards so it smashed into the opposite wall of the corridor. Further down, he could hear Ginny doing the same. Heading in the direction of the noise, he soon spotted the girl and started sprinting towards her.

“Ginny! Are you alright?”

“Harry, I'm fine.”

The pair wrapped their arms around each other in a quick hug before heading up the surface where the battle was taking place. When they reached the fighting they headed straight for their fighting friends. As soon as they spotted the pair, Hermione and Ron stopped what they were doing and ran over to embrace the new arrivals. After much

hugging and assurances that everyone was safe, they realised that a battle was not the best place to have an emotional reunion. Standing in a line, they each started to fight in earnest, Hermione and Ron with the weapons they had retrieved from Grossrosen, Ginny with magic, and Harry with a mix of his animagus form, his mental abilities and Dark Magic. They made a formidable team and Grindelwald's forces were eliminated in minutes.

As soon as the fighting was almost over, Ginny suddenly let out a scream and fell to the floor, holding her head. Harry, realising she was having a vision, tapped into her mind to see if he could see what was happening in it. Images suddenly filled his head, and he watched enraptured. He could see Dumbledore in a large chamber, which he recognised as Grindelwald's throne room as soon as he spotted the mosaic ouroboros on the floor. The headmaster was about to face off with the Dark Lord, when his right hand man stepped out of the shadows behind the professor and shot a curse at his back. Dumbledore fell to the floor, his wand rolling away from him. The scene faded in to black as the vision ended. Opening their eyes, Ginny and Harry looked at each other in fear. The boy quickly scanned the room and noticed the headmaster to be missing.

~Ginny, I need you to tell everyone what you saw. I have to go~

~Harry, where are you going?~

~To help Dumbledore~

~Harry, don't follow him! He's the one who defeated Grindelwald. We know that from history. You can't interfere~

~You don't get it Ginny. I'm supposed to interfere~

That said, he sprinted out of the room as top speed.

~~*

As Harry arrived in the throne room, he turned himself invisible and watched from the shadows as Dumbledore was hit with the curse. Swearing to himself, he stepped forward, ready to take on whoever had hurt his mentor. When Grindelwald's apprentice

stepped out of a dark archway and into the light to face the new arrival, Harry was horrified to recognise him.

“ Tom Riddle.”

Chapter Twenty Nine – The Final Showdown

“ Tom Riddle.”

The other boy raised one eyebrow delicately and looked at the Boy-Who-Lived in interest.

“ I see you have heard of me.”

“ I like to think I know a little about you.”

“ My, my, my reputation precedes me.”

“ Not yet,” Harry muttered, before speaking more loudly, “ That’s as may be, but I’m not here to chat. I’ve been captive here for two months; I think it’s time for a little revenge.”

Tom just smirked back. Harry took the opportunity to mentally scan the room. He quickly realised that Grindelwald was listening to the conversation intently, as was Dumbledore. However, the injured headmaster was also inching his way towards his wand without the Dark wizards noticing. Harry decided it was best to keep them distracted as long as possible. He sent a quick mental message to someone he knew could help the professor while he was dealing with his opponents.

~Fawkes? I need you here right now. Dumbledore’s injured, but I need him to be able to fight Grindelwald. I can keep them both busy for a while, but I can’t defeat both~

~I will be there soon, Master,~ the phoenix replied in a lilting tone.

Tuning back into the situation around him, he saw Riddle starting to slowly advance on him.

“ I think that’s far enough, Tom. Tell me, I’m curious, why did you choose to be apprentice to a Dark Lord? You could have done anything with your life. You have brains, talent and power, so why waste it?”

“ You think I’m wasting it?” the young man scoffed, “ Just wait until my training is complete. I will be as powerful as my master and together we will rule the world. We will show everyone just who has the power. Mudbloods and Muggles will perish, and the purebloods will govern!”

“ Well, I hate to burst your bubble, but you’re only a half blood. Doesn’t that make you a hypocrite?”

“ How do you know these things! I have power, and I will destroy those with inferior bloodlines. I am descended from Salazar Slytherin himself; no-one can beat me.”

“ Really? Well, I don’t see how you can be high and mighty for being descended from a founder. If I know my history, and trust me, I do, then Salazar Slytherin had no children while he was still at Hogwarts.”

“ That is true. My ancestor was born after he broke from the Muggle loving fools.”

“ If that is the case, then where was his power? At his final battle with Gryffindor, he was rendered powerless. He had as much magic as a squib. I see nothing to be proud of, Tom.”

“ You lie! He was the greatest of the Hogwarts four!”

“ Nooooo, I believe the most powerful magically was my own ancestor, Lady Ravenclaw.”

“ NO! I have the power, and I will destroy you!”

By this time Riddle was fuming with rage. Harry was starting to see the insane rage Voldemort exhibited when his Death Eaters displeased him. Glancing to one side, he saw Grindelwald watching the show, surprise etched on his face. It seemed he had not expected the argument to go this far. Harry also noticed Dumbledore had retrieved his wand and was preparing to strike. Noticing the headmaster was severely injured, and would only end up getting himself killed, he sent a quick mental message.

~Professor, stay where you are. Fawkes is on his way. He will heal you, and then you can join the fight~

~Harry, are you sure you know what you are doing? I mean, provoking Grindelwald's apprentice. And how do you know so much about him?~

~He killed my parents, it's not the sort of thing you forget, or forgive. I'll take care of him, while you take out Grindelwald. You are destined for victory over the Dark Lord, and I am destined to face his apprentice now and in the future. I cannot kill him, for that will change time, and no matter how much I want to, I cannot play God~

~I understand, Harry~

Just then, the throne room was filled with the sound of phoenix song. Everyone looked up to the ceiling, where Fawkes was circling. Grindelwald and Riddle drew their wands and prepared to strike the bird, but before they could do anything Harry waved his hand, and a dome of golden light appeared around him and his opponents. Tom tried to send a Killing curse at Dumbledore, but it couldn't penetrate the shield. Both he and his master turned to the younger boy, rage written in their features.

"You will pay for that, boy."

"I doubt it, Grindelwald. I think it will be you who will be paying."

Harry took a fighting stance and started hurling curses and hexes at the pair opposite him. Tom tried to hit him with the Cruciatus, but it was absorbed by the crystal around his neck. The Slytherin's eyes widened in shock, and he stood frozen for a moment. This was enough time for Harry to send a quick Impedimenta at him. Harry was distracted, though, by a sudden flurry of movement outside of the dome. When it had become apparent that their master was not easily winning, the ten guards who had been hiding in the throne room had emerged, and were heading for the Hogwarts headmaster. Harry immediately started concentrating on their minds, sending pulses of energy into their heads and knocking them unconscious one by one. Turning back to face Grindelwald, he looked over the Dark Lord's shoulder and through the dome, where Dumbledore was being

healed by Fawkes. Once his injuries had disappeared, the Headmaster stood up and turned to face Harry. The boy nodded and created a distraction.

“ You know Grindelwald, you kept me here for two months. You tortured me, and you tried to turn me evil. But I didn’t break. It shows that I am a superior wizard to you.”

“ NO-ONE IS SUPERIOR TO ME!”

“ Really? You couldn’t break me. I’m living proof that you failed.”

“ I never fail. I tortured you, and I offered you greatness. You refused me, so it is you who failed.”

“ Is that so? If you are so great, how come you tortured me for two months, yet there isn’t a scratch on me? You thought a little anti-magic field would stop me? Not even the most powerful can get around such wards. Yet I did. So that shows your wards were faulty. Another weakness I can add to your growing collection.”

“ I will not be beaten by a mere boy.”

At this point Harry silently dropped the golden dome, allowing Dumbledore to enter.

“ How about by an old man then?” the headmaster said from behind him.

Grindelwald whirled around and was met by Dumbledore’s wand. The pair immediately began to battle in earnest. Harry turned around and looked at his frozen nemesis. Waving his hand, he lifted the spell and placed a full body bind on Riddle. He then started chanting quickly, feeling Simbi and Nirah shifting on his wrists. Once the familiar energy had built in his palm, he threw it at the helpless Slytherin, breaking the body bind and throwing the boy to the ground. He quickly raised his wand to wand off the advancing fifth year, and was shocked to find nothing happening.

“ How does it feel, Tom? Being completely helpless in front of the big, bad wizard. Imagine how your Muggle victims feel, as you torture

and murder them. This is what it feels like, seeing an angel of death, but unable to do anything about it. Well, this is just something to think about as you go about your business. And just remember, this is only temporary. One day, I will meet you again, and make it much more permanent.”

By this point, Tom was quickly crawling backwards across the floor to get away from the glowing figure. A faint light, similar the one which had appeared at Christmas during the battle for the Muggles, was radiating from Harry’s body. He didn’t seem to notice, though. He suddenly sped up, and grabbed the wand from Tom’s weak hand. Grabbing each end in his fingers, he snapped it with a resounding crack.

“ You won’t be needing a wand for a while, Tom. Not until the spell wears off. You’ll have to get a new one now. I believe Ollivander has one destined for you. Oh and one more thing,” Harry said as he grabbed Tom’s arm, wrapping his hand tightly around his captive’s inner left arm.

“ Morsmordre.”

Tom’s screams filled the throne room as the magic surged through Harry’s palm, burning a black skull with a snake protruding from the mouth into the soft flesh of his arm. When Harry released him, Tom scrambled back, holding his injured limb tightly to him, blanching when he saw what was there.

“ What have you done to me?”

“ It’s just a little souvenir. It just proves who you belong to, who you will always belong to. One day, we will meet, Tom Riddle, and I will emerge victorious. Now leave, before I decide to finish you off.”

Tom stood up and ran to the door, and just as he was leaving, Harry sent a burst of pain through the newly created mark. Tom turned and stared at the boy in horror. Harry smirked back at him.

“ I will never let you forget who owns you. Never. Until we meet again.”

Tom turned and fled as Harry made his way to a convenient spot to help Dumbledore. It wasn't necessary, though, as he had just whirled around to watch the fight when Dumbledore raised his wand at a reeling Grindelwald and yelled something Harry had never expected the headmaster to utter.

"Avada Kedavra!"

The green light hit the Dark Lord in the chest, and he fell to the floor, dead. Harry walked up to his panting headmaster, a cheeky grin on his face.

"And you called me an evil Dark wizard? My, my, I never thought I'd see the day."

"Well, it had to be done. Just because I used a Dark spell to help the world, it doesn't make me evil," Dumbledore said as he stood up straight.

"So we have an understanding?"

"That we do, Harry, that we do."

"In that case, let's go home."

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Once everyone was back in Domus Corvus Corax, Harry and Ginny let out a great sigh of relief. Both were pleased to have their weapons and wands back again. Dumbledore had given them the latter, and the former were found in a storeroom in Grindelwald's headquarters. They, quite luckily, had stumbled across it while searching for prisoners. Twelve other captives had been retrieved and brought back to the Order headquarters. They were all a little worse for wear, but they would recover.

Once all of the former prisoners were settled, Harry and Ginny headed up to their rooms to clean up. After a shower and a change of clothes each, they went back down to the ball room for an Order meeting. Harry took his place next to Dumbledore and waited for

everyone to arrive. Once they were all seated, the headmaster stood up to speak.

“ Thank you, everyone, for coming. I would like to congratulate everyone on a job well done. The war with Grindelwald is finally over, and while the Darkness will never truly be gone, we now have a chance for peace. Now, I’ll hand you over to Harry Evans, our leader, who would like to say a few words.”

Amidst cheers and applause, Harry stood up and smiled at the assembled witches, wizards, elves and ghosts. He hadn’t had chance to speak with his friends yet, but they had agreed to go back to Hogwarts after the meeting to discuss the last two months in Harry’s room with Minh and Eustace.

“ Everyone, I also would like to congratulate you all on your success today, and over the last few months. Your task has not been easy, but you have pulled it off magnificently. I would especially like to commend Albus Dumbledore for his success as leader of the Order, as well as for defeating Grindelwald. Our war is won. We have played our part in history, and given the Muggle allies the opportunity they needed to defeat their own enemy. Hitler, without the support of the Dark Lord, will lose organisation and power. Tomorrow, June 6th 1944, British and American troops will invade Normandy. If Grindelwald had not fallen, they would have been defeated. As it is, they will push forward, the Russians advancing from the East, and Berlin will fall. What we have achieved today is the salvation of not only our world, but the Muggle world as well. Thank you.”

As he took his seat, the entire Order stood, applauding him. Embarrassed, Harry ducked his head as the cheering continued. It had been a busy day and he wasn’t expecting this. When the noise died down, a wonderful meal appeared in front of the assembled crowd, and they all tucked in enthusiastically.

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Later that evening, the four time travellers, Peeves, ‘Tea, Lolide and Gaerwyn all returned to Hogwarts. They flooded straight into Harry’s room, where Minh and Eustace were waiting. As soon as Harry stepped out of the fireplace, he had two first years hurling themselves

at him. Pulling them close, he gave them each a firm hug before leading the group to the chairs by the fire. Sitting down a comfortable silence descended on them for a few minutes, broken only when Ginny wanted to know what had happened to her brother and his girlfriend.

“ Ron, what happened in the camp? I had a vision about your rescue, but I want to know what you had to live through.”

“ Well, it was pretty awful, Gin. Are you sure you want to hear about it?”

“ Of course! It can't have been any worse than what Harry and I went through.”

“ True. Alright then. When we woke up after the Paris battle, we were in a holding centre. That's where we met Yanika, the gypsy who helped in your rescue. She joined the Order when we got rescued. Anyway, the next day we were put on these really stuffy carriages and taken to the camp by train. It was really bad in there, but it got worse when we got off the train. We were separated immediately, and taken to different parts of the camp.”

“ That must have been terrible. At least Harry and I got to stay together most of the time.”

“ Things went downhill from there, Gin. We got put in these uniforms, had our heads shaved, and they put these tattoos on our arms.”

Everyone gasped as Ron and Hermione lifted the sleeves of their robes, exposing the numbers branded forever into their flesh.

“ Can you remove them?” Harry asked.

“ I'm afraid not, mate. We asked Dumbledore about it. Apparently they used permanent wizarding ink on all of the prisoners, provided by Grindelwald. It was their way of ensuring that wizarding folk couldn't have them removed with magic.”

“ That's terrible!”

“ I know, Minh, but we have to live with it. After the first few days at the camp, things started to settle down. It was hell on earth, but we made sure we stuck to the rules as best we could to make sure we stayed alive. I wasn't as bad off as 'Mione. She had to work in the crematorium, which was vile. I just had to work on construction. We survived, and we don't really want to remember it. We'll move on with our lives now, but I guess we have a greater appreciation for people as a whole. Some of those prisoners had been there for years, but they still had hope. You have to admire them for that. Call it a journey of self discovery.”

“ And you two are going out now.” Harry said with a smirk.

The two teenagers blushed and took each other's hands. Everyone else just laughed. It was Gaerwyn who asked the next obvious question.

“ Harry? What happened to you and Ginny?”

“ Well, there's a tale. Unlike Ron and Hermione, we weren't separated. We were put in a cell together for the first month and a half. I was tortured, rather severely, and Ginny was made to watch. Like you, there was an anti-magic field up, so we couldn't defend ourselves very well. All I could do was gather intelligence through Simbi and Nirah. They went out and found out all they could.”

“ But Harry, why didn't you just get Simbi and Nirah to bite your captives? You could have rendered them powerless.”

“ 'Mione, don't you think I thought of that? It wasn't really an option. Yet, Grindelwald's followers would have lost their magic, but as they couldn't use it anyway, they still could torture me. And using the snakes would have revealed their presence. Even if the wizards had left us alone, we were still locked in a cell. All we would have achieved would be some annoyed Dark wizards, and no food or water. Believe me, we thought of everything possible to escape, but we couldn't come up with anything.”

“ I see your point. So, what happened in the final battle? Obviously, Dumbledore defeated Grindelwald, but what were you doing while he was doing that?”

“ I was fighting his apprentice, who was none other than Tom Marvolo Riddle.”

There was an audibly gasp from several people. Hermione, Ron and Ginny because they recognised him as Lord Voldemort, Peeves because he had known the Slytherin from when he was in school. Ginny recovered first.

“ What did you do with him?”

“ Nothing much,” Harry smirked, “ Insulted him a bit, duelled with him, sucked out his power, snapped his wand and put a Dark Mark on his arm.”

“ WHAT! Harry! Why did you do all that?”

“ Because, ‘Mione, I felt like exacting some revenge. Anyway some of it was necessary. I insulted him because I wanted to. He’s done enough damage to my life; I wanted to get my own back. I duelled with him to keep him busy, and I sucked out his power temporarily to incapacitate him. Snapping his wand was a tactical move. You see, our wands share cores back home, and this is necessary for the events after the Triwizard Tournament. Fawkes only gave the feathers for our wands to Mr. Ollivander at the first Order meeting, so I knew he had to get a new wand at some point. This was the event that prompted him to get the wand that will some day kill my parents, and not be able to duel with mine. It’s a bit hard to get your head around, but I had a lot of time to think in that cell, especially after I got separated from Ginny.”

“ What about the Dark Mark? What was that for?” Ron asked his friend.

“ That also serves a purpose. The Dark Mark is a powerful and ancient magic, lost for centuries. Except in my parseltongue book. The way I figure it, I gave Tom Riddle the Mark, so he now knows the incantation, and will know to use it on his followers. Plus, I

can send bouts of intense pain along the connection. It'll give me pleasure to know my parents' killer is writhing in agony."

" I didn't know you had a sadistic side, Harry."

" Well, 'Tea, I don't show it much."

" You mentioned being separated from Ginny. What was that about?" Eustace asked.

" Grindelwald thought that separating me from Ginny would break me. He wanted me to join him, to help him to take over the world. He put me in isolation to break me. I wasn't even tortured during that period, just left alone with my injuries. Luckily, I found a loophole in the anti-magic field. It didn't cover non-human healing magic, so I used elven healing methods to sort out my injuries. I have some pretty bad scars, especially on my back where they peeled the skin off."

Harry lifted his shirt and showed the room his back, which was a mass of scars. The rest of the group gasped in horror.

" Harry, how did you get through that? It would have broken me," Lolide whispered.

" I'm actually pleased it happened in a way."

The room fell silent as everyone gave the boy incredulous looks. They were starting to think the torture had driven him a little mad. Before anyone could question his sanity and call St. Mungo's psychiatric unit, Harry hastily explained.

" Not that I enjoyed it, not by a long way. But I feel it helped me discover something important about myself. All of these years, I have lived through so much, survived against unbeatable odds and come out unscathed. Over the last two years, my powers have grown; I have become older and wiser. I have so much knowledge in my head, of both Light and Dark Magic, and I just discovered my telepathy. I was starting to believe the rumours that I was unbeatable, immortal, and a hero. It was starting to go to my head. But my

experience over that last few months has grounded me, and taught me an important lesson.”

“ And what’s that?” ‘Tea asked nervously.

“ That I’m only human.”

Chapter Thirty – Finishing Fifth Year

The next day a ripple of shock spread through the Great Hall when the four time travellers walked in at breakfast. The Slytherin table especially seemed very surprised to see them. When they were all seated, the questions started immediately, but they all remained quiet, telling the students they would have to wait for the Daily Prophet to arrive. When the post owls started circling the ceiling ten minutes later, there was a flurry of excitement as the wizarding newspapers were dropped in front of those with subscriptions. Shouts of surprise and joy filled the Hall as everyone read the front page.

GRINDELWALD DEAD – WAR OVER

Yesterday afternoon, a mysterious group of Light wizards, lead by Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, is reported to have stormed the headquarters of the Dark Lord Grindelwald. In a bold, and what some would call suicidal, attack aimed at freeing prisoners, thirty of the Dark Lord's followers, as well as his apprentice, are said to have been captured or killed.

Grindelwald himself is said to have been killed at the end of the battle in a spectacular show of bravery by Professor Dumbledore, who our sources in the Ministry claim will be rewarded with an Order of Merlin, First Class, for his efforts.

An eye witness at the battle, one Daedalus Diggle of the Department of Mysteries, claims, “ We all fought bravely against about twenty of Grindelwald's followers. They have all been captured and are awaiting trial. Our group was lucky, we didn't lose anybody, and we managed to free fourteen prisoners, including two captured members of our organisation, one of which was its founder.”

What is this mysterious organisation? This reporter can only guess. What I do know for sure is, they certainly have my support. When pushed, Mr. Diggle revealed, “ We cannot give you any information. However, I will say that we are dedicated to preserving peace and ridding the world of Dark forces.”

What will the future hold now that Grindelwald is defeated? Who knows? Now, though, the wizarding world is at peace, and everyone can sleep more soundly at night.

ANNABEL WILLIAMS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDANT

Elated chatter filled the Hall as the article was read and reread, those without a copy of the newspaper borrowing it from those who had finished the front page. A few minutes later, as Dumbledore entered the Great Hall for breakfast, cheers rang out from all of the House tables, although less enthusiasm came from Slytherin. The headmaster smiled at everyone benignly as he made his way to the head table, where he stood before his chair to speak to the students.

“ Hello, everyone. As you have undoubtedly heard, the Dark Lord Grindelwald is no longer a threat to the wizarding world. For most, this is something to be celebrated, and for some, it is a source of disappointment.”

Here Dumbledore glanced quickly at some scowling Slytherins, especially Satanus and Caligula, who were both giving him poisonous looks.

“ I would personally like to thank everyone involved in his downfall, and especially those without whom victory would have been impossible. Would Harry Evans, Virginia and Ronald Weston, and Hermione Granger please stand.”

The four students looked at Dumbledore in horror as they got to their feet amid cheers from their Housemates. Minh, Eustace, Gallatea and Peeves were cheering the loudest, the latter causing much of the school to stare at him in confusion. The mischievous poltergeist wasn't known for showing such support for students. Once the din lessened, Dumbledore continued with his speech.

“ These four extraordinary individuals have saved many lives over the course of the year. First, they helped to great effect at the attack in October. During the Christmas break, they single handedly fought off an attack on Muggles by Grindelwald's followers in London. At the

end of March, they all participated in the battle in Paris, which you will all have heard about from the Daily Prophet. It was at this point you would have noticed their absence from school, as they were captured by the enemy and held prisoner for two months. Despite this, they all fought bravely yesterday and were instrumental in the defeat of the Dark Lord. For this, they will all receive awards for special services to the school from me, and Orders of Merlin, First Class from the Ministry of Magic.”

The noise was deafening as everyone cheered and stamped their feet in support of their fellow students. The four in question were bright red with embarrassment, but were deeply flattered that they were getting such honours bestowed upon them. Eventually, the noise died down and Dumbledore sat, before everyone tucked into their breakfasts.

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Later that day brought a big shock to the four former captives. It was their first lesson when it occurred to them that their OWL exams started the following week, and they had two months worth of work plus revision to fit into seven days. Ron was the most panicked, as unlike the other three he wasn't really into studying things in advance. Harry and Hermione weren't at all worried, as their Ravenclaw experience had made them more studious, and they had both covered the whole year's work months before in their own time. Ginny had a little bit to catch up with, but she was sure she would be ready by the time the exams came around.

The rest of the week was spent mostly in the library. Minh and Eustace were studying for their end of year exams, and the other four were trying to revise for their OWLs. Ron was going ballistic, knowing he could never catch up in time, despite Hermione's efforts to help him learn. He was picking up the practical side of things easily, but he was having trouble memorising all of the theory. Although it was similar to what he knew of ancient magic, some of the theories had changed over time, and he had to distinguish between old and new. If he wrote about ancient theory, he wouldn't pass. While Hermione was frantically helping her boyfriend to catch up, Harry was reviewing his own work and helping

Ginny to fill in any gaps in her knowledge. Although she had nowhere near as much to cover as Ron, her knowledge in some areas, especially in Transfiguration and Potions, was a bit spotty. Harry was having a good time teaching her, as he found it helped him remember things better.

When the Monday after the battle finally came, all of the students were highly nervous. The OWLs were not to be taken lightly, as failure to pass all of the subjects meant that you couldn't progress to sixth year. As they stood outside of the classroom where their first exam was to be held, which just happened to be Potions, Ron started to panic.

“ What if I fail it? I don't want to do fifth year again, as I've already done it twice. And it'd be really embarrassing if I was a year behind my little sister...”

“ Ron, stop worrying about it. We don't have the knowledge for these ones that we had for the last ones. The chances of us getting grade 'O's it lower. You may not get as high a grade as you would have done had you been here for the last two months, but I doubt you'll fail.”

“ It's alright for you, Harry. You did the work in advance like 'Mione did, and you'll probably get grade 'O' for everything. I mean, you're even taking the exams for all the subjects, even the ones we didn't have classes for. I don't know when you find the time to cover all the material.”

“ Well, for some things, like Arithmancy and Ancient Runes, the material hasn't changed that much over the last 1000 years. I just had to get up to date with new concepts and I was fine. As for Muggle Studies, I grew up with Muggles. I just have to remember what exists in this time, as some things haven't been invented yet.” a

“ But why did it have to be Potions first?”

“ Does it really matter what comes first?” Ginny asked her brother,
“ After all, you have to do them all at some point. You may as well get the one you hate the most out of the way first.”

“ That’s true, Gin. Actually, I’m quite looking forward to Potions.”

“ HARRY! How can you say that? Potions is an evil subject...”

“ Ron, just because Snape was never nice to us in lessons doesn’t mean the subject is evil. I’ve actually grown to like it. After all, I have written three books on the subject.”

“ That’s true. How are your books going, by the way?”

“ Well, I’ve finished Dark and Light potions, and Dark antidotes.”

“ And I’m on my fourth book,” Hermione chimed in proudly.

“ Mine’s an ongoing project, and I’m a bit behind at the moment, as we had two months away. I’ll catch up when the summer holiday starts.”

“ So are you three going to publish them when we get home?”

“ Hopefully, Ron. Imagine what Mum and Dad will say...”

“ I’m sure they’ll be proud, Gin. I can’t wait to see Fred and George’s faces when we give them the quidditch book.”

Their conversation was cut off when Professor Sewell opened the door and ushered the nervous students into the room. The OWLs had officially begun.

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Two weeks later it was all over. Despite all of his worrying, Ron didn’t have too many problems with the exams, at least not as many as he had been anticipating. For him, Potions and Divination had been the worse. Sybil had gone in first, and when she had come back out, she had a smug look on her face. When it had come to Ron’s turn, he had looked into the crystal ball and had vividly described his own

death. Unfortunately, the Divination teacher, unlike Trelawney, didn't revel in hearing about her students' deaths. She had sent Ron out with a detention and lost House points for wasting her time. Harry had been slightly more successful, as he 'predicted' how the Muggle war in Europe would progress over the next couple of months. As he already knew what would happen, and the OWLs weren't marked until the end of the holidays, he knew it would be accurate. Ginny of course, had no problem with Divination, as she was already a Seer.

Two days before the end of term, the group went up to Dumbledore's office to have a chat with the headmaster. The holidays were almost upon them, and they still didn't know where they would be living for the summer. As most of the teachers went home in the holidays, it wasn't feasible for them to stay there. Eustace went with them as well, as he didn't know what was to happen to him. He obviously couldn't go home, as his parents were dead and his house was destroyed. When the group of five students reached the headmaster's office, they went inside and took their seats when asked.

"Lemon Drop?" Dumbledore asked them, holding out the bag.

"No thank you, Sir," Harry started, "We came to ask where we will be living for the summer. As you know, Eustace is an orphan, and we have no family here."

"I see. Well, as it happens, I was contacted a few weeks ago by Amelia and John Logan, who have asked if they can take young Mr. Potter in. Would that be acceptable?"

"Yes, Headmaster," Eustace said enthusiastically.

"Then that is settled then. As for you four, it would probably be for the best if you remained at Domus Corvus Corax. After all, it *is* your house, Harry."

"Yes, Sir, I know it is. We just don't want to get in the way."

"Goodness! You could never do that. There is plenty of room, anyway, especially now that the former captives have been returned to their homes. The only people living there on a semi permanent

basis are some of the Order members, and the elves. Your friend Minh-Minh-Lama will be staying there for part of the summer I believe, until she and her family return to the elven world.”

“ That will be nice, Sir,” Ginny said.

“ Then it’s all settled. Now, I suggest you get back to your friends. After all, some of them you will probably never see again.”

“ On that note, could I ask you a favour Professor?” Ginny asked.

“ Would it be possible to assemble the students and staff on the front steps on the last day, before they go to the train. I would like to take a photograph of the whole school.”

“ Of course. In fact, I think it’s a wonderful idea!”

“ Thank you, Sir.”

The group of students stood up and headed out of the office, leaving Dumbledore the shuffle through some papers on his desk.

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The Great Hall was filled with chattering students the night of the Leaving Feast. Most of the students were excited at the start of the summer, the seventh years being especially joyous at the thought of graduating from Hogwarts. There were six students, however, who here not so happy. For Harry, Hermione, Ron and Ginny it was a sad occasion, as it marked the end of their year in wartime Britain. They were excited about going to a new place, and coming ever closer to home, but they were depressed at the thought of what they were leaving behind. Minh and Eustace were also enjoying the feast less than the other students, as they knew they would soon be losing their friends and adopted older brother. Just before dessert appeared, Dumbledore stood up to say a few words.

“ I hope everyone is enjoying the Leaving Feast, but I have a few words to say before you gorge yourselves on dessert. This year has seen several important events in the history of our school, both good and bad. We have suffered losses, and have won victories. I am sad

to say that we are losing six students from Hogwarts. Satanus Snape and Caligula Malfoy are both transferring to Durmstrang Institute to finish their education. Harry Evans, Virginia and Ronald Weston, and Hermione Granger are also leaving us after only one year. They will be moving to a different school of magic, although I am not at liberty to say where. I would also like to congratulate Ravenclaw on winning the Quidditch Cup and Slytherin for winning the House Cup. Thank you all for your attention, and enjoy your summers.”

Talk resumed in the Great Hall as the students went back to their conversations. Harry was talking quietly to Minh in elvish, as he was unfortunate enough to be sitting next to Sybil, and he didn't want her to overhear anything she could use in one of her 'predictions'. Unfortunately, he was roused from his conversation by the so-called Seer when she let out a short yelp. Looking to her, he noticed she had a glazed look in her eyes, one he recognised from his third year exam. She started speaking in a deadened tone, grabbing the attention of those around her.

“ One child, born of himself,
Shall end that which others cannot,
Two shall fall, and two shall perish,
While one shall stay to defeat again,
Born to save, of his own flesh,
Ouroboros created by the fates,
To end the darkness for eternity.”

The glazed look left Sybil's eyes and she blinked, before turning to the boy opposite her.

“ What were we talking about, Brian,” she asked in confusion. The boy stared back at her in disbelief.

“ Sybil, what was that?”

“ What was what?”

“ That thing you just said. About darkness falling and someone born of his flesh.”

“ I didn’t say anything.”

“ Yes you did,” Harry added thoughtfully. The students around him nodded in agreement.

“ I don’t remember anything.”

Harry turned back to Minh.

“ Minh, I need to speak to the headmaster after the feast. I’ll meet you in my room at eight.”

“ Alright Harry.”

The green eyed boy quickly sent the same message around to the others using his telepathy, adding that he had just heard what he believed to be Sybil’s first real prediction. Turning his attention to the headmaster, he sent a quick message.

~Sir, can I speak to you after dinner?~

~Of course, Harry~ came the quick reply.

Harry turned back to his dinner; thoughts of what Sybil had predicted swirling in his head.

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Sitting in front of Dumbledore’s desk, the headmaster watching him carefully, Harry wasn’t quite sure how to explain what had happened. Instead, he created a connection with Dumbledore’s mind and played back the memory of the event at the feast for the old man to see. When it was finished, he thought it would be best to elaborate.

“ Sir, when I was in my third year she made a real prediction during my end of year exam. When I spoke to you afterwards, you told me it was only her second real prediction. What happened today was just

like the last time I saw it. It was real, I know it was, and I think it's the prediction you were talking about."

"That is entirely likely, Harry. Do you know what any of it means?"

"I think I do, but I can't tell you, as it may interfere with time. All I can say, though, is that I think it was about me."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because I am Ouroboros."

Chapter Thirty One – Summer

Harry left Dumbledore's office not long after his little proclamation, leaving behind a very confused headmaster. Harry felt he needed to talk to his friends, as they knew the whole story about Harry's son. He knew he would have to fill in a few things for Eustace without mentioning that he was Harry's grandfather, and so was planning what to say as he searched for a quiet corridor to create a door in. Finding the odd student to be filling most of the corridors around the headmaster's office, he quickly slipped into the empty Charms classroom and placed his hand on the wall. As soon as the door appeared, he hurried inside and went over to the fireplace to wait. He still had half an hour before the others were due to turn up, and he needed to know what he was telling him.

At five to eight, Minh came through the wall from her dorm room. She was the first to arrive, and rather than rouse Harry from his thoughts, she chose to sit opposite him in silence until the others arrived. Over the next ten minutes, Hermione, Ron, Ginny and Eustace showed up, with Peeves and Gallatea being the last there. Once they were all comfortably seated, Harry looked at them each in turn before explaining why they were there.

“ As you will know, at the feast Sybil Trelawney made her first real prediction. Having given it some serious thought, I have come to the conclusion that it is about me.”

“ What makes you say that, Harry? I was there when she told us it, and I don't see how it ties in with you.”

“ That's because you don't know much about the future, Minh. When you take it line by line, it makes sense. Hermione, is I recite it, tell me what you come up with, and I'll tell you if I agree. You're normally the best at riddles and the like.”

“ Alright, Harry. Fire away.”

“ One child, born of himself.”

“ That would be you, I assume?”

“ Yes. I am my own ancestor, so I am ‘born of myself’.”

“ That makes sense. Go on.”

“ Wait a minute. What do you mean; you’re your own ancestor?”
Eustace interrupted.

“ It’s a long story, Eustace,” Ginny told him. Gallatea shook her head at this.

“ No it’s not, not really. Basically, when Harry was in the past, I had his child, named Glenadade. I believe you have seen his portrait in the entrance hall of Corvus Corax. He was the first of Harry’s line. Harry’s child is Harry’s ancestor. It’s quite complicated, so I’d just accept it and not think too much on it if I were you.”

A rather stunned Eustace just nodded mutely, and even Minh looked surprised. She had suspected something like this from what her mother and aunt had told her, but she had never had it confirmed. Hermione took the silence as an opportunity to continue.

“ Harry, what’s the next line?”

“ Shall end that which others cannot.”

“ As in, you killing Voldemort when you were a baby?”

“ That’s what I thought. I mean, no-one else could get rid of him, but he vanished after I was hit with the Killing curse.”

“ WHAT! You survived a Killing curse???” Eustace yelled. Although he considered Harry an older brother, there was a lot he still didn’t know about him and his friends. They had told him they were from the future, but had refused to tell him anything besides the fact that Harry was an orphan and lived with his Muggle relatives. He had heard things when they had their late night talks, but none of it was specific enough to give away too much about the future.

“ Eustace, calm down. It’s one of those things we can’t tell you about, but yes, I did survive a Killing curse. That’s where I got the scar on my head,” Harry explained.

“ What scar?” Eustace asked in confusion. Harry’s eyes widened as he realised he had placed a concealing charm on it at the start of the year. With a wave of his hand, he lifted the spell and the lightning bolt materialised on his forehead. Minh and Eustace looked at it in awe and curiosity. After a minute, Harry became uncomfortable, replacing the charm and giving Hermione a pleading look.

“ Can we move on? Give me the next line,” Hermione instructed, bringing the attention back to her.

“ Two shall fall, and two shall perish.”

“ Well the two who perished would be your parents, but what about the other two? They could be referring to any number of people. Voldemort fell from power, Pettigrew was stuck as a rat, Sirius was sent to Azkaban, Professor Lupin was no longer trusted, and several Dark families were condemned for their Death Eater connections. It could have been any of those. What did you come up with?”

“ Well, I thought for certain Voldemort would be one of them, but I’m not sure who the other is supposed to be. I’ll bare it in mind, though. The next line was the one to catch my attention. It goes ‘While one shall stay to defeat again’. The remaining one would be me, I assume, as I was the one who defeated Voldemort once.”

“ I agree,” Hermione said, nodding, “ But if it says defeat again, it could be referring to you helping to defeat Slytherin or Grindelwald. It doesn’t necessarily mean you will ultimately defeat Voldemort again.”

“ That’s the thing though, ‘Mione. I didn’t defeat Slytherin or Grindelwald, I only helped. The only one I have defeated on my own has been Voldemort. I think she meant I will defeat him again.”

“ I agree with Harry,” Peeves chipped in, “ I mean, Lord Gryffindor defeated Slytherin, and Dumbledore killed Grindelwald. Sure, Harry may have helped, and even played an instrumental role, but he didn’t deal the killing blows. If you have your life tied to this Voldemort fellow, I think it is your destiny to defeat him eventually.”

“ That makes sense, Peeves. I never took you for a deep thinker,” Ron added.

“ Hey! I think! I just like to put most of my thinking powers into pranks.”

“ And don’t we know it,” Ginny muttered to ‘Tea. The ghost let out a short snort of laughter.

“ Anyway,” Hermione interrupted, “ Harry, tell us the rest.”

“ Born to save, of his own flesh, Ouroboros created by the fates, to end the darkness for eternity.”

“ That sounds like you for sure, Harry.”

“ I know, ‘Tea. I am Ouroboros, born of my own flesh and created by the fates to finally defeat Voldemort and end his Dark reign of terror.”

“ I concur. All of the evidence suggests that you are Ouroboros.”

“ Wait a minute. For those of us not up on human terminology, what *is* Ouroboros?” asked an exasperated Minh.

“ Sorry Minh. Ouroboros is normally depicted as a serpent eating its own tail. It represents the endless round of completion. The serpent eating its own tail shows an endless and unbreakable circle. It is similar to the Roman personification of eternity, called Aeternitas. I can see why Harry is compared to it. Being his own descendent means he was always meant to be here. He has a destiny, to fight the Dark Lord and end the Age of Darkness. He was created by the Fates and to ensure his existence he was crated in a circle, for eternity.”

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The next day everyone was up bright and early to pack for the holidays. Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione were all taking the train with their friends to King’s Cross. Once there they would travel by floo from the public fireplace on Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ to Corvus Corax. Harry was a little confused when he heard the platform had a fireplace. He

knew there wasn't one there in 1995, and was wondering what had happened to it. When he asked Ron a few day days before, he had been told that the fireplace had been taken out during Voldemort's first reign for safety reasons and never put back.

Breakfast was a rather subdued affair. Most of the students were excited about going home to their families again, but for Harry it was the last time he would ever see most of the people in the school. He picked disinterestedly at his food, and merely nodded to Minh as she spoke to him. At the end of breakfast, before the students could leave the Hall, Dumbledore stood up to make one last request on behalf of Ginny.

" Everyone, I would like to wish you all a wonderful summer. However, before I let you go home, I would like to ask you all to assemble on the front steps according to year and House. The teachers will tell you how. Thank you."

Most of the students were looking at each other in confusion at this strange request, but rushed to comply. Ginny was stood in front of the school when Harry went outside. She was putting a floating and timing spell on her camera, and setting it up in the right place for a photograph. Once everyone was assembled as instructed, she set the timer off, taking a picture. Once the flash had gone off, everyone moved off the steps and made their way to the carriages.

Once they were all on the train, the four time travellers, Minh and Eustace found an empty compartment at the end of the train and sat down. For a while they occupied themselves, with Ron and Eustace playing chess, Harry and Minh having a heated discussion in the elven language, and Ginny and Hermione reading. When the witch with the trolley came around offering them various niceties, Harry and Ron, having the most money, bought treats for everyone. Not long after, the group was visited by some unwelcome Slytherins. The door of their compartment was rudely pulled open, revealing the smirking forms of Caligula Malfoy and Satanus Snape.

" Well, well, well, if it isn't the heroes and their fan club," Caligula drawled.

" Shut up, Malfoy," Minh said angrily.

“ Oh, the little mouse has teeth! Never would have thought it from looking at her, skinny little bint...”

Eustace was on his feet in an instant, wand drawn and pointed at Malfoy. The pair just sneered in reply.

“ I see the little orphan thinks he can defend his friend. Little first years couldn't do anything to us. What do you think you're going to do, Potter, use Wingardium Leviosa on us?”

The Slytherins snickered at Satanus' comment. The other four were starting to get annoyed, but knew if they lost their tempers they could seriously harm the other students. Instead they decided to join in the insulting, Harry turning a wicked grin on Caligula.

“ At least he can perform Wingardium Leviosa, Malfoy. Unlike your dear father Tiberius.”

“ You leave my father out of this, Mudblood.”

“ Ooh, I think you hit a nerve there, Harry.”

“ I think I did, Ron. You know Malfoy; I think it's time you and your little sidekick take a hike before I do to you what I did to your father.”

“ YOU WOULDN'T DARE!” the fifth year screamed, rage colouring his face an ugly red. Harry just smirked.

“ I wouldn't count on it. I hear you're going to Durmstrang next year. Just the place for budding young Dark wizards.”

“ One day, Evans, we'll meet you again, and when we do we will be stronger than even you.”

“ I doubt that, Snape. After all, I bested Grindelwald and his apprentice in a battle with the Dark Arts. I highly doubt you can beat me.”

“ One day, we will,” Caligula promised.

“ Until we meet again, then,” Harry whispered as the two left the compartment in a huff.

“ Well, that was interesting,” Ginny said.

“ It wouldn’t be the Hogwarts Express without a visit from a Malfoy,” Ron agreed.

“ True.”

“ Yeah.”

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Before they knew it, the Hogwarts Express was pulling up at the station and everyone was pulling their trunks onto the platform and greeting their families. When they stepped from the carriage, the group was warmly greeted by John and Amelia Logan.

“ Oh, it’s lovely to see you all again so soon. How are you all doing?” Amelia gushed as she gave them all tight hugs. The students all blushed and told her they were fine. With a smile from John, the group made their way over to the fireplace.

“ Now you five take care in that big house. And I want you to come and visit us later in the holidays for a few weeks. We have the space, and I know you will want to see each other as much as possible. Don’t worry, though. With Order business and the like we’ll be dropping in on you every now and again,” Amelia continued.

Turning to Eustace, each of the friends gave him a hug and said goodbye, promising to meet him in Diagon Alley for a trip in two weeks time. With one last goodbye, the Logans and their new charge stepped into the fireplace and disappeared in a flash of green flame. Minh went in next, calling out for Domus Corvus Corax as she stepped in. As soon as she disappeared from sight, the other four grabbed their trunks and pets, before apparating into the portkey room.

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Their first two weeks of the holidays passed rather quickly for the four time travellers. They spent their days training with martial arts, swords, bows and arrows, and spells in the training room, making sure to maintain their skills. In the evenings Harry, Ginny and Hermione would read books from the library or work on their own texts, while Ron could be found outside flying around the quidditch pitch. Often Harry would join him after studying for a while as a way to relax before he went to bed.

There had also been several Order meetings since they had arrived, mainly concerning the scattered members of Grindelwald's circle. They occasionally went on raids, catching those bold enough to organise Muggle attacks and bringing most of them to justice. Those who had so far eluded capture were all being systematically hunted down. Harry always got frustrated when some of their enemies escaped, and he always took it out on Tom Riddle, sending wave after wave of pain through the Dark Mark. The Boy-Who-Lived saw this as a form of justice after the painful visions he had to endure when Voldemort was feeling especially vindictive.

On their pre-arranged day, the four came down from their rooms in the morning dressed for an outing. Minh followed soon after, and after a hearty breakfast in the ball room with some of the Order members, including Lolide and Gaerwyn, they left for Diagon Alley.

As they fell out of the fireplace at the Leaky Cauldron, they quickly spotted the Logans and Eustace sitting in a corner booth. Making their way over, they exchanged pleasantries before heading out into the Alley with Eustace in tow. Making their way over to Gringotts, Harry headed over to one of the goblins, as he had a request.

“ Um, excuse me.”

“ Yes,” the goblin said curtly.

“ I would like to change my account.

“ In what way?”

“ Well, I'm currently sharing a vault with my best friend, and I would like to put my gold in a different vault.”

“ That will be fine. Is there anything else?”

“ Yes, the vault we have at the moment is constantly making money. I need half of it to stay in that account and half to go into mine.”

“ Very well. If you would come this way, I will take the details from you.”

Harry was led into a back office with the goblin, while everyone else went to get some money. Half an hour later found them all back out on the street. After looking in Quality Quidditch Supplies and several other shops, Harry came to a stop as they passed the entrance to Knockturn Alley.

“ Guys, is it alright is I leave you for a while? I need to look for a few things down Knockturn Alley, and I doubt you’d want to come.”

“ Harry! You shouldn’t go down there! You could be ambushed, or cursed...”

“ ‘Mione, I’ll be fine. I know more Dark Magic than most of the people down there put together. I can take care of myself.”

“ Well, as long as you’re careful...”

“ I will be, don’t worry.”

“ We’ll meet you at Florean’s in two hours, mate.”

“ Sure, Ron. That’ll be enough time.”

As they parted, Ginny and Hermione couldn’t help but send concerned glances after their friend as he sauntered down Knockturn Alley as if he belonged there, his black robes helping him to blend in quickly. With a sigh, Hermione dragged the others over to the bookshop.

Harry made his way down the Dark wizard district, passing any number of strange creatures. At one point a hag tried to mug him, but a well placed Dark curse sent her scuttling away. Those in the

street who had been watching Harry and thinking he didn't belong there quickly revised their opinions of him after that. Heading to a shop about halfway down the alley that he had noticed in his own time, Harry went in and sat down to wait his turn behind two other wizards. He had given it a lot of thought, and had decided to get a magical tattoo. It was the reason he had wanted to come down Knockturn Alley, as he knew nowhere in Diagon Alley did tattoos.

Almost two hours later, Harry hurried out of the shop and made his way quickly to Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlour, knowing he was running late. When he finally got there he went over to where his friends were sitting. Ginny was the first to notice him, her eyes lighting up when she caught sight of him.

"Harry! There you are. We were beginning to worry."

"Sorry, guys. The shop I went in had a queue and I was in there a long time."

"What did you get, Harry," Minh asked him.

"I got a magical tattoo."

"Harry, you didn't! Why would you want to permanently disfigure yourself like that?"

"Well, if you must know 'Mione, I got it on my back to hide the scars from where Grindelwald's followers peeled my skin off."

"Oh."

"What did you get? Can we see?" Eustace asked eagerly.

In reply, Harry turned around and waved his hand, turning the back of his robe transparent. The group looked in awe at the detailed images that moved every now and again, showing they were truly magical. In the centre of Harry's back was a large black raven, the symbol of Ravenclaw, which ruffled its feathers every now and again. What was circling it, though, made everyone gasp in surprise and appreciation, Hermione whispering its name out loud.

“Ouroboros.”

Chapter Thirty Two – Summer's End

The two weeks following the trip to Diagon Alley were spent in much the same way as the two before. In addition to training and reading, the four time travellers were also taking some time to teach Dumbledore a few useful tricks they knew he would need in the future. As most of Grindelwald's followers had now been caught, they had some free time on their hands. He had progressed well at the beginning in wandless magic, as he had been practicing for months. However, he seemed to have come to a standstill at a level approximately equal to a third year student. Harry had anticipated this, and had warned the headmaster before their lessons had even started, but the man was still a little disappointed. To make up for it, though, Harry had taken the headmaster aside one day and asked him if he wanted lessons in invisibility. The Boy-Who-Lived had been thinking back to his first year when Dumbledore had caught him looking at the Mirror of Erised. He had been invisible without the help of an invisibility cloak, and the only way Harry could think that he would have learned it would be if one of the four had taught it to him. Hermione, Ginny, Ron and Minh had thought it strange when their friend and the headmaster disappeared for two days. They had holed up in a distant part of the East Tower, where nobody could find them. There, Harry had been able to pass on the secrets of invisibility without distractions. It had taken the older man two whole days to master it, but it had been worth it in the end. Both emerged exhausted, but satisfied.

The highlight of the second week was Harry's birthday. With all that had been going on, especially Dumbledore's lessons, it quickly became apparent to the others that the boy had completely forgotten about it. Gaerwyn, Lolide and Minh had taken it upon themselves to organise a traditional elven birthday celebration for him. The night before, after Harry had retired to his room with a book for the night, the three had gone to the ball room and done the decorations. After that, they had headed down to the kitchens to sort out the food. For the occasion, they had enlisted the help of some of the Hogwarts house elves, who had been thrilled to leave the castle for a while. When everything was ready, they headed to bed themselves, charming themselves with elven magic to make sure they were up before Harry.

The morning of the 31st July, Harry woke from a rare pleasant dream about chickens and chocolate frogs to the sound of faint music. Sitting up in his bed in confusion, he listened for a minute to determine where the sound was coming from. Unable to discover the source from where he was, he went into the bathroom and cleaned up, before throwing on a purple robe and heading out of the room. As he made his way to the ground floor, the music seemed to be getting louder, and he realised that he recognised it from somewhere but couldn't quite put his finger on where he had heard it before. When he reached the bottom of the staircase, he realised it was coming from the ball room. Opening the doors cautiously, he poked his head in the door and gasped in surprise. All of his friends, including Gallatea, Peeves, Eustace, Gaerwyn and Lolide were stood in the room facing him, the Order of the Phoenix in its entirety standing behind them. He suddenly realised what the music was. It was a traditional elven birthday song. A grin spread across his face when it occurred to him what day it was. Opening the doors fully, he stepped into the room and looked around. The ceiling and walls were decorated in leaves and vines, with light blue material draped here and there; making it feel like it was outdoors. The enchanted ceiling, much like the one in the Great Hall at Hogwarts, only added to the effect. A long table was set in the middle of the room replacing the Order table, and it was covered in a yellow cloth, with various elven decorations adorning it. At one end was a large pile of presents from all of the guests, and the rest of the table had dishes with various elven breakfast foods. Beaming in delight, Harry went over and hugged his friends.

“ This is just...amazing! However did you manage to do all this?”

“ It was Gaerwyn's idea,” Ginny told him, “ She, Lolide and Minh spent all of last night getting it ready. They thought you would appreciate a traditional elven birthday party.”

“ I do, it's really great, thank you.”

“ Yes, and just think of all we can learn from this...”

“ Hermione!”

“ What, Ron? Just because we’re celebrating Harry’s birthday doesn’t mean I can’t take the opportunity to learn something about elven culture.”

Harry could see an argument coming on, so he slipped away to greet the rest of his guests and thank them all for coming. Once the greetings were out of the way, everyone sat down to a hearty elven breakfast, the food served that which most at the table had never seen before. After breakfast, everyone headed outside, where a quidditch tournament was organised. With the entire Order there, they had enough people to make up four teams, although most had to borrow brooms from the broom shed, as they didn’t have their own. Harry summoned his own broom, the handmade one he had received the year before from Gallatea, and flew into the air. Thinking of his broom brought memories of his last birthday, and a deep sadness filled him when he thought about his friends, especially Ardwick and Christabel, who he could no longer see. The pain was a little less where ‘Tea and Peeves were concerned, as he could see them any time. Thinking of the two ghosts, he looked over to where they were sitting in the stands next to Hermione and Ginny. The four had been split up, with one on each team to make the tournament more interesting.

Three hours later, everyone headed back inside Domus Corvus Corax for a shower and a change of clothes before heading down to the ball room for lunch. The meal was just as superb as breakfast had been, with people delighting over the exotic dishes. Once everyone was sated, Dumbledore suggested Harry open his presents. With a large smile, he made his way over to the large pile and picked one off the top. Seeing it was from Hermione, he pulled the yellow and black wrapping off to reveal a first edition copy of Hogwarts, a History.

“ Wow, Hermione. I guess I’ll have to read this now.”

The bushy haired girl just smiled. Despite all of the studying Harry had been doing over the last couple of years, he had never gotten around to reading the infamous Hogwarts, a History. Moving back to the table, Harry picked up the next present, which was from Eustace and Ron. Opening it up, he found a new trunk carved with elegant

winged leopards. Staring at the beautiful thing in shock, he gently opened the lid to reveal a large assortment of prank items from Zonko's.

"Thanks, guys. This must have cost a fortune."

"It wasn't too bad. I mean, I have plenty of money, haven't I?"

"True, Ron. When did you get this, though? I mean, the carving is exquisite, and you must have ordered it..."

"I ordered it when we went to Diagon Alley. I had it sent over when it was finished. I hope you like it."

"I love it! I was needing a new trunk anyway."

"Yeah, your old one's getting a bit bashed."

Harry then opened the present from Ginny, which he found to be a silver seal ring with the image of ouroboros on it, a small raven appearing in the centre. The picture was identical to his tattoo.

"Ginny, I don't know what to say..."

"Well, I thought it suited you. After all, you are a Ravenclaw, and ouroboros, so I thought you could use it for letters and stuff..."

"Thanks."

"You're welcome."

Next came Dumbledore's gift, which was several boxes of wartime Muggle chocolate, including 'Lucky Numbers', 'Fry's Five Boys' and the aptly named 'Black Magic'. Harry smiled and thanked the headmaster. From his elven friends he received several elven books that had been written since the last ones he had received 950 years ago. Once all of the presents were opened, everyone played some elven party games before sitting down to dinner. The meal was wonderful, and Harry was overwhelmed when Lolide came up from the kitchens singing the elven version of 'Happy Birthday', carrying a large cake. It was covered in pale green icing and was decorated

with fondant leaves and shining silver elven runes. Harry gave a big smile and blew out his candles, thinking what a wonderful day it had been.

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A few days after Harry's birthday the time came when the elves were going back to their own world. They had been planning to go for a while, and now that most of the enemy had been caught and the Order didn't need them any more, they were ready to go back to Falaryth. For one thing, Lolide and Gaerwyn were missing their parents, and Minh was missing all of her friends. The day before she was due to leave, Harry had been helping her to pack when she started to get a little emotional. They had been working quietly for a while, when she suddenly turned to him and threw her arms around his neck with a sob. Pulling her close to him, Harry stroked her back and made soothing noises. When she started to calm down, he sat her on his knee and started to talk to her in her own language, which helped her to relax.

"Minh, what's wrong?"

"I'm sorry, Harry, it's just...I'm really going to miss you."

"I'm going to miss you too, honey, but there's nothing we can do. I have to move on to another time, and you have to go back to your own world. At least I'll get to see you on September 1st before I leave. I hear you'll be arriving at Hogwarts in the morning, and I don't go until lunch time. Anyway, you still have Eustace, and 'Tea. They'll take care of you."

"But it's not the same! I mean, Eustace is a great friend, but the rivalry between Hufflepuff and Gryffindor might hurt our friendship. It wasn't so bad this year, because we were a group and all in different Houses, but if it's just the two of us..."

"Minh, the pair of you are good friends. If there's one thing I've learned from being in three different Houses, it's that friendship can transcend House rivalries. The House we are put in is determined by the strongest characteristics of our personalities. Friendships with other Houses can make us understand other people better. I know

this for a fact, because I have experience with every House but Slytherin, and I have changed as a person. We can all influence each other, whether for better or for worse. And always try to remember, you are in different Houses for your different personality traits. But opposites attract, after all. If you work as a team, you will do better if there is variety. Don't worry so much, Minh."

" Harry, I'm really going to miss having someone to make me feel better. You're like my big brother, the same as you are for Eustace. You would have made a great father."

" You think? I don't. I'm too young. I haven't seen enough of the world..."

" Harry, you've seen and experienced more than most. I think if anyone's prepared, it's you."

" I have no parenting skills. My parents died when I was one year old, and the Dursleys weren't exactly good role models. Sometimes, I think it's for the best that I didn't have a hand in raising my son. I would have made a royal mess of it."

" Harry, you have to learn to have faith in yourself."

" I do have faith in myself!"

" No, you have faith in your abilities as a wizard and a warrior. You don't have faith in yourself as a person. You're starting to buy into this whole hero thing that people see you as. The image of a perfect warrior without a real person behind it is starting to sink in. If you don't trust more in yourself as a person, as a real human with feelings and needs, you'll eventually be pulled into the darkness like Grindelwald. You have so much to give, Harry. Don't waste it."

" When did you become so insightful? For a first year, you seem awfully mature in your logic."

" You forget, Harry. I'm an elf. I may only be twelve of your years old, but in my world, I've lived a lot longer. I'm still a child by elf standards, but I still know a fair few things. Plus, elves are slightly empathic by nature, so I can sense some of what you're feeling."

“ You know what’s funny?”

“ What?”

“ I was supposed to comfort you, and you ended up being the one to sort out my problems.”

“ Well, you were successful to some extent. You took my mind off leaving.”

“ I guess I did, Minh. I guess I did.”

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The next day everyone was assembled in the ball room to see the elves off. The whole Order of the Phoenix had turned up, as well as Gallatea, Peeves and Eustace. Lolide, Gaerwyn and Minh all had their bags packed and piled in the middle of the room. After they checked for the last time that they had everything, Dumbledore stepped forward.

“ I would personally like to thank you all for the help you have given us over the last four months. Without your participation, I doubt we would have defeated our enemies at all.”

“ You are welcome, Albus,” Gaerwyn told the man, before shaking his hand.

Turning to the four time travellers and Eustace, the three went over and hugged them each, promising to see them again soon. Harry got an extra long hug from Gaerwyn and Lolide, and once Minh had her arms around him she clutched on tight and started to sob.

“ I don’t want to go, Harry. I’m really going to miss you.”

“ Shush, Minh, it’ll be alright. You’ll see me in a month anyway, and I’m sure I’ll meet up with you when we get to our next time period. After all, our own time is only fifty years away. That’s nothing to an elf.”

“ I know, but I’ll still miss you. I love you, Harry. You’re my big brother, part of my family.”

“ I know, little sis, I love you too.”

By this time most of the assembled people had tears in their eyes. It was obvious that the friends didn’t want to part, but the elves had to go back to their own world. The two sisters looked at each other for a few minutes, communicating with their eyes, before reaching a decision. Lolide stepped forward and cleared her throat.

“ Harry, would you and your friends like to come with us for a little while? We have enough room to house the five of you, and you could stay for a month or so in our world.”

“ Do you really mean that?” the boy beamed.

“ Of course. You have already been accepted in our world, so you won’t have any problems. Your friends, though, might be met with hostility. The offer stands, but it is your decision, and the decisions of your friends.”

Switching to English, Harry turned to Hermione, Ron, Eustace and Ginny.

“ Lolide wants to know if you guys want to go on a little trip to the elf world for a month or so.”

“ Really?” Hermione squealed, “ Imagine how much we could learn...”

“ For once I agree with ‘Mione. Just think, I could practice with elven archers,” Ginny exclaimed.

“ One thing though, Harry. We can’t speak their language, and the translation spell doesn’t work for non-human languages,” Ron pointed out.

“ I see your point. It’s not like we can do a knowledge transference spell, either, because that won’t work, just like we didn’t learn it from Lady Ravenclaw. If you want to come, I can translate for you.”

“ Alright then, if Amelia and John agree,” Eustace chipped in.

“ It’s alright by us. We’ll just have to pop home for your things...”

“ I’ll go now.”

“ See you soon, Eustace. Guys, if any of you want to come, I suggest going and packing.”

With nods from the other three, the group quickly ran up to their rooms and packed for the trip.

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Twenty minutes later everyone was gathered in the ball room with their things. With a last wave to the assembled crowd, the group of eight disappeared in a flash of blue light. When they arrived, Hermione, Ginny, Ron and Eustace stared around Falaryth with wide eyes. They had never seen anything so beautiful and magical in their lives. Harry stood to one side next to Minh, smirking at the amazed looks on his friends’ faces.

“ Do you think they like it?” he asked the young elf.

“ I get the impression they do.”

“ Good. I never thought they’d get to see it, and I don’t think they thought they would either.”

“ Well, I was a little surprised at my aunt’s offer. I mean, bringing one human who knows our culture and has elf blood into our world is one thing, but to bring people completely ignorant of our ways is another. We will help them, of course, but I can’t help but feel they will be met with hostility.”

“ We’ll just have to remind them to be respectful at all times, and see if we can bring some of the more biased elves around. It may be a good thing they came. Lolide originally taught me about your kind so I could help repair the rift between your people and mine. I started that the last time I was here, and now I want your people to see that not all humans are bad.”

“ True. This may be a complete disaster, but it could be the opportunity we’ve been waiting for in the reconciliation of our people.”

“ I certainly hope so, Minh. I certainly hope so.”

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The month spent with the elves passed by a lot more smoothly than anyone had been expecting. Gaerwyn and Lolide’s parents had taken to the new arrivals instantly, but it had taken a lot more for the rest of the elves to come around. Most had been outraged to find five humans in their world, especially when four of them couldn’t even speak their language. They saw it as an insult. However, after two weeks of careful avoidance of the ringleaders, and showing a great deal of respect to all of the natives, Hermione, Ron, Ginny and Eustace were eventually, if reluctantly, accepted. Minh and Harry had their work cut out translating for them, but they didn’t mind too much.

Most of the younger elves were very excited at seeing so many humans. They had obviously met Harry before, but to them it was a new experience seeing how humans interacted with each other on a day to day basis. After only a few days the group was going on trips with the young elves, most of which were good friends of Minh. They went to the south one day, and spent several hours playing in a pool of water near to the river. Another day they went to a waterfall that if looked at in the evening, appeared to shine a bright red from the reflected sunset. They even spent three days in the woods at one point on a camping trip. It was safe for them, as one of the elves’ older sister went with them. Hermione was having a wonderful time learning all about the plants growing in the woods.

As for the adults, after the initial shock they got used to their presence, even including them in some of their activities. Much to Ginny’s delight, she and the other three time travellers were invited on one of the elven hunting trips. It was a dream come true for Ginny, as she had always wanted to practice her archery with such skilled bowmen.

Over the course of the month, the four who had never been there before decided that they could see why Harry liked coming so

much. To them, it was a wonderful experience, and they wouldn't trade it for the world. However, they realised towards the end of their trip that they were ready to go home. Yet from the way they saw Harry interacting with everyone there, he was much more at home. They got the impression that given the choice between staying there or going back to the human world, he would choose to live in Falaryth permanently. The last night before they were due to leave, Ron and Harry were sitting out on one of the balconies overlooking the settlement, gazing up at the stars, when the redhead asked his friend about this.

“ Harry mate, you really seem to like it here.”

“ What's not to like, Ron? They lead such peaceful lives here. It's a big contrast to back home. When I'm here, I don't feel like I have the weight of the world on my shoulders. There are no Dark Lords or Death Eaters, no raving fans or Rita Skeeters. I can be 'just Harry', and no-one cares.”

“ You like it because it's peaceful? Wouldn't you get bored after a while?”

“ No, I don't think I would. Here, I'm not the Boy-Who-Lived. I have a family, if not by blood then by love. I feel like I fit in here, like I never did in the human world. I don't know what it is, but if I had the choice, I'd stay here.”

“ Do you think you will? When we get home and you defeat You-Know-Who, I mean.”

“ What, as a place to retire?”

“ Yeah, I guess so.”

“ I might do. In fact, if I survive the final battle, it's highly likely.”

The pair sat in silence for a few more minutes before finally going back inside to pack. Ron had given Harry a lot to think about, and the more he considered his options, the more likely it seemed in his mind that if he came here after the final battle, he wouldn't go back.

~~*

When it was time for the five humans to go back home, there were a lot of tears shed. Some of their new friends came to see them off, and were sorry to see them go, but Minh and Harry were the worst. Minh couldn't stop crying, and even Harry shed a tear or two. But there was nothing they could do. The humans had to go back to their own world sooner or later, and the elves had to get on with their own lives.

With a flash of blue light and a familiar *pop*, the five friends appeared back in the ball room of Corvus Corax, coincidentally right in the middle of an Order meeting. Without saying anything, the four members sat down at the table while Eustace went to the kitchens to get something to eat. Looking to Dumbledore, Harry asked the obvious question.

“What's going on? Why is there a meeting?”

“Well, we were just discussing you, as a matter of fact, Harry.”

“What were you saying?”

“We were just wondering what was going to happen to the Order once you leave.”

“Well, I've thought of that. I was planning to do this on the first of September, but seeing as you're all here, I may as well get it over and done with.”

“Get what over and done with? We were just saying how the Order can be abolished now that the threat from Grindelwald is gone.”

“Yes, that threat is gone, but there will be a new threat emerging in about twenty years time. Trust me, I know. When the time comes, I ask that the Order is re-established, with you, Professor Dumbledore, as its leader.”

“Harry, you are our leader and the founder of our group. I can't take over.”

“ You did while I was in captivity, and you did a wonderful job. Even better than I could have done. Who am I to deny the most able man for the job the position of leader? It would be for the good of the Order, and you know it.”

“ Well, if you’re sure, Harry.”

“ I am. Now, to secure the deal, I have a special request.”

“ Anything, Harry.”

“ I would like you to take care of Fawkes for me when I leave. If you are to lead the Order, Fawkes needs to be with you to approve of new members. Once I return to my own time and can rejoin on a permanent basis, I will take back custody of him. In the meantime, though, I ask you to give him a home.”

“ Of course, if you’re sure.”

“I am.”

With a great sigh, Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a small gold object and pushed it across the table to the headmaster. Dumbledore looked at it a moment before realising it was a vault key. Looking up at the young man opposite him, he stared at him questioningly. Harry thought it best to elaborate.

“ If you are to head the Order in the future, you will need a base of operations. Before I leave this time, I will reset the wards on Corvus Corax to my specifications. Thereafter, it will be open for the use of the Order whenever it is needed, although I ask that you respect the fact that this is my home, and I don’t want anything meddled with. The key I have just given you is to a vault in Gringotts bank. It contains approximately three billion galleons, and the amount will continue to grow. You are free to use the money therein to fund any Order related operations. I trust this is enough.”

“ Harry, I don’t know what to say,” the astonished headmaster exclaimed, “ I don’t know how I can accept such generosity.”

“ It’s not a matter of generosity, sir. The Order is there to fight the dark forces, and I wish to help in any way I can. I trust my offers will not be exploited while I am gone.”

“ Of course not. You can trust me.”

“ I know I can, that is why I am leaving you as leader. Now, if everything is sorted, I think my friends and I would like to go and unpack.”

The four time travellers stood up from the table, leaving the amazed Order members sitting there for a while before they came out of their stupors and continued their meeting.

~~*

Two weeks before the new school year was to begin, Amelia and John Logan flooded through to Domus Corvus Corax to seek out the four friends. After searching the ground floor, they headed outside, where they found them lying on the beach by the lake, sunbathing. The couple was relieved to see the deathly pallor the group had acquired while being held prisoner had finally disappeared. In the weeks since their rescues, they had gained weight and were looking a lot healthier. Grabbing their attention, Amelia stepped forward to address the teenagers.

“ Hello you four, long time no see.”

“ Hello, Amelia.”

“ Hey, Amelia.”

“ Nice to see you again.”

“ How are you.”

“ We’re both fine, dears. We came to ask if you wanted to come and spend the last two weeks at our house. I know Eustace would be thrilled, and we could take you to the presentation ceremony for your Order of Merlin awards.”

“ That would be great, thanks,” Hermione beamed.

“ Well then, just pop around later sometime before tea and that’ll give you time to pack.”

“ Alright, thank you,” Ginny called after them.

A couple of hours later found the four packed and ready to go. Heading into the portkey room, they apparated one by one to the Logans’ house. When they got there, they were met by Amelia bustling around trying to get everyone organised. Being led upstairs with their belongings, they soon found they were being placed in the same rooms as they were in last time. Once they had unpacked they headed down for dinner, where they got to see Eustace again after such a long time. The younger boy was thrilled at seeing his friends again, especially Harry.

~~*

The days leading up to the presentation ceremony were filled with trips into Muggle London, or into the countryside. Sometimes, they would stay at home if the weather was bad, preferring to play board games and talk about what had happened to them over the holidays. Amelia and John were amazed to hear about the wonders of the elf world. They had heard all about it from Eustace when he first came back, but hearing it from other perspectives made the whole experience more real. Harry especially painted a wonderful picture of the elven world, telling them the more subtle aspects that none of the others had picked up on.

Eventually, the time came, a week before school was to start, when the presentation ceremony for the Order of Merlin awards was to be held. The event itself was to be held in Diagon Alley, where the Minister for Magic would give out the plaques and they would sign official acceptance documents.

Dressed in their best formal robes, the group flocked or apparated to Diagon Alley at nine o’clock in the morning. The ceremony wasn’t due to start until eleven, so that gave them all time to get a little shopping done. Harry broke off from the other six, and headed down Knockturn Alley to get some rare and somewhat illegal potions

ingredients. He had finished his most recent book, and wanted to try out some of the potions in it. He had the knowledge of the potions, but he didn't have the practical experience. Once he had visited the apothecary, he headed back to Diagon Alley where he found a small, out of the way shop with a sign in the window advertising a portrait painting service. Heading inside, the Boy-Who-Lived went up to the counter and caught the attention of an elderly witch sitting there, looking through an issue of Witch Weekly.

"Um, excuse me."

"Yes dear, what can I do for you?"

"I would like a photograph turned into a painting, please."

"Of course. Could I see it, please?"

Harry dug around in his robe pocket and pulled out a copy of the photograph taken by Ginny on the last day of term, the one showing the whole school. He was planning to have this one turned into a painting, much like the one that was in the painting room in Corvus Corax showing the school of last year. He wanted one for each place they visited, as it would be a permanent reminder of all of the people they had met. Handing it over, the old witch looked at it for a few minutes before placing it to one side. Taking out a piece of parchment and a quill, she prepared to write down the specifications.

"Now, what size do you want it to be, dear?"

"About 36 inches high and 52 inches long."

"What wood would you like the frame to be?"

"Mahogany."

"And what clarity?"

"As clear as possible."

"You do understand this is going to cost quite a bit, young man?"

“ I have the money, don't worry.”

“ Very well. That'll be 26 galleons and 12 sickles.”

Harry took out his money bag and counted out the correct amount of coins. After putting it in a safe place, the witch called a man in from the back room and handed him the parchment and photograph.

“ It will be ready in about two weeks. Will you be collecting it, or would you like me to have it owled?”

“ Could you owl it to a mansion called Domus Corvus Corax.”

“ My, what a funny name. Can't say I've ever heard of it.”

“ Not many people have.”

“ Well, I'll have it sent there as soon as it's ready.”

“ Thank you.”

That done, Harry left the shop and headed to the end of Diagon Alley where the ceremony was to be held. A large pavilion had been set up for the occasion, with a stage at the front and row upon row of uncomfortable looking seats facing towards it. Most of the seats were already occupied with dozens of reporters with Quick Quotes Quills, and photographers with wizarding cameras flashing every two seconds. Making his way to the front, Harry spotted Dumbledore, Hermione, Ron and Ginny sitting on the first row. Amelia, Eustace and John were right behind them, looking excited. Heading over, the green eyed boy dropped down next to the headmaster, sending him a quick mental message.

~Professor, could I ask you a favour?~

~Of course, Harry, anything~

~I've ordered a painting for Corvus Corax. It's a copy of the photograph taken by Ginny of the whole school on the last day of term. I'm having it delivered to my house in two weeks time. Could you make sure it's hung next to the one like it in the portrait room?~

~Of course I can~

~Thank you, sir~

Their conversation was interrupted by the Minister standing up on the stage and putting a sonorous charm on his throat. Coughing politely to get everyone's attention, he waited until the noise level dropped before addressing the crowd.

“ Ladies, gentlemen, I would like to welcome you here today to help me celebrate the bravery and sheer heroism of five individuals, without whom we would still be at war. First, I would like to ask Professor Albus Dumbledore, esteemed Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, to step up onto the stage.”

The older wizard stood and made his way to the front and onto the stage, stopping when he reached the Minister. The man turned back to the crowd once the headmaster was there and continued his speech.

“ Professor Dumbledore is receiving this award for his outstanding efforts against the Dark Forces, both in the Battle of Hogwarts in October and the Battle of Paris in March. In addition, it was this courageous man who finally rid the wizarding world of the tyrannical Grindelwald. Albus Dumbledore, it is with great pleasure I present to you an Order of Merlin, First Class.”

The crowd cheered as Dumbledore shook the Minister's hand and accepted the engraved plaque. Before leaving the stage, he signed an official acceptance document allowing him to add the title to the end of his name in official documentation. He then took his seat next to Harry and waited for the spectators to quieten down. Next, the four time travellers were called up.

“ Next I would like to ask Hermione Granger, Harry Evans, Virginia Weston and Ronald Weston to join me on the stage.”

The four stood and made their way over; Harry cringing when the cameras flashed. He had had some bad experiences with the press in the past, and tried to avoid reporters and cameramen wherever possible. After shaking the Minister's hand, the speech continued.

“ Ladies and gentlemen, we have here four model Hogwarts students. Aged only seventeen, they have all faced the Dark Forces several times, at the battle of Hogwarts, the Battle of Paris, in an isolated Muggle torturing incident in December, and in the final battle. They were also captured for two months by the enemy, and lived to tell the tale. From what I have heard of their achievements, they deserve these awards. I am proud to present each of these four students an Order of Merlin, First Class.”

The noise was deafening as the four accepted their plaques, shook the Minister’s hand, and signed the documents. Looking out, they ignored the paparazzi and stared at the smiling faces of their friends. Dumbledore looked amused, which could be seen by the twinkle in his blue eyes. Eustace was beaming up at them in adoration, and the Logans looked exceedingly proud. As they stepped down from the stage, Harry had only one thought. *My family’s proud of me.*

~~*

August 31st finally came, much to the disappointment of the four time travellers. They had mixed feelings about the next day, as it would be both a happy and sad occasion. They would be flooing to Corvus Corax early in the morning, from where they would floo into Harry’s room, as it was the only way to use the network to get into the castle. Eustace was going with them, as well as the Logans, as they wanted to see the teens off. The four were sad about leaving, as they would miss all of their friends, especially Minh and Eustace. At least they knew that Peeves and ‘Tea would still be there when they got to their next time. However, with the other two there was no guarantee of them ever seeing each other again. On the other hand, they were excited about their new destination. They didn’t know if this jump would take them home, or if they would see another time. If they didn’t get home, they were trying to think of good times for them to arrive. For all they knew, their destination could be only two or three years after they left.

After a morning spent with Eustace, they headed upstairs after lunch to make sure they had packed everything. When they go to Corvus Corax, they would be having a quick look in their rooms to make sure

they hadn't forgotten anything. Mid afternoon, they were back downstairs, having a chess tournament. The peace of Ron and Hermione's game was broken by four owls tapping at the window. Standing up, Ginny let them in and relieved them of their letters. As she handed them out, she realised what they were.

" Oh, Merlin, you know what these are, don't you?"

" The OWL results! How could I have forgotten?"

" Hermione forgetting about the OWLs! The world is ending..."

" Ron!"

" What?"

" Shush everyone. Let's open our letters and see what we got. They can't be that bad," Harry interjected.

Holding their envelopes, the four opened them at the same time and looked at the parchment. Hermione squealed with delight and ran over to her boyfriend, enveloping him in a hug.

" Hermione, I can't breathe."

" Sorry, Ron. I'm just happy. Look, I got 12 grade 'O' OWLs!"

" That's really great, 'Mione."

" What did you get?"

" Well, as you know, I didn't take all of the subjects like you and Harry did, so I only got 9."

" That's still good. What grades?"

" Grades 'E' for everything except Potions and History of Magic, which I got grade 'A's for."

" That's still good, considering you missed two months of school."

“ Yeah, I’m happy with that. If we hadn’t come on this crazy trip and I had done them normally, I doubt I would have done that well, so I’m pleased enough. Hey, what did you get, Gin.”

Ginny looked down at her paper before looking back at Ron. Like her brother, she had only taken the exams for the subjects she had taken classes for. Personally, she thought Harry and Hermione were crazy for taking exams in subjects they had taught themselves, but unlike Ron she wouldn’t say that out loud. Clearing her throat, she told them what she got.

“ I got nine, like Ron, and seven were grade ‘O’, and two were grade ‘E’.”

“ That’s good, Gin.”

“ Yeah, I’m pleased with that. What did you get, Harry?”

“ Same as ‘Mione. Twelve grade ‘O’s.”

“ Well done.”

“ Yeah, mate, that’s great.”

The happy four ran into the kitchen where Eustace and the Logans were sitting to tell them the good news. They finally felt like they achieved something on their own, and not because of a knowledge transference. While they were pleased to know ancient magic, they did feel like they were cheating a bit. But now they had something to show their families when they got home. Something they did on their own, and that they were proud of.

~~*

That night Harry couldn’t sleep, so he slipped into Eustace’s room to see if the younger boy was still up. Seeing a faint light coming through the curtains, he headed over and peeked through at his ‘brother’. As soon as he spotted Harry, Eustace put aside the book he was reading and moved up, making space for the older boy to sit down.

“ You couldn’t sleep either, then?”

“ No. I couldn’t stop thinking about tomorrow, and leaving. I’m really going to miss you little brother.”

“ I’m going to miss you, too. Can I still go to Domus Corvus Corax? I want to visit the statue room, you know, go and see Persephone’s monument...”

“ Of course you can. Actually, I have a few things that I would like you to have.”

“ You don’t have to give me anything, Harry...”

“ But I want to. Now, if I give these things to you, you have to promise to pass them down to your son when you feel the time is right.”

“ My son? I have a son?”

“ Yes, you do. I’ve avoided telling you before, but I have something I need you to know before I go home. But you have to promise not to mention it to anyone, and don’t ask too many questions. After I tell you, I want no more mentioned on the matter. Do I make myself clear?”

“ Yes, Harry.”

“ Alright then. First, I want to give you your gifts.”

Harry quickly summoned the objects with a wave of his hand. As they came flying through the curtains and into his lap, Eustace stared at them in wonder. Picking up the first thing, Harry handed it to the other boy.

“ This is a key to a vault in Gringotts. When you go to the bank, just ask for the Potter vault, and the goblins will take you to it. There are only two other keys to this vault. I have one, and Dumbledore has the other. There’s about three billion galleons in there, so if you want to take a share and put it in another vault, that might be

wise. Dumbledore will use some of the money in there to finance the Order, but if you ever need any money, feel free to use it.”

“ Harry, I don’t know what to say,” the boy choked past his tears.

“ You don’t have to say anything. It’s a gift. As is this.”

Harry carefully handed over the other object. Eustace took it gently in his hands, staring in awe at the one thing he knew to be Harry’s most prized possession.

“ Harry, this is your invisibility cloak.”

“ Yes, it is. I want you to have it, and I want you to pass it on to your son when he goes to Hogwarts.”

“ Harry, I can’t take this.”

“ Yes, you can. I want you to have it.”

“ Are you absolutely sure?”

“ Yes.”

“ Thank you doesn’t seem like enough to say.”

“ You’re welcome, and it’s more than enough.”

“ Harry, what were you talking about, when you said you had something to tell me.”

“ Well, you know I mentioned you had a son.”

“ Yes.”

“ His name is James, or will be James, however you want to look at it.”

“ Wow. I have a son.”

“ There’s more. My real name isn’t Evans, that’s just an alias I had to use while I was here, to avoid awkward questions.”

“ What does that have to do with anything?”

“ James Potter marries someone by the name of Lily. Lily Evans.”

“ But that means...”

“ That my real name is Harry Potter.”

~~*

True to his word, Eustace didn't question Harry on the matter. After the little revelation, Harry slipped out and back to his own room to give the other boy time to think. When he woke up the next day, he felt more refreshed than he had in ages. The little heart to heart with Eustace the night before had allowed him to get a lot off his chest, and he felt much better for it.

After a rather subdued breakfast with Amelia and John, the students all headed upstairs to retrieve their trunks. After flooing to Corvus Corax, they made a quick sweep of the manor to make sure they had everything. While they were there, Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny dropped off their Order of Merlin awards in the trophy room. Eventually, they couldn't put it off any longer and it was time to head for Hogwarts. Letting the others go first, Harry hung back a couple of minutes while he made some last minute alterations to the wards, thinking of what the building would be used for in the future. Among other things, he set a ward that wouldn't allow anyone with a dark mark on their arm to enter the grounds without them being stunned and transported to a cell. A warning alarm would also sound to tell the Order they were there. However, thinking back to the end of his fourth year, he put a loophole in the wards that would allow one Death Eater unrestricted entrance. As he flooed to his room in Hogwarts, he hoped that he had done the right thing.

Taking one last glance around his room, he followed the others to the Great Hall, where he knew Dumbledore to be waiting. As they walked, Harry pulled Eustace a few paces behind the rest.

“ Eustace, you remember not to say anything about what I told you last night.”

“ Of course, Harry. Or should I say, grandson.”

“ Shh, not here. I just wanted to tell you that you and Minh can use my room here if you want. You’re still keyed in to the wards, so you can get in. Just make sure no-one else finds out.”

“ Alright, Harry.”

By this time, they had reached the doors into the Great Hall. As they pushed them open, Harry was attacked by a flying blur that attached itself around his neck, preventing him from breathing. Looking down, he tried to pry the thin but strong arms from his wind pipe.

“ Minh! Air! Now!”

“ Oh, sorry Harry,” she said, letting him go.

“ S’ok, Minh, I’m pleased to see you as well.”

“ Don’t leave again, Harry.”

“ Minh, I have to, you know I do.”

“ Please.”

“ I’m sorry.”

Tears began to fall down everyone’s cheeks as they all hugged and said goodbye. Eventually, the time they had all been dreading came, and Dumbledore stepped forward to speak.

“ You four, it’s time for you to leave. I just wanted to thank all of you for everything you have done for us here. Without your help, I don’t know what we would have done. Whatever time you end up in next, you will be welcomed by me.”

~Thank you, Sir~

The four gave Minh and Eustace one last hug before preparing to leave. Harry stroked Fawkes, who was sitting on Dumbledore’s shoulder watching his departing master sadly. Taking his place with the others after kissing Minh’s cheek and shaking Eustace’s hand,

Harry checked that Simbi and Nirah were securely around his wrists before handing the amulet over to Hermione. With one final glance at everyone he would be leaving behind, he heard the words he had been dreading.

“ Tempus Vehere.”

With a flash of light, Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny disappeared from the Great Hall, leaving a sobbing Minh and somber Eustace embracing. Turning to her friend, the young elf whispered furiously.

“ Don’t you ever leave me, Eustace. Don’t you leave me alone.”

“ Never, Minh. Never.”

Chapter Thirty Three – Epilogue

February 1949

“ Minh?”

“ Yeah?”

“ We’ve been friends for six years, haven’t we?”

“ Sure Eustace. Why?”

“ Well, over that time, we’ve become rather...close...emotionally.”

“ Well, I would hope so after six years.”

“ Um...”

“ Eustace, where are you going with this?”

“ Well, you see...”

“ Just tell me.”

“ Over the last couple of years, I’ve had...feelings...for you...ones I shouldn’t be having about a friend.”

“ Really, because...”

“ No, just let me finish. If you don’t, I’ll never get it said. Minh, you mean a lot to me, you know that. I think what I’m trying to say is...will you go out with me? I mean, if you don’t want to...”

“ Yes.”

“ ...I fully understand. You can...what?”

“ I said yes.”

“ You did? I mean, you will? Go out with me?”

“ Of course. I thought you’d never ask.”

June 1950

“ Mother, I’m not coming home.”

“ What do you mean? Your aunt and I have been looking for a job for you, and we think you would make a good weather worker for the harvest. Ever since we lost poor Elleandor to typhoid last winter...”

“ Mother, no! I’m staying here, in the human world.”

“ But Minh, why?”

“ Because Eustace asked me to.”

“ Minh...”

“ No, you can’t talk me out of it. I love him, mother, and I want to spend the rest of my life with him.”

“ But he’s a human!”

“ So was my father.”

“ But if you marry an elf, your elven blood will prevail...”

“ I don’t care. I love him, and he loves me. He asked me to marry him, mother, and I accepted.”

“ You can’t do that!”

“ I just did. You can’t stop me.”

“ But what will you do in the human world? What sort of job do you plan on having?”

“ Eustace has got me a job in the Ministry.”

“ What about your aging? You will age like a human if you stay in the wizarding world and bind your soul to a human.”

“ I don’t care. I’d rather grow old and die with Eustace than live millennia without him.”

“ Are you sure this is what you want?”

“ Yes.”

“ Then there is nothing more I can do. I give you my blessing.”

“ Thank you, mother.”

“ I dread to think what your aunt is going to say...”

August 1955

“ Dearly beloved. We are gathered here today to celebrate the union of Eustace Potter and Minh-Minh-Lama. Do you, Eustace, take Minh-Minh-Lama to be your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish, for better or worse, in sickness and in health, for as long as you both shall live?”

“ I do.”

“Do you, Minh-Minh-Lama, take Eustace to be your lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish, for better or worse, in sickness and in health, for as long as you both shall live?”

“ I do.”

“ Do you have the rings?”

“ Yes.”

“ Eustace, repeat after me. I, Eustace.”

“ I, Eustace.”

“ Stand here before these people assembled.”

“ Stand here before these people assembled.”

“ And am witnessed by Merlin himself.”

“ And am witnessed by Merlin himself.”

“ Upon taking Minh-Minh-Lama as my lawfully wedded wife.”

“ Upon taking Minh-Minh-Lama as my lawfully wedded wife.”

“ Now, Minh-Minh-Lama, repeat after me. I, Minh-Minh-Lama.”

“ I, Minh-Minh-Lama.”

“ Stand here before these people assembled.”

“ Stand here before these people assembled.”

“ And am witnessed by Merlin himself.”

“ And am witnessed by Merlin himself.”

“ Upon taking Eustace as my lawfully wedded husband.”

“ Upon taking Eustace as my lawfully wedded husband.”

“ As witnessed by the persons here present, and the mighty Merlin himself, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride.”

December 1959

“ Eustace, love, I need you to sit down a minute.”

“ What’s wrong, Minh?”

“ I have something very important to tell you.”

“ What’s that?”

“ Actually, I have a question first.”

“ What is it. You can ask me anything.”

“ Eustace, if you were to have a son, what would you call him?”

“ Well, funny you should say that. Harry once told me if I was to have a son I should name him James.”

“ James?”

“ Yes.”

“ That’s a good name.”

“ Why do you ask?”

“ Because I’m pregnant.”

May 1960

“ EUSTACE POTTER, I AM NEVER GOING THROUGH THIS AGAIN!”

“ Calm down, Minh, love. It’ll be over soon.”

“ Calm down? Calm down? CALM DOWN???!!!”

“ Shh, it’ll be alright.”

“ Eustace, our son will have to be an only child.”

“ That’s fine, dear. Now push.”

“ DON’T YOU ‘DEAR’ ME!”

“ Mrs. Potter, you really should listen to your husband and push.”

“ Poppy, I’ll push when I’m DAMNED WELL READY TO PUSH!”

“ Minh, darling, just one more big push and it’ll be over.”

“ Alright, alright, stop pestering.”

“”

“ Ahhhhhhhhhh!”

“ Wahhhhhhhhhh!”

“ Oh, congratulations Mrs. Potter, you have a beautiful baby boy. What are you going to call him?”

“ James. James Henry Potter.”

Two Worlds, Two Wars Timeline

01/09/1943AD Arrive in the Great Hall, meet Dumbledore, who read Gallatea's book about them. Sorting: Harry – Hufflepuff, Ron – Gryffindor, Hermione – Ravenclaw, Ginny – Slytherin. Meet Minh, Robert, Sybil, Eustace, Flitwick, Caligula and Satanus.

02/09/1943AD Trip to Diagon Alley. Told about Grindelwald's alliance with Hitler. Go to Harry and Ron's Gringott's vault. Harry tells the others he is a Dark wizard.

03/09/1943AD Research Ravenclaw, plan a prank with Eustace, Robert and Persephone. First prank in that time.

04/09/1943AD First day of lessons. Have trouble using their wands for everything.

28/09/1943AD Find out Harry is his own ancestor. 'Tea's ghost is released from the stone.

14/10/1943AD Minh asks Harry to go to Falaryth with her.

21/10/1943AD Minh and Harry got to Falaryth.

28/10/1943AD Quidditch tryouts.

31/10/1943AD Attack on Hogwarts. Dumbledore sees Harry using the Dark Arts. Persephone is killed. Dumbledore becomes headmaster.

02/11/1943AD Memorial service. Harry and Dumbledore discuss his use of the Dark Arts.

05/11/1943AD Persephone's funeral. Statue of her placed in the Gryffindor Room.

16/11/1943AD Minh joins the Marauders.

07/12/1943AD Dumbledore asks the time travellers to teach Minerva McGonagall the animagus transformation.

19/12/1943AD First quidditch match of the year – Hufflepuff Vs Gryffindor.

20/12/1943AD Time travellers and Minh are invited to spend Christmas with the Potters.

21/12/1943AD Christmas holidays start. Meet the Potters.

25/12/1943AD Christmas day – air raid. Potters killed. Meet the Logans.

26/12/1943AD Harry tells Eustace he lost his parents, girlfriend and son.

07/01/1944AD Grindelwald's followers attack London. Tiberius Malfoy bitten by Nirah.

10/01/1944AD Floo network back online.

11/01/1944AD First go to Domus Corvus Corax. Return to Hogwarts.

27/01/1944AD Agnes and Charles Potter's funeral.

01/02/1944AD Start lessons with Dumbledore.

02/02/1944AD The time travellers learn to apparate.

03/02/1944AD Minh and Eustace meet Gallatea.

24/02/1944AD Ron finds a way to free Gallatea's spirit.

25/02/1944AD Gallatea's spirit is freed. Dumbledore finds out about her. She becomes the Ravenclaw ghost. Harry proposes a resistance force.

01/03/1944AD Slytherin Vs Hufflepuff quidditch match.

02/03/1944AD First Order of the Phoenix meeting.

09/03/1944AD Gaerwyn and Lolide visit and join the Order,.

11/03/1944AD Order meeting.

30/03/1944AD Attack on Paris. Time travellers captured.

31/03/1944AD Ron and Hermione sent to Grossrosen camp. Harry and Ginny wake up in Grindelwald's headquarters. Harry is tortured.

01/04/1944AD Task allocated at the camp.

18/04/1944AD Yanika taken to the laboratories to be studied.

12/05/1944AD Furnace breaks – dig a mass grave. Ron and Hermione meet and kiss.

19/05/1944AD Ginny kisses Harry. He tells her he needs time.

20/05/1944AD Harry and Ginny separated.

29/05/1944AD Gallatea telepathically contacts Hermione. Harry discovers he can use elven healing magic.

30/05/1944AD Ginny sees Ron and Hermione's rescue in a vision. Harry's telepathy awakens.

02/06/1944AD Ron and Hermione are rescued. Harry telepathically contacts Dumbledore.

05/06/1944AD Harry and Ginny are rescued. Grindelwald is killed. Tom Riddle receives the Dark Mark from Harry.

06/06/1944AD D-Day landings. The time travellers return to Hogwarts.

12/06/1944AD OWLs start.

26/06/1944AD OWLs end.

30/06/1944AD Decide where the time travellers and Eustace will spend the holidays.

03/07/1944AD Leaving feast – Sybil Trelawney makes the Ouroboros prophecy.

04/07/1944AD End of term.

18/07/1944AD Trip to Diagon Alley. Harry gets his raven and ouroboros tattoo, and gets a separate vault for his money.

31/07/1944AD Harry's 17th birthday.

04/08/1944AD Elves return to Falaryth. The time travellers and Eustace go with them.

06/08/1944AD Humans return to the wizarding world. Harry makes Dumbledore leader of the Order, gives him a vault key, and gives him custody of Fawkes.

17/08/1944AD Time travellers go to stay with the Logans.

23/08/1944AD Presentation of the Order of Merlin awards.

31/08/1944AD OWL results. Harry gives Eustace a vault key and his invisibility cloak, as well as telling him his name is Harry Potter.

01/09/1944AD The four leave for the next time.